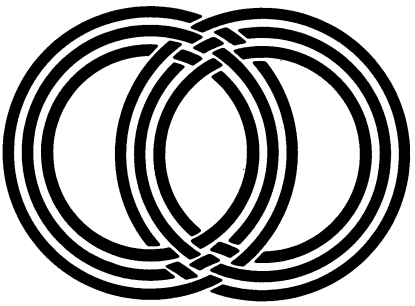
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



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 world religious 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.

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Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought is published quarterly by the Dialogue Foundation, P.O. Box 658, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84110-0658, 801-363-9988. *Dialogue* has no official connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Third class postage paid at Salt Lake City, Utah. ISSN 002-2157. Regular domestic subscription rate is $30 per year; students and senior citizens $25 per year; single copies $10. Regular foreign subscription rate is $35 per year; students and senior citizens $30 per year; air mail $55 per year; single copies $15. *Dialogue* is also available on microforms through University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106-1346, and 18 Bedford Row, London, WC1R 4EJ, England.

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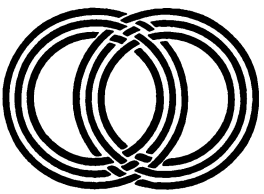

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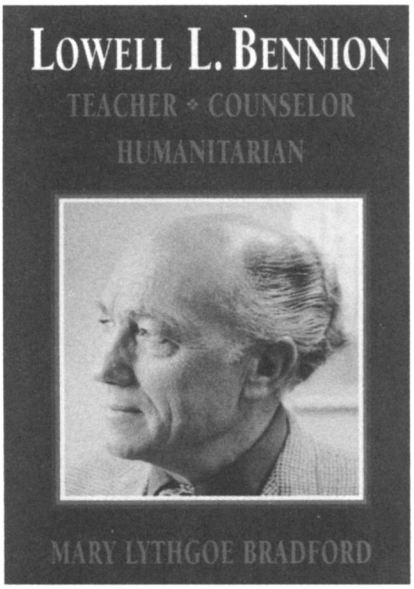

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A Small Price to Pay

In the rather rambling "My 'Word of Wisdom Blues'" (Summer 1997), Garth N. Jones rationalizes his use of tea, wine, and beer by employing his "fair share of intelligence" which God "expects you to use" (63). This, he assumes, is a far superior course than mere obedience to the Word of Wisdom (and how it has been interpreted by the Brethren). Heaven forbid that "Blind faith" push him "into the pits of disaster" (63)!

Yet if we are to accept Jones's thesis, the entire concept of obedience becomes meaningless and we are left adrift on a sea of individual opinions. All commandments, all rules and laws then become subject to the dictates of the individual, and, of course, those dictates will much more often than not flatter that individual's selfishness and greed. Said philosopher Bertrand Russell in *Unpopular Essays:* "We believe, first and foremost, what makes us feel that we are fine fellows" (82).

One of the major purposes of having an institutionalized church is to do away with the anarchy of opinions and introduce elements of stability. The concept of obedience in this context has meaning: we submit to a force greater than ourselves even when we are not completely in agreement. Perhaps some of us will die earlier because we haven't had our daily glass of red wine or green tea, but that is a small price to pay for the privilege to obey God.

Kent R. Bean
Lehi, Utah

What's the Point?

Regarding the fictional "An Episode from the Memoirs of Elder Thomas, A Somewhat Less than Good and Faithful Servant," by Mark Goldrup, in the summer 1997 issue.

Just about everyone knows that zealous LDS missionaries and their leaders can be insensitive and even stupid at times, and that to so indicate risks being labeled "a less than good and faithful servant." But what's the point?

The same can be said about the editors of *Dialogue.* Maybe that's the point!

Anyway, you folks must be really desperate for material to fill the pages of your journal.

Kenneth W. Taylor
Los Osos, California

Nineteenth-century Women's Roles

In reading a recent issue of *Dialogue,* I simultaneously found in my files the minutes of Toquerville, Utah's, first Relief Society for 1870 to 1877. *Dialogue*'s articles on woman's role in the church caused me to take a second look at the following minutes.

> 1873 May the 8th Our annual meeting was opened by singing, and Prayer by Sarah M. Willis, afterwards we cut out and arranged materials for two quilts, Bishop J. T. Willis also met with us and gave us some good instructions, we concluded to drop the word Female with reference to our "Relief Society" according to suggestion. The Bishop then asked the members if they were still willing to sustain their president

Sarah M Willis and her counsels Mrs. Fanny Spilsbury & Mrs. A. Higbee and all the other officers in their callings & received a hearty response — The Bishop dismissed by prayer and adjourned until the 23rd instant.

Officers at this date May 8th—

President-	Sarah M. Willis
1st Counsellor-	Fanny Spilsbury
2nd "	Ann Higbee
Secretary	Annis Jackson
Treasurer	Ann Higbee
Teachers	Sister Ermina Hill & Sister A Savage
"	Sister Sarah Stapley Jr & Sister Barbara Lang
"	Sister Ann Kleinman & Sister Encora Batty
"	Sister Lorina Dodge & Sister Bagley
Deacons,	Mary Dodge, Jane Steel & Kate Spilsbury Charlotte Higbee & Hannah Batty, Echo Sevy & Ann Duffing Lucind Green & Mary Forsyth

May 22nd The Sisters met in the early part of the day, and quilted two quilts & prepared the patchwork for another quilt, we had a *pic nic* & all felt well

President Sarah Melissa Dodge Willis, a strong and energetic woman, was the wife of Bishop Joshua T. Willis. First counselor Fanny Spilsbury and her husband, George, were community leaders, George a skilled builder and stockman. The stature of both families can be measured by the fact that they located at the head of the irrigation ditch system. Second counselor Ann Grainger Carr Higbee was the third plural wife of John Somers Higbee, former bishop of the 19th Ward at Winter Quarters and founding president of the settlement at Provo. Ann worked a number of years in Bringhurst's general store. The three women were among the town's social leaders.

It is obvious that direction for the Relief Society was given by the bishop and that basic control was through the male priesthood.

Ann Higbee, trained in accounting, played a dual role as counselor and treasurer. There is the inference that the local group needed tight supervision.

The hierarchical arrangement and designation as *Teachers* and *Deacons* suggest an equivalent of the Aaronic priesthood.

The ladies enjoyed the socialization of the *"pic nic,"* a rare outlet for women's time in this pioneer survival period. All were busy mothers with large families. Sara Willis, for example, had fifteen children.

Wesley Larsen
Tocquerville, Utah

Learning from Our Polygamous Past

I was amazed (and disappointed) when I opened my fall 1997 *Dialogue* to read the letter by Brother Hoins entitled "Was He or Wasn't He?" I realize that the subtitle for *Dialogue* is "A Journal of Mormon Thought," but I wasn't counting on such bigoted Mormon thoughts creeping into an issue of *Dialogue.* I guess Brother Hoins doesn't strike me as the typical *Dialogue* subscriber. It is interesting, however, to know this point of view still exists.

I don't understand the need that some other heterosexuals seem to have to demean and belittle those who don't share their sexual preference. Brother Hoins referenced obviously biased seventeen-year-old research

to categorize homosexuals as an immoral and disgusting group of people. Preconceived beliefs may determine what can be seen in those who differ. I'm reminded of the title of Dr. Jeffery R. Jensen's 1997 Washington, D.C., Sunstone presentation, "We See What We Believe: The Heterosexualization of Gay Men and Lesbians in the LDS Church" (full text available on the internet at http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Acropolis/9156/WSWWB.HTM). We heterosexuals, and Mormon heterosexuals in particular, seek to make everyone just like us. If we fail in this attempt, our last resort tends to make the actions of others who don't fit our way of life appear grotesque and inhumane.

This scenario reminds me of portions of our Mormon history which some would like to ignore. A little over 100 years ago, Mormons didn't believe in the same system of marriage that the rest of the country did. Some non-Mormon people felt as Brother Hoins does—people who are not like us (Mormons in this case) must be changed. If they won't immediately change, then their lifestyle should be distorted and debased even though nothing that they do in the privacy of their own bedrooms adversely affects the rights or threatens the personal lifestyles of others.

Didn't Mormons feel persecuted and pressured to conform when government and society dictated to them what was sexually acceptable in regards to polygamy in the nineteenth century? Why do Mormons now want to regulate what relationships are permissible between consenting adults? Why encourage an environment where government and society determine for everyone what is acceptable and where those going against the norm are considered immoral and strange? George Santayana said, "Those who disregard the past are bound to repeat it." Perhaps we Mormons can learn something about what our actions towards others should be from our polygamous past.

Al Case
San Jose, California

Obedience versus Integrity

I just finished reading Dr. DiPadova's article about Lowell Bennion in the fall 1997 issue. Like most of us in the church, I, too, have been involved in discussions of obedience versus integrity. Would I obey an order from a church authority that I felt was morally wrong? Up until a few months ago that discussion was purely academic.

I am shy, socially awkward, and not particularly attractive. As a result, I have never been very lucky in love. At the age of forty-six, I found myself never married and living in an area where the church had only a handful of members, and no active single adults other than me. My prospects for marriage had gone from nearly nil to totally nil. So I joined an international pen pal club. Through this club I met several interesting young women. One woman, a twenty-eight-year-old girl I shall call Kathy, from Asia, wrote that she was unhappy with her life, her church, and her country that gave her few opportunities as an "older" single woman. Through the mail, I introduced her to the church and invited her to look up and attend the local unit in her city. She did so, and ended up investigating the church and eventually being

baptized. The missionary couple who taught and baptized her appeared to adore her. She became like a daughter to them. She was invited over to their home every night, and often slept at the mission home where they resided. One night they called me from Asia and thanked me for bringing her to them and into the church. According to Kathy, they invited her to come to their home in Salt Lake City after their mission and stay with them there, offering her a "home sweet home" in America and all the opportunities for a life and marriage in the church that she did not have in her Asian/Muslim culture. She was enticed by their offer, and, after their mission was completed, she left Asia and came to Salt Lake to their place. Within just a few days she discovered that things were different from what they were in Asia. This missionary couple had either changed their mind about her or else there was a bad miscommunication between them about her being welcome in their home. She had thought she might attend school while in the U.S., but they told her that she was too old to get a student visa. They asked her to leave. With no home, and no other place to go, she came to my place. I later talked to this missionary couple on the telephone, and they told me, "Brother, you are in a difficult situation, and we are sorry. But we do not want her here." That ended any discussion about her being able to return to them. So, together, she and I investigated her options. We went to an immigration lawyer for help, and he told us her only hope to get a permanent visa would be to marry a U.S. citizen or else become a nurse or an electrical engineer. She decided to try for nursing. We went to the local college, and they told us that there was no age limit for student visas and that she could get a student visa if she became a full-time student. We went to the bishop of my ward and told him of her situation and asked for his counsel and help. He told us he wanted to think about it and talk to the stake president, and that he would get back to us. So we waited, and waited, and waited. When it seemed apparent that he had forgotten her, Kathy decided that her only option was to get married, and so she began to make plans to marry one of her friends that she had met through the pen pal club. She had several pen pals, nonmembers of the church, who wanted to marry her. She decided on one particular man from Minnesota. She was not really interested in him, but she felt that he was the best option. I went back to the bishop and told him of Kathy's plans. The bishop then talked to us both and told Kathy she did not have to marry this man. He urged her not to marry a nonmember or someone she did not want to marry, and to stay in the church and that someday someone for her would come along. If she just prayed and read the scriptures daily, everything would work out fine, he said. He told us that she should go ahead and go to school and stay with me and asked me to help and provide a home for her with me. This surprised me very much, since this meant that a single man and a single woman would be living together without a chaperon. It also bothered Kathy since this not only violated her new church standards, but also her Asian culture as well. (Members of her family today do not know she is living with a man). The bishop never did tell us if he had talked to the stake president or not. I agreed to take Kathy in, and she en-

rolled in school and got a student visa to stay in the U.S.

A few months later I was transferred by my employer to another city. Having nowhere else to go, Kathy came with me and transferred to a nursing school near my home. She found a young single adult ward in a nearby stake and decided to have her membership transferred there. She met with her new bishop and explained her situation to him. He said that under the circumstances, he saw no problem with her living with me and encouraged her to go ahead and stay with me and continue her schooling. I also explained our situation to my bishop, but his reaction was entirely different from Kathy's bishop's reaction. He immediately revoked my temple recommend. He told me he would allow me to have a temple recommend as soon as Kathy was out of my home. He went even further and told me to tell Kathy that she had to be out of my place by the end of the month (which would give her about three weeks). I was stunned. I explained to him that Kathy was in the middle of the school semester, that she had no place to go, and no means of support, and that her visa was totally dependent on her staying in school and getting a nursing degree. He said that did not matter, and he reminded me of the story in the Bible of Abraham and Hagar, and how Abraham had sent Hagar away without worrying about what would happen to her or to his son when the Lord commanded it. (I have thought since, with some amusement, of the question in the temple recommend interview that asks divorced men if they are prompt and current with their child support payments. I think Abraham would have a hard time getting a temple recommend today.) I reminded him I had been asked by my previous bishop to provide a home for Kathy, and that Kathy's present bishop had authorized her to stay with me and had given her a temple recommend. He said he could not understand why a bishop would ever do that, and that he could not be responsible for what another bishop said. I told him that Kathy's only other option would then be to get married, and that we would be forcing her into a marriage with a nonmember that she did not desire. He again said that was not our responsibility or concern. He said that Kathy was an adult, and, as such, she had the responsibility to make her own decisions. If she chose to marry, that was her problem and her choice to make, not ours.

Deciding that there was no way I could ever turn my back on Kathy, I went without a temple recommend. Kathy took the words from my bishop even harder than I did. Being new in the church, and not aware of church procedure and protocol, she wrote a letter to President Hinckley explaining everything that had happened, and asking him for help. He never answered, but she got a letter from his secretary explaining that President Hinckley preferred to leave a matter such as this to the local leaders of the church and urged her to stay close to her bishop.

A couple of months later I found a single adult ward for older single adults in yet another stake. I talked to the bishop of this ward and told him my situation. He was very sympathetic and invited me to join his ward, which I did. He gave me a temple recommend and made me the ward clerk. I also talked to Kathy's bishop, and he was very happy that I had

found a way to be back in full status in the church, and encouraged me be active in this older single adult ward. Finally, I talked to the bishop of the home ward I was in and told him I wanted to move my membership to this older single adult ward. He said that was fine with him, and that he would take care of the membership transfer. He said he had no problem if another bishop was willing to give me a temple recommend. But as long as I was in his ward, he would not allow it.

In the April 1997 general conference, both President Faust and Elder Oaks talked about how you will always be on the right path if you follow the direction of your bishop. Forgetting about the instruction we have not to write to general authorities, I wrote a letter to both of these brethren and asked if they had any counsel for me in my particular situation. Neither one of them answered, but several weeks later I was called in by my stake president (of the older single adult ward's stake) and told that he had been instructed by the area authority to tell me that the brethren had received my letters. He reprimanded me for writing the letters and also said that he had been instructed to interview me and verify my worthiness to keep my temple recommend. He reviewed with me thoroughly my relationship with Kathy, and, after he was satisfied that we were not violating the law of chastity or doing anything inappropriate, he told me that I should, in the spirit of meekness and humility, go back to my bishop in my home ward and apologize to him for what I had done and clear up any bad feelings that there might be between us. He said it was not appropriate in the church to switch wards to escape from the decision of one's bishop. To insure that I would do this, he took my temple recommend, and told me he would return it after my home ward bishop called him and verified that I had indeed met with him. So I went back to my home ward bishop and talked to him. As best as I could tell, there were no hard feelings between us, and my stake president returned my temple recommend to me.

Two weeks ago it was announced in sacrament meeting that the older single adult ward would be discontinued at the end of next month. By default, my membership will go back to my home ward. I intend to go to the temple as much as possible in the next few weeks, as I have no reason to believe that my temple recommend will not be revoked again at the end of next month.

Anonymous
Pasadena, California

Pity the Prejudice

I found instructive Thomas Alexander's review of Leslie Reynolds's *Mormons in Transition* in the fall 1997 issue of *Dialogue* especially as contrasted with Jessie Embry's review in the same issue of Altman and Ginat's *Polygamous Families in Contemporary Society*. One of the deficiencies in Reynolds's book, according to Alexander, is Reynolds's tendency to exclude Mormons from Christianity. Alexander notes: "Latter-day Saints will also find extremely offensive her tendency to reserve the term 'Christian' for those believers in Christ whom she calls 'traditional historical, or evangelical Christians.' Though she acknowl-

edges that 'Mormons may be, in fact, Mormon Christians,' she seems uncomfortable considering them as such, since she frequently distinguishes between 'Christians' and 'Mormons.'" And, in conclusion, Alexander notes that: "... perceptive Latter-day Saint and other Christian readers will find themselves disappointed because the author's understanding of Mormonism is deficient and her characterization of the church reveals her prejudice."

I have no desire to enter the evangelical/Mormon debate regarding the Christianity of the Mormon tradition. My limited understanding of that debate has evangelicals declining to include Mormons as Christians because they simply are not "technically" Christians with, of course, "Christian" being "technically" defined by all true "Christians," especially evangelicals. I do agree with Alexander that, if he has accurately relayed Reynolds's meaning, she has revealed her own intolerance and prejudice. However, as we LDS point *that* finger at evangelicals, it seems to me only appropriate that we carefully examine *ourselves* for the same prejudice and intolerance.

Consider, as a prime example, Embry's review. At one point Embry criticizes Altman and Ginat's study of polygamous families because they use the term "Mormons" to refer, not only to the LDS tradition, but also to the fundamentalist polygamists who are the primary subject of their study: "Occasionally, the authors even slip and call their study group 'Mormon plural families.' I am offended because, although the fundamentalists believe that they are following Mormon traditions, technically they are not Mormons. I would prefer to see the Mormons included in the background information rather than mixed into the discussion on the contemporary families, almost implying that the current polygamous groups are Mormons."

I would hope that I don't need to point out the ironic hypocrisy for those of us who are, technically, "Mormons" inherent in these two reviews. We "Mormons" are both offended when we are not included, by non-Mormons, into Christianity in general *and* offended when others include people who think of themselves as Mormons into that tradition. I find amazing the similarity of the argument used by both evangelicals and Sister Embry. "Mormons" are, technically, not "Christians," while fundamentalist polygamists are, technically, not "Mormons." Does that mean, one wonders, that fundamentalist polygamists are "Christians," though not "Mormons," while those of us adhering to the LDS tradition are "Mormons" but not "Christians"?

Humans, I have learned to my sorrow, have almost an infinite capacity to absolutely *demand* tolerance for their *own* religious differences while, at the same time, refusing to tolerate religious differences in others. Our collective human history is replete with examples of this phenomenon. Consider the Puritans, who on leaving England to find religious freedom, savagely repressed their own dissidents, to *exactly* the same history replayed, in microcosm though no less morally reprehensible for that, by the LDS church. Though sadly unsurprising, to find such intolerance and prejudice in the pages of *Dialogue* remains disheartening nonetheless.

Reed Neil Olsen
Springfield, Missouri


NEW!
DRAIN FILL

The Glory of God? Education and Orthodoxy in Mormonism

David Knowlton

I BEGIN WITH A PARADOX. Sociologists of religion have found that religious orthodoxy tends to decline with educational attainment. However, among Mormons religiosity actually tends to increase with education.

This is paradoxical because Mormonism apparently enjoys a different relationship with education than other American religions. Within that positive relationship, however, is a second paradox. Religiosity for Mormons tends to decline the more one studies the arts, humanities, and social sciences, while exposure to other fields seems to have no effect on, or even to strengthen, religiosity. Thus Mormons educated in the arts, humanities, and social sciences tend to follow the national trend of decreased religiosity, while those trained in all other fields buck it.[1]

(I should note another group of Mormons among whom religiosity tends to decline as education increases: women.[2] For the purposes of this essay, however, let us focus on the question of Mormonism's positive relationship with education except for the social sciences and humanities.)

For me, this paradox is much more than of passing academic interest. It defines much of my life and that of my friends. I not only live and experience it externally, but it lives within me, nesting among the contours of my soul. Not only am I an anthropologist, but I am also the son of a Mormon sociologist and a Mormon musician, two of the problematic fields.

How do we account for this paradox? What is different in the way

1. Armand Mauss, *The Angel and the Beehive: The Mormon Struggle for Assimilation* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 68-70.

2. Kristen L. Goodman and Tim B. Heaton, "LDS Church Members in the U.S. and Canada: A Demographic Profile," *AMCAP Journal* 12 (1986): 1:88-107. See also the work of Marie Cornwall, e.g., "The Institutional Role of Mormon Women," in Marie Cornwall, Tim B. Heaton, and Lawrence A. Young, *Contemporary Mormonism: Social Science Perspectives* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 239-64.

the LDS church relates to education and to those particular fields that might account for this quandary?

In this essay I do not propose to produce the results of a study to explain the paradox; rather, I propose to explore the issue, using data from my own experience to try to find an answer and maybe even a little comprehension.

Armand Mauss, in his book *The Angel and the Beehive: The Mormon Struggle with Assimilation,* presents the data for this question without focussing on or answering it. He discusses the transformation of Mormonism over the last sixty years as it has gradually accommodated itself to American society and as its members have become more like their fellow citizens on almost every measure. According to Mauss, this social success presents a difficulty for movements such as Mormonism. He writes,

> Movements such as Mormonism which survive and prosper are those which succeed in maintaining indefinitely an optimum tension between two opposing strains: the strain towards greater assimilation and respectability, on the one hand, and that toward greater separateness, peculiarity and militancy on the other ... If in its quest for acceptance and respectability a movement allows itself to be pulled too far toward assimilation, it will lose its unique identity altogether. If, on the other hand, in its quest for uniqueness of identity and mission, it allows itself to move too far toward an extreme rejection of the host society, it will lose its very life. Its viability and its separate life depend upon a successful and perpetual oscillation within a narrow range along a continuum between two alternative modes of oblivion.[3]

Mauss explores measure after measure which shows how Mormon peculiarity has almost disappeared. Yet he argues that the church still maintains a sense of tension with the surrounding American society. Thus he dedicates significant attention to the brethren's efforts to retrench, to create peculiarity, when by most ordinary social measurements such uniqueness has pretty much ceased to exist.

While Mauss's argument is intriguing in its fullness, for now let us focus on one point of potential oblivion, education, and explore the creation of assimilation and peculiarity on this issue.

Mauss writes that Mormonism's traditional emphasis on education "produced a relatively high educational level in Utah; and that there is some evidence that Mormon veterans took advantage of the GI Bill at a rate somewhat higher than that of their non-Mormon contemporaries."[4] This has led to a trend whereby Mormons today are even more urban, educated, and high in occupational status than in the 1960s, perhaps even

3. Mauss, 5.
4. Ibid., 67.

outstripping their non-Mormon neighbors. Yet Mauss can also claim that "educational level has no impact on religious belief among Mormons."[5]

Mauss does note that this is not quite as true for people who live outside the core area of Mormonism in large cities and that majors in the arts, humanities, and social sciences show a noticeable decline in religiosity. His sample is small and from a limited period, but it does establish differential rates of orthodoxy for different college majors.

In contrast, sociologist Robert Wuthnow notes that rates of religious participation "declined more rapidly in the 1960's among the better educated than in the rest of the population." He thus observes the positive relationship between degree of educational attainment and decline in religiosity, but also stresses that this has shifted over time. The generation of the 1950s showed less of a relationship while that of the 1980s lost its religious commitment at a much higher rate as it attained educational success.

Wuthnow writes:

> Between 1958 and 1982, the most serious declines in regular church attendance came about among younger people with at least some college education. Specifically there was a 19 percentage point difference between the two periods among college educated persons between the ages of 25 and 34. And there was a 21 point difference among college educated persons between the ages of 35 and 44. ... In other words, being a younger, college educated person in the late 1980's was associated with relatively modest levels of religious participation, whereas the same person in the 1950's was likely to be much more active in religious involvement. Not only were there considerably more people with college educations by the 1980's, but these people were now less conventionally religious than their counterparts had been a generation earlier. Again, education seems to have become associated with a kind of "gap" in religious commitment that had not been there prior to the 1960's.[6]

Thus, according to Wuthnow, for the immediate post-war generation, although education was associated with a decrease in religious commitment, the correlation became much stronger in the 1960s and continued into the late 1980s. Not only did education impact religion, it "emerg[ed] as a fundamental basis of attitudinal difference" in American society, with the more highly educated more likely to take a liberal position on a range of social issues. It "became not only a matter of individual difference but a major means of stratifying society into different subcul-

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5. Ibid.

6. Robert Wuthnow, *The Restructuring of American Religion* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1988), 170.

tures."[7] College-educated people show more diversity in their sexual practices, are more accepting of civil rights, more supportive of women's issues, abortion rights, gay rights, etc.—in short, of many of those topics which have since the 1960s emerged as litmus tests of liberal/conservative status.

Wuthnow argues that even those college-educated people who maintain a connection to organized religion are different from their fellow religionists. They pushed their religious organizations to take a more socially activist role first in civil rights, then against the Vietnam war, and later in support of women's issues, etc. They urged a greater spirit of ecumenical tolerance and cooperation. They were less likely to hold strictly orthodox beliefs, even while continuing their religious practice. Thus

> among college graduates, only one person in three thinks the Bible is absolutely true (contains no errors); among persons who have only attended high school the figure is closer to two thirds. Of all college graduates, only a quarter say they have been "born again." The figure is approximately half among persons with high school educations. Half of the less educated sector says reading the Bible is very important to them, compared with only a quarter of college students.
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> In more subtle ways, educational differences add up to quite divergent styles of religious expression. For example, college graduates are about three times more likely than persons without college education to put the Second Commandment (loving your neighbor) ahead of the First Commandment (loving God). The better educated are also about three times as likely to think it possible to be a true Christian without believing in the divinity of Christ. Those with low levels of education, in contrast, are about twice as likely as college graduates to believe that being baptized is necessary in order to know God. The two groups also view Jesus and God in quite different ways. For instance college graduates are about twice as likely as those without college educations to be most impressed by Jesus' compassion and forgiveness. The less educated, in comparison, are more likely to be impressed by Jesus' healings, miracles, and goodness. Those with higher levels of education are considerably more likely to attribute androgenous characteristics to God; those with lower levels of education, to emphasize the masculinity of God.[8]

Wuthnow continues to argue that, in part, because of the impact of education on American society, our religions have split into two opposing camps, the conservative and the liberal, each with divergent and increasingly hostile views toward the other. Wuthnow locates part of the reason for this in the massive expansion of education, the resultant transformations of society, the relative access of each group to social prestige

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7. Ibid., 163.
8. Ibid., 169.

and benefits, and the way in which the social shocks of the 1960s played themselves out in each group. Interestingly, denominations used to be separated by the way they fell on either side of whatever cleavage was dividing American society at the time. Now, Wuthnow contends, the cleavage cuts through almost every denomination, meaning that people may have more in common with persons from outside their religious group than with their fellows inside, from whom they feel increasingly estranged.

One must insist on the generational aspect of this. In the 1940s and 1950s, as education expanded massively, a rapprochement occurred between religion and science, leading to theologies of science and scientific theology, that did not begin to fragment in broad social terms until the 1960s as a reaction against the social upheavals of the time and the role the educated population seemed to play in them. Thus we are not simply talking about education having impacted religion, but rather the way each related to broader social changes moving our society, and only then to each other.

Thus Wuthnow sees education as having a significant impact on Americans' religious lives. Yet for Mormons, according to Mauss, and Tim Heaton and Stan Albrecht,[9] this correlation either does not hold or a different relationship develops in which degree of religiosity is positively associated with degree of educational attainment.

So our first question is: Why do educated Mormons buck the national trend in religious devotion and measures of orthodoxy, as well as the correlation between education and liberalism? In part, the answer to both requires us to note that in national surveys a significant minority of individuals are conservative and maintain their conservatism in the face of whatever pressures liberalize their peers through a college education. And there is a solid group that retains their religious orthodoxy, as well. For some reason, Mormons are more like this second group, one that very possibly develops out of a conscious and, at times, strident opposition to the dominant trends in higher education. That is, they develop in conscious opposition to their classmates.

In the case of Latter-day Saint youth, one must also explore how their LDS community provides a social support group and buffer, privileging their ideas and assisting them in maintaining their opposition to the doubly liberalizing effects of a higher education. To this end, Mauss notes the massive expansion of the church's institutes. I would argue that their primary effect is not so much to provide an ideological counter, or religious

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9. Tim Heaton and Stan Albrecht, "Secularization, Higher Education and Religiosity," *Review of Religious Research* 26 (1984), 1:43-58. See also Goodman and Heaton.

education—since that aspect is fairly weak compared to a university education—although it is not an insignificant factor. Rather, I think the institutes provide a primary support group of LDS students who socialize with each other and keep each other from developing the primary ties with non-LDS students that otherwise would probably lead to the liberalizing effect. Furthermore the organization of students into wards, family home evening groups, the encouragement of early marriage, etc., give students an experience of education that is radically at odds with that experienced by most American students. The effect of education, I argue, may have as much or more to do with the social groups to which one is socialized during and after college than to the actual classes one takes and the ideas one encounters.

Note that these mitigate as well other aspects that lead to the liberalizing effects of education, such as the greater occupational and geographic mobility of the more highly educated. Mormon families, wards, etc., minimize the effects of mobility on a person by providing similar social supports practically wherever the person goes.

Furthermore, the brethren, as part of a reaction against the social movements of the 1960s and their successors, have been establishing boundary lines of peculiarity around the very issues which seem to typify the attitudes of the educated liberal. This includes a growing suspicion and opposition to science, especially when it addresses issues on which the brethren claim to have primacy, such as civil rights and the inferiority of blacks, the Equal Rights Amendment and the nature and place of women in society as being divinely inspired rather than socially determined, and most recently gay and gender topics. They further have developed a resistance to mass, as well as high, culture which leads to tension with the arts and humanities, and have called adherence to their manner of understanding a major moral issue on which society and one's individual salvation depend. Around these same areas in Mormon letters, the brethren have challenged the independent Mormon intellectual community and attempted to curtail some discussion.

Thus we notice that certain fields have been problematized indirectly by the brethren's actions. But Mauss attempts to explain the different degree(s) of commitment to Mormonism among people who major in different areas as pertaining simply to belief. After noting that "the kind of education is also very important," he says, "Those Mormons who majored in the social sciences, the arts, and philosophy had the lowest levels of religious beliefs." Mauss asks, "Why would the rates of religious orthodoxy be lower for Mormonism in the social sciences, arts and philosophy than for those in other disciplines? The answer," he holds, "is probably that the other disciplines do not confront and challenge traditional religious beliefs, nor do they encourage a relativity about religion, as much

as the social sciences, arts, and philosophy do."[10]

It is true that the humanities and social sciences encourage a critical viewpoint towards religion. In part, this is because it no longer is a matter of belief nor a simple fact of lived faith, but rather an object of critical study which encourages a distance from actual belief. Note that whether this is merely an analytical difference or an existential difference, the former easily slides into the latter because it breaks the "naive" connection between belief and believer by interposing the intellect and critical reasoning. But the situation goes even farther.

In sociology or anthropology one is actively taught to desacralize religion. This stems in part from the mere act of comparing one religion to another, leading inescapably to analytical relativism, which can easily slide into ontological relativism, unless one develops active defenses against such. Though even more, the desacralization of religion stems from the philosophic stance taken in these fields towards religion in general. They approach religion from a position of "naturalism" which argues that, as an object of study, religion is another natural phenomenon, another social fact, whose explanation, whose cause, relates to natural or social processes rather than to divine ones. Thus belief in God reflects social processes, not the sacredness of belief, the drawing of the soul towards divinity. This inverts the Christian religious equation, if no other.

Thus, as philosophical posture, religion inherently is iconoclastic. The great anthropologist Evans-Pritchard questioned other scholars for taking a cynical view towards religion. He argued that they were atheists and through their naturalistic approach to religion, in this case so-called "primitive religion," they sought to find causal explanations which would reduce religion to simply a function of something else. He held that they used their study to challenge ultimately formal western religion, which they felt could similarly be shown to have some other cause, rather than simply being true. He also noted that most anthropologists have an antipathy towards religion that goes beyond the needs of comparative study; they are personally insensitive to the religious muse and feel a need to challenge religion's place within society.[11]

Social science is a child of the Enlightenment, with its worship of reason and its social movement challenging the transcendence of religion. Thus it has developed in a space of tension with religion that goes beyond philosophical or methodological necessity, as Evans-Pritchard argued. This suggests that part of an answer to the Mormon quandary should address the social aspects of being a social scientist in relationship to other status groups of society, whereby this antipathy to religion

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10. Ibid., 69.

11. E. E. Evans-Pritchard, "Introduction," in *Theories of Primitive Religion* (Oxford, Eng.: Oxford University Press, 1965), 1-19.

might be built-in rather than simply being a function of making religion an object of comparative study.

Nevertheless, one cannot so simply dismiss the challenges a comparative approach makes to religious belief. Even Evans-Pritchard's own work tended to reduce belief to its social meaning or function despite his efforts to make room for the believer.[12]

This is critically important in the life of a young social scientist. Several times while I was teaching at Brigham Young University a student after class would come up to me following a discussion of the social explanation of religion and express severe doubts about his or her testimony. Whether this was due to my lecture or the student's own predilection would be hard to determine. Thus, Mauss notes, "we can't tell whether training in the social sciences, for example, caused an erosion of orthodoxy or a strongly orthodox worldview led to an avoidance of college disciplines that would threaten traditional beliefs. Maybe both causal directions were at work."[13] My answer to the student, no matter the source of his or her anxiety, was to explore with each of them the difference between explaining something and explaining it away. In this I was not unlike Evans-Pritchard who claimed that religious (he really said magical, but for now this extension is true enough) beliefs and science answer different questions, the why and the how respectively, and that it is an error of logic to reduce the why to the how. I would also tell them that this begs all kinds of questions but should at least be a caution about "throwing the baby out with the bath water."

Nevertheless, in my own life this has been a problem. I grew up as the very religious son of a quite orthodox sociologist father and an intellectually-inclined musician mother. In our home orthodoxy referred primarily to behavior, to what others have called piety, not to belief per se, although we were a very believing family. I was taught that there was no necessary discrepancy between religious truth and scientific truth. At times there might be tension between them, but in the long run they would come to the same answer.

In this my parents were like Henry Eyring the scientist, who argued that a benefit of being a Mormon was that one did not have to accept anything that was not true. By true, he meant true in the positivist, empiricist, verifiable sense, not true in the metaphysical sense commonly employed by many members today, following Joseph Fielding Smith's and others' defense of Mormonism against what they saw as a challenge from the vain ideas of men (and women, presumably). Eyring meant that when submitted to tests of empirical verification, both religious and sci-

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12. Brian Morris, *Anthropological Studies of Religion: An Introductory Text* (Cambridge, Eng.: Cambridge University Press, 1987), 91-92.

13. Mauss, 69.

entific truths must pass empirical validation. To him that was a great benefit.

Yet following this philosophy, when I returned from my mission my testimony collapsed. The first class I took was Anthropology of Religion. The very theorists Evans-Pritchard critiques showed me that many things claimed by the church as true had other explanations. These were often simpler, in an empirical sense, and thus the Mormon explanations failed Occam's razor. I found myself struggling to make space among my shattered titans made of hollow clay for a theology built from that clay while still allowing room for a solid God.

Fortunately my father was a sociologist. I could discuss this with him, and realize that I needed to be cautious in the way I swept away the broken fragments of my titans so as not to lose my solid clay. Fortunately, as well, he had shelves of back issues of *Dialogue, Sunstone,* and the *Journal of Mormon History* where I could read the writings of other scholars who were maintaining faith in a world of shattered titans. Furthermore, I had a strong will to believe. I knew the whisperings of the spirit and was addicted to them enough that I could withstand the cognitive dissonance of having so much shattered and still wishing to believe.

My father told me that the first generation of Mormon sociologists and anthropologists had pretty much left the church, yet, he said, they had not found happiness. He worked under one such for his doctoral degree and said that the loss of the church had left a hole in this man's life, taking away much of his happiness, which he could not seem to fill. My father's answer was to stay with the church and try to work through one's troubles, remembering that the church is a product of its time and that what bothers me will some day pass as the Lord struggles with a recalcitrant humanity caught in their social ways.

But this experience did broaden a critical distance between me and many Mormons, including numerous general authorities, who said things that to me seemed to fail Eyring's test. For example, that blacks could not hold the priesthood because of some "revelation" or because of a difference in "lineage"; that evolution was not "true" and all the other silly ramblings on this issue; that the brethren do not make mistakes and cannot lead the church astray; that a woman's place is in the home, ... etc. My distance was made even wider by listening to Elder Bruce R. McConkie's talk on the "Seven Deadly Heresies"—which he testified he knew to be heresies because of the witness of the spirit—yet later I heard him recant. To me this said that the brethren are not quite so sure about what the spirit actually tells them, that they too make errors, etc.

Despite the difficulties raised by my early experiences with anthropology and the ongoing dissonances it would periodically raise, I continued to be active in the church, and even to believe most things, although

the nature of that belief constantly shifted. My experience of the church also changed in subtle ways. No longer could I take its and its members' affirmations of what was true at face value. I found other ways to continue participating, such as hearing what other members and authorities said as to their attempts to work out the mysteries of faith and the religious life rather than simply as statements of truth.

My stumbling blocks came from the church and other members rather than from anthropology, per se. For example, I found that I was not welcomed when I would attempt to verbalize my concerns within the church, although I often heard other members discussing theirs. Mine were problematic because their nature could be seen as challenging other members' faith. I stopped expressing my opinions in priesthood meeting and Sunday school and instead started attempting to ask simple questions. One Sunday, after one of my simple questions focussing on the relationship between the manual and the class's comments created a thirty-minute debate which seriously deviated from the teacher's lesson plan, one young man seated in front of me turned around and said, "Why do you even bother to come to church? All you do is create problems. Why don't you just go away."

Similar things happened in institute, where I felt not just tension but was actively silenced by my fellow members and leaders. One day, after a particularly trying experience, I spoke to the teacher, who had also been my bishop. I asked him why we couldn't talk about matters that were important to me. He said that because there were members who were not as "advanced," we needed to protect their testimonies by giving them milk rather than meat. I answered that presumed there was a place where the banquet included meat. The institute class was supposed to be advanced and if we could not eat meat there, where could we? He replied that my attitude was selfish and that I needed to focus more on others. I said that he had no room to accuse me of being selfish because as much as anyone else in the institute and ward I was serving the church and my fellows. "But," I said, "I am hungry, perhaps even starving, for meat and I don't get it simply from service, or prayer, or scripture study. Where can I get it?" Furthermore, I added, switching metaphors, "You see no problem in discussing the quandaries raised by your field of study, evolutionary biology and paleontology, why can't I do the same?" At a time when my mind was growing rapidly through intense discussion and challenging readings in school, I found myself blocked at church.

The meeting was stormy and tense. But the next morning I got a note from the bishop, saying that he had stayed up all night reflecting on our discussion, that he had no answers for me, but that he loved me, and that I could always come to his office and discuss my concerns with him, that

there we could try to find some meat for me. Besides being an amazingly humane response, this worked well as a stop gap measure and helped me keep going for some time.

But the social fictions of the everyday church were wearing on me. At school I was treated as someone quaint by my peers and professors. Even though I had friends there, my lifestyle and interests were sufficiently different from theirs that the sharing of close friendship became difficult. I found I was always explaining. My primary group was composed of LDS graduate students. But even there I was rather different because I went to bars and parties fairly often with my non-LDS peers. Following my father's advice, I did not shut myself off from the social milieu of graduate school.

Despite strong tensions and feeling torn between two worlds, not so much intellectually or spiritually as socially, I have stayed in the church. My Mormonism continues to find meaning in the oddest of ways, although I strongly realize that I do not fit into the body of the membership and I feel that I must live in a kind of intellectual closet where if many of my fellow ward members got to know me they wouldn't like what I think.

At BYU my feelings of marginality were publicly expressed when in the appeal hearings over my firing I was first told that I was being released for not being a good enough anthropologist (even though my department had said I was more than adequate). At the end of our meeting, I had them read from one of my articles on the "Native Anthropologist as Oxymoron."[14] I had written that the native is drawn from his milieu and socialized into the anthropological community, and in the process is transformed. On the basis of this, the BYU administration argued that I had become too much of an anthropologist and not enough of a Mormon. Thus the entire hearings, it seemed to me, came down to a simple question: "In the event of a conflict between the church and your academic field, with whom would you side?" All of my attempts to avoid having things expressed in such black-and-white terms collapsed in the way this question was worded. There was only one right answer and yet to give it would effectively deny my efforts to stay in the church simply by the way others in power controlled discourse, including the definition of what the church was at any given time. I could only submit, not think and try to find integrity in my actions. My answer was "I hope the church." But it was the wrong answer because it was already too complex.

My experience is that of only one person who was a social science

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14. David Knowlton, "No One Can Serve Two Masters, or Native Anthropologist as Oxymoron," *International Journal of Moral and Social Studies* 7 (Spring 1992), 1:72-88.

major. It seems to me that part of the answer to Armand Mauss's question has to do with the way the social sciences create critical distance from religion and then relativize it. Part of the answer also has to do with how the social sciences have evolved and socialized within their practice an Enlightenment tension with religion. But even more, from my experience, it has to do with how the church has defined things that are critical in my experience as being beyond the pale and thus nondiscussable or are the signs of a weak testimony, and how one thereby is actively socialized out of the church. Part of the answer, therefore, refers to history and how social issues are presented on the stage of our lives.

Mormonism speaks ambivalently about learning. It is valued highly:

> The glory of god is intelligence or, in other words, light and truth ... (D&C 93:36).

> And, verily I say unto you, that it is my will that you should hasten to ... obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion (D&C 93:36).

But:

> O the vainness, and the frailties, and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsels of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know it of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish, but to be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God (2 Ne. 9:28).

While there are many ways of understanding these scriptures, perhaps one of the most common claims is that we should learn, as long as the product of our learning reflects what the church and others claim to be true, as long as it does not challenge or make complex what people hold as simple. Yet for most of my life, first philosophy, then social science has been presented as a threat to proper religion and the experience of social science has led to a different construction of religion from the Mormon mainstream.

We began this essay with a paradox, and with a paradox we will end. We saw that Mormonism keeps its educated members, with a few critical exceptions, because it manages to fit them into that minority of college-educated men and women who do not become liberalized by the experience. In part, I think, it does this by providing social relationships for its young people and older professionals which keep them from being fully socialized into the college experience. Also, as part of Mormon retrenchment and reaction to the 1960s, the church has campaigned actively

against aspects of a college culture, established strong moral dividing lines around issues, such as freedom of expression, religion in the secular public space, authority, gender, sexuality, etc., that in one way or another strike at the heart of certain disciplines, particularly those in the arts, humanities, and social sciences.

In this the church bucks another national trend. Its leaders seem to be steering the entire church into the ranks of the religious conservatives. The issues on which they have taken a stand are similar to those which establish the liberal/conservative divide in American religion today. However, in most cases the chasm has grown up within any given denomination, in part because of the relationship of its educated members to the broader body of the church. In Mormonism the brethren are trying to see that this not happen in the church. Furthermore, by this tactic, even though our issues are shared with a range of conservative religions, they are framed in such a way as to try to rebuild Mormon "peculiarity" at a time when it, on almost every other measure, has almost disappeared. They kill two birds with one stone. At root this may be the reason for the other anomalies.

This essay is, of course, a preliminary and very personal discussion of the relationship between education and orthodoxy, based on recent writings. To these we can add the phenomenon of the Mormon who does not follow either national or Mormon trends, who insists on being religious despite being a woman and/or despite his or her education in arts, humanities, and social sciences. Following anthropologist Mary Douglas, we must note that, as they insist on keeping one foot on either side of a boundary line others have drawn strongly between the sacred and the profane, they thus become anomalies and dangerous ones at that. With that paradox of living people torn apart, we must end.

Creations: Mississippi

Casualene Meyer

Adam, I know,
came from this red clay.

I am ever created
of dust.

Under my door
pine pollen silts,
fecund light
and green.

Drinking Blue Milk

Tessa Meyer Santiago

I HAVE OFTEN HEARD OF THE LESSON with the milk and the ink drop: Sister Smith drips, almost tenderly, the midnight blue ink into the whiteness. I have never seen it done, but I think I would probably watch in delight as the blue tendrils curl softly, coaxing the white, joining in gentleness until the glass is filled pale blue. I know I would do it again at home to see the softness of a new color come so gently and silently to life. I have also heard Sister Smith uses chocolate cake: offering the largest priest a slice of cake, then plunging her hands through the cream and crumbs to offer, as it were, a spoiled offering. I cannot but envy her sensation as her fingers pierce cool cream, then rough, warm crumbs, dark chocolate working its way under her nails. I would have asked to do it for myself, to be able to feel the texture oozing through my tightening fingers like river mud.

Have you ever folded firmly whipped egg whites, their peaks glistening, into the deep chocolate batter of a birthday cake, and watched the dark and light swirl behind the spoon? Have you seen the mixture turn the color of storm water pulsing through the desert—pale brown, flecks of white, clumps of egg white obstinate beneath the patient stroking of the spoon? It is a mesmerizing interlude between flour and frosting; a silent time of gentle movements, heaping, rounding, rolling, smoothing before finally settling to rest in the warmth of the oven.

I was born to convert parents in another land—the farthest branch from the headquarters of the church—who faithfully taught their family what they knew to be the gospel of Jesus Christ. Living so far away from mainstream Mormondom, we had a hardly recognizable version of Mormonism. Before television and before satellite, we had no stake Young Adult dances, no general conferences, no bishops, only faith, repentance, baptism, and Friday night movies flickering on a double white sheet pinned to the Relief Society room wall. I grew up an anomaly among my friends—they went to synagogue, I went to Primary; they drank Coke, I drank Fanta; they had two brothers and sisters, I had six.

The fifth child, I am a girl but always wanted to be a boy. Perhaps it was my brothers' fault: I wanted to be like them. I have two of them immediately above me in the family line-up: Jonathan, three years older than I—small and asthmatic. He played the piano and the girl parts in the school plays. He couldn't do much outside because he was allergic to horse hair and dogs: his face swelled, his eyes closed, and he started to scratch. We fought constantly, perhaps because we had nothing in common, but mainly because I was bigger than he until he hit his growth spurt at seventeen. I do remember, though, when we both had chicken pox. It must have been an uneasy truce that day. Mom was gone visiting teaching, the sky was a pure blue, and the breeze blew salt through the house—early summer in the Cape. Suddenly we found ourselves naked at the swimming pool in the backyard, our scrawny white bodies dotted in fiery red pox, jumping off the lamppost into the deep end. The water felt cool against my skin and we laughed.

On the other hand, Paul is big and brawny with bow legs and crooked teeth. My mother was asked to remove him from nursery school when he was four: he was teaching the other children to swear. He had a mess of freckles strewn across his round face and report cards filled with comments like "A satisfactory result but Paul is not reaching his potential." His room smelled like rugby boots and mud. He played the guitar, crooning "Norwegian Wood" into a tape recorder to send to Angie, the daughter of the mission president living up north and the only eligible Mormon girl in the country beside his sisters. Paul left for BYU when he was seventeen, the first of the children to leave. I always believed I would marry Paul, but he loves Janet Nicole of the dark mane of hair whom he met in the reserve library. Paul was wearing Easter grass in his moccasins—he wanted to be a walking Easter basket. Janet knew it wouldn't be boring to spend eternity with a walking Easter basket, so she married him. They live in Indiana now; I live in Provo, and Vivian, our oldest sister, lives in Africa still.

Vivian never left. Graduating from high school, she went to work as a laboratory technician, coming home at night with tales of rats and mice and long needles. One night she came home with Harry.

I remember shrinking behind the dining room table from this huge, bearded man hanging between his crutches to save his broken ankle from the dead weight of his body. He was an antiques dealer, more at home on his deep sea fishing boat, gone for weeks at a time when the tuna were running far out in the Atlantic, accustomed to male company and open air bathrooms over the side of the boat. Vivian was slender (still is at size 6), full-breasted, long legged, her hips swelling below her flat stomach tanned ocher from the sun. Her auburn hair swung long and straight from the center of her head down her back, framing a face saved only by

a Grecian nose from being elfin.

Her hair is short now; permed, I think. She eats chocolate cookies for breakfast and jerky for lunch, with a double mushroom cheeseburger, large fries, and chocolate shake for tea. She runs knock-kneed, wears black bikinis during the summer, drives down the highway to the station wagon stereo blasting Paul Simon's "Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes." She takes her children out of school for the day if the weather is too beautiful to be anywhere but at the beach, and concedes new white tennis shoes for her parent-teacher conferences where she tries to smile concernedly as the teacher tells her, "Daniel really must improve his penmanship," thinking of her own backward sloping scrawl loping across the page. She studies Hebrew and religion at the university now, where her learning, she says, convinces her even more of the truthfulness of this strange religion we live and makes her more determined to be part of the building of the temple in Jerusalem. She visits Granny Rosie, the 100-year-old grandmother of her husband, every week, but hates being in the Relief Society presidency, preferring rather to be back in Primary teaching the children how to sing: fewer meetings and never a word about how "I can't visit teach her; she's the wrong color." She runs a 5,000-rand-a-month business out of a little black notebook under the front seat of her car and a bankroll beneath her bras at the back of her closet. And once she even threatened to castrate Charles the Dog if he so much as sniffed her newly planted tulip bulbs. She never did, not even when he ripped the head off Joel the Duck and left him strewn around the back garden in a flurry of feathers. Now she nurses her aging hound through arthritic hips and loose bowels, wanting to keep him with her as long as she can.

She kept me with her as long as she could. Carried me on her hip until I was too heavy. She is ten years older than I; Mom was busy with four other children and pregnant with a sixth, so Vivian, being the eldest, raised me. I don't remember really but she tells me she did. Perhaps that explains the attachment I feel towards her: my deep loyalty to my older sister.

Vivian met Harry at the Parade, an open-air market every Wednesday and Saturday in front of the city hall, where people came to trade: chiffon, silk, polka-dotted polyester mixed with eighteenth-century daguerreotypes, red-tasseled Hessian helmets, and grandmother's amethyst rings—anything of value, intrinsic or not. It seems the whole city descends the slopes of the mountain from its weekday lairs to meet at the Parade. Cries of the fruit vendors' "Fife fora runt, fife fora runt" rise in crescendo from their stalls around the perimeter where they perch on three-legged stools surrounded by the brilliant colors of the inland harvest. Occasionally, they sally into the crowd carrying green bunches of

grapes in paper sacks, or guavas sweating yellow in their plastic bags, still crying, "Fife fora runt, fife fora runt." Across the top of the refrain runs the frenetic chorus of "Save Me Jesus" echoing from the converted Moslem gospel band in place every Saturday next to the public toilets at the foot of the statue of Queen Victoria—ever resplendent in grey-green bustle and crown, her head streaked with pigeon droppings.

I have often wondered why Vivian married Harry, why she was even attracted to him. Perhaps he said something to her like, "What lovely long fingers you have, my dear," smiling to reach his eyes. Perhaps he slipped an antique band on her hand, his own wide and calloused hand covering hers. Perhaps he took her for a ride in his midnight blue Mercedes—we had a red and white Volkswagen bus at the time. Perhaps because she was the oldest daughter of a self-employed architect and he was the second and only single son of a wealthy antiques dealer. Perhaps because he was thirty-five and she was nineteen.

He married my sister on the twenty-seventh of November 1976 in the Mowbray chapel where we had gone to church our whole life. Vivian wouldn't marry him if he wasn't a member, so he was baptized. When they were married, he hadn't been a member very long, probably two or three months, so the idea of temple marriage wasn't even discussed; besides, the closest temple was in London. Temple marriage, in fact, wasn't even taught in the Cape. As a child, I knew I was going to be sealed in the temple; never married. That wasn't how the members did it down there. We married in the chapel with Sister Laverne, in stocking feet, playing the Wedding March; honeymooned in a cottage; and ten years later when there was enough money and four children, we sold the house, car, or whatever else was necessary to take six people to London or Salt Lake City. So my parents were happy with the wedding: Vivian was marrying a member. I was ecstatic: I was a flowergirl—a long, cherry-sprigged dress with a posy of daisies and new white shoes; hair, short and curly brown; but still fighting and praying to be a boy.

I don't remember how it all started, but I know I never wanted to be a girl. I even fought once on the rugby fields of Rondebosch Boys High School with a boy who disbelieved me when I said I was a girl. Secretly, I was thrilled, but I had to defend my honor, beat him up until he finally conceded my femininity. I was ten years old.

I prayed at night to be changed. Come morning I sneaked my nightdress up ever so slowly over my stomach only to be disappointed.

Womanhood came early the next year. It came before I wore a bra, before my first kiss. It came when Harry moved his hand slowly across my chest. He whispered roughly, "Let me show you how I love you." I kept my eyes fixed firmly on my book, trying to pretend he wasn't there,

that he wasn't doing what he was doing, that I wasn't feeling what I was feeling. "Touch me," he whispered as we walked between the pillars of the garden gate towards the front door. His voice was hoarse. "Please, touch me." I ran, pretending I hadn't heard. I was twelve years old. He was my sister's husband.

It's a strange thing when you're twelve, in seventh grade at an all-girls school, and a man tries to touch you. It's a fascinating, repulsive thing when you're eleven and a man shows you pictures, pulled from beneath the Welsh dresser in a secret drawer, of things you don't know the words for. It's an anxious thing hoping the family won't see when he kisses you hello in a masquerade of familial affection. It's an agonizing thing waiting to see who will take you home at the end of the night's babysitting. It's the fear rising inside as Vivian asks Harry to drive you home: she's too tired. It's knowing his hand will come slowly over the back of the front seat to find you in the dark where you sit huddled in the corner. Most of all, it's a frightening thing, when at eleven and twelve your prayers are filled with earnest pleadings that your sister's husband will drown at sea and never, ever, come back.

I didn't know what else to do. I was twelve years old. He was my sister's husband. He was family. He told me it was a good thing, a beautiful thing. He told me never to tell. I never did. I loved Vivian too much. And so I prayed, and feared, and prayed, and felt my body respond in ways I had never known. I hated my body; it betrayed me. I hated him; he betrayed my sister. I loved him; he was my sister's husband. I felt in some way responsible. If only I hadn't started developing so soon. If only I didn't look seventeen when I was eleven, eighteen when I was twelve. If only, if only, if only. Eventually, I just learned to block it out. I carried on doing homework, I carried on reading, I carried on. What else could I do. I carried on, in silence.

Until one summer two years later.

I returned home after two and a half years away, half of that spent in missionary service, to find our family reeling and an older sister, waif-like, nervous, spirit deadened. After thirteen years.

Vivian had finally told of years of silent abuse, of episodes of violent anger, of trying to raise Daniel and Emily single-handedly while her husband was at sea. In one long afternoon Mom and I sat at the kitchen counter making chocolate cakes, and she told me the story. Then, hesitatingly, awkwardly, I told her mine. But it was not only mine. It was my younger sister's story too. He had done the same to Laura, convincing her that it was right because Tessa, her older sister, had done it. In a distraught whisper, Mom said, "I must tell your father." Perhaps the biggest reason that I never told anyone is because my father loves his children

beyond his own life. I thought Daddy would kill him if he ever knew. His reaction surprised me. We walked along the beach front at The Wilderness, an isolated little village on the east coast. The air smelled of salt and sand and the ocean mist creeping across the horizon in the grey of the dusk. Mommy and my youngest sister, Alex, and I had joined Daddy that weekend on his speaking assignment as a stake high councilor to the Hamilton Branch—eleven members and 400 miles away. Arriving early after a six-hour drive, we drifted to the beach where we had come so many summers before as a young family. I can see myself, brown curls stapled to my head, turning hand-sand-sky down the slopes of the dunes, to land cold in the ocean, giggling at Daddy with his big belly. I am older now, the sun has gone down, and Daddy walks ahead of me, his legs still lean, his belly a little bigger, his hair grey. I can hear his words, the words I have feared for so long: "Oh, sweetheart, I don't know why the Lord gives us such strong urges. It's hard to control and so difficult to understand. But we must learn to battle them and to be forgiving." I consciously loved my father more then than I had in years. With his kind and gentle wisdom, he gave me the family's permission to feel the peace that I hadn't felt for years.

I had forgiven Harry. To enter the House of the Lord to receive my endowments, I had to forgive. But the forgiving happened long before that interview day. I don't think I was the one who consciously chose to forgive. Through the silent and divine process of time and faith, the pain was gone, first buried to ease it, then washed away in an understanding born of age. The forgiving came easily when the pain was gone.

My bishop asked me if there was anything in my conduct relating to my family members that was not in keeping with the Spirit of the Lord. I remember searching the faces in my mind: childish fights with Jonathan, harsh words with Laura but more recently letters of love and support; rocking Alex to sleep; Daddy and I watching *Silverado* on a rainy Saturday afternoon. From a recess, long unvisited, came shadows of fear and anger and Harry. I hesitated then and said, "Yes, but it is over." He must have understood, because he said, "I sense no animosity." And he was right. I did not hate Harry then, ten years after the fact, and I do not hate him now. I accept whatever happened, much of which has been erased from my memory, as part of life and the rich brocade I weave. I had hoped my husband would have been the first one to touch me so; but he understands. Sometimes I wish I hadn't sat through Mutual knowing exactly what the advisors were talking about. Sometimes I wish those very strong feelings and passions had not been stirred in me at such a young and inappropriate age. Often I wish I had not learned to associate those expressions of love and tenderness with sick men and misguided desires. That association is so hard to undo. And sometimes I smile, in self-depre-

cating humor, at the thought of being a statistic.

Before I was married, I did not think very often of what happened so long ago, but when I saw the clouds stretch across the back of the mountain sky, or the swell of the hills green in the spring, or when I felt a hand resting warm in the small of my back, and lips gently brushing my neck, then I remembered not Harry but the swells of passion, and I had to fight against them.

I knew, dangerously well, how to focus my mind on something completely unrelated to the activities of my body. I knew how to turn off the guilt, and how to rationalize, even enjoy in a panic-heightened state, what was happening to me. I needed to do that when I was twelve. It was vital in order for me to survive. And Christ knew, even in my youth, how to succor me so that I could go on. He dimmed my memory and dulled the hate, turning me to acceptance and a hazy understanding of why Harry did what he did. At twelve years of age, I did not regard myself as a victim. In fact, I did not regard myself as anything out of the ordinary.

But I am twenty-six now, married and a mother, and the legacy lives with me still. However, there is no longer only one person who must suffer from this period in my life. In fact, when I was alone, I did not suffer. If I kept control of my life and my passions, I never found myself in the situation which I had been in twelve years before. But now, married, I think my husband and I are both victims of what happened. I use the word victim with trepidation. I don't wish to shift the reasons for our situation onto anybody. What happened to me is part of my life, a cloud which passed over, a dark thread in a rich tapestry, necessary eventually to make lighter colors seem richer in comparison. However, sometimes it is hard for me to see anything but that one thread.

I struggle to know that my husband really loves me. I convince myself, through some strange logic, that if he loved me, he would not ask me to share myself with him. I struggle to disassociate the sacred acts of husband and wife from the perverted acts of a middle-aged man and a twelve-year-old girl. I misinterpret his loving caress as the gropings of a misguided soul. My mind tells me he cannot be the same as Harry, but many times that silent, rigid, young girl is closer to the surface than I realize, waiting and watching with bated breath, trying not to panic as a hand comes closer and closer to her body. These are the things I struggle with.

I entered marriage with Hollywood dreams compounded by MIA Maid lessons on the delights of marriage. We were going to live happily ever after in temple garments and satin sheets. I thought, because my husband and I had been so passionate in our dating, that the same passion would continue in our marriage. I could not imagine the irrational

fear and guilt that accompanied our first nights. I needed a priesthood blessing from a perplexed, new husband to still the sobs and the screams welling in my throat. He could not reconcile the stiff, frightened girl before him on the bed with the demonstrative, passionate woman he had been engaged to. We could not have imagined I would fight him, pushing him away to physically escape what I had mentally escaped before.

Our marriage is not smooth at times because of this. He shrinks from expressing his affection (not a natural posture for him), not wanting to be mistaken for Harry. I retreat behind a barricade of silence and protests of fatigue. We are beginning to talk. The talking helps. Knowing he is trying to understand me helps. But how can you really understand a feeling, a fear so irrational, yet so real unless you have felt it yourself? The revulsion comes in a wave so unexpected that even the sweetest kiss turns instantly sour in my mouth. The fear and the guilt are with me still. Even after bearing a child, I still feel afraid when I try to enjoy my body with my husband or try to enjoy his. Just as I learned to fight the passion, I need now to let it ride, climb on its back, do something, anything to enjoy myself.

My husband enjoys me. He loves me passionately. He's a remarkably kind, gentle man who entered marriage with the same passion-filled dreams I did but with the capacity to fulfill them. Unfortunately, he married me. I don't think he regrets the decision. Nothing indicated things would be this way between us, that I would be so crippled. But at times he struggles to know that I love him, that I find him desirable. Because if I did, I would want to make love to him. But I don't. I tell him it's nothing personal. He doesn't quite buy that. Round and round we go. So we struggle through this area of intimacy and expression, as each newlywed Mormon couple probably does. Only I cannot help but think it would have been easier for me, for us, if things had not been the way they were. To give yourself clean and undefiled, naive and inexperienced, eager to participate, must be a fearful, reverent, divine moment free of shadows and fear and guilt. It was a moment I never knew. But I know, I hope, that I can come to know that moment. If there is such a thing as forgiveness and a lighter yoke, then there have to be for us, for my husband, for me, nights and mornings and lazy summer afternoons of sensual, sexual, divine moments. They are not with us yet. God willing, they will be.

The Home Dance: Hugh Nibley among the Hopi

Boyd Petersen

HUGH NIBLEY LIVES IN A WORLD OF SERENDIPITY. As his son-in-law and intended biographer, I have discovered that, time and time again, he has miraculously avoided some catastrophe or dropped in on some fortunate eventuality. Call it happenstance, fate, or divine will, but these moments of pleasant coincidence have followed him throughout his life. Psychiatrist M. Scott Peck believes that these "miracles of serendipity," as he calls them, are "amazingly commonplace" and usually "in some way beneficial" to the recipient.[1] Those who don't experience them, he argues, are simply not aware of them—"serendipitous events occur to all of us, but frequently we fail to recognize their serendipitous nature; we consider such events quite unremarkable, and consequently we fail to take full advantage of them."[2] While this may be true, I have never known anyone who experiences these moments of serendipity to the degree Hugh Nibley does. More importantly, not only do they *happen* to him, but he makes himself *aware* of them.

Though Hugh would not dismiss the significance of any good fortune, to me the most thrilling instances are the times during World War II when, through fortunate synchronicity, he avoided tragedy: On D-Day, he was originally ordered to fly in a glider to Normandy, but his seat was taken at the last moment by a general and Hugh was ordered to drive a Jeep ashore. All the occupants of the glider were killed when it crashed. On another transport, a glider headed to Holland, he happened to put a scrap of armor under his seat just as it absorbed three machine gun bullets while a fourth went between his feet. Once while he was sitting in his tent, a 16-inch shell landed in the mud a few yards away from him and slid along until it stopped, without exploding, its nose touching his tent.

1. M. Scott Peck, *The Road Less Travelled* (New York: Touchstone, 1978), 255.
2. Ibid., 257.

Before the Battle of the Bulge, as he was climbing into a Jeep headed for the Ardennes, he was pulled out and sent to Le Vesinet—all the Jeep's occupants were killed. His fellow soldiers began to say that "everything happens to Nibley and nothing ever happens to him."

There are less dramatic, but no less important, instances of providence. For example, there are hundreds of incidents when he has just "happened" upon an important source exactly when he needed it in his research and writing. What is surprising to me is that despite his gratitude and delight at the happenstances of his life, he never seems shocked in the least but attributes such good fortune to his having paid his tithing, done his home teaching, or some other modest act of righteousness. As Hugh wrote in a letter to his friend and teacher Klaus Baer, "A hundred times a week I ask myself in amazement: What am I doing here? Well, if that's the way the Lord wants it—he knows what he's doing; it's a cinch I don't. But that's what makes it interesting."[3] Hugh wrote to a prospective graduate student who had asked for advice about what career to pursue that, "In all of this, there is only one rule to follow, and that is, 'Let the Spirit guide.'"[4] I believe that Hugh takes that rule farther and more seriously than most of us dare.

Knowing of Hugh's encounters with serendipity, I haven't been terribly surprised when these same types of coincidences have accompanied my efforts to chronicle his life; it's been difficult not to notice them. For example, while my family and I were living in Maryland, Hugh and his wife, Phyllis, visited us in 1990 to be there for the wedding of their son, Michael, who also lives in Maryland. The day before the wedding, my wife, Zina, asked me to take her father sightseeing while everyone else worked on pre-wedding preparations. I knew Hugh would rather see something off the beaten path, so I decided to take him to visit one of my favorite sites: Antietam battlefield. On the way there I learned that Hugh had spent many hours conducting maneuvers at Antietam battlefield during World War II while he was stationed at Camp Ritchie for military intelligence training. That day I was treated to a dizzying account of his adventures during World War II and of parallels drawn from ancient history, the Civil War, and the then-current Gulf War. The day we spent at that battlefield was also, "coincidentally," the anniversary of the battle of Antietam.

On another occasion, when I called the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute to gain access to Klaus Baer's papers, the curator just about dropped the phone. He said he couldn't believe that I had called on the very day he had finished cataloguing Baer's papers—everything was in

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3. Hugh Nibley to Klaus Baer, 12 Feb. 1968, Klaus Baer Collection, Archives, Oriental Institute, University of Chicago.

4. Hugh Nibley to Gary B. Keeley, 15 Mar. 1982, copy in my possession.

order, available, and fresh on his mind. More recently, while searching in the presidential papers in the BYU archives, I came across a letter to Hugh from President Jeffrey Holland. The letter was responding to a letter Hugh had written, but the letter from Hugh was not there. I searched every logical place in the vast collection and couldn't find it. Just before I left for the day, on a whim I pulled an unmarked box off the shelf. The first letter in the first folder in that box was the missing letter.

After moving back to Utah, I wanted some way to explore Hugh's fascination with the Hopis of northeastern Arizona. I knew he used to travel there with his sons, and I enviously thought how interesting it must have been to visit the Hopi with Hugh. I yearned to be able to learn first-hand what had captivated him so about their culture and lifestyle. A few days after I first considered it, my brother-in-law, Paul Nibley, called up and said that a man he knew had mentioned Hugh on one of his own visits to the Hopi mesas. Paul reported that the Hopi said they remembered Hugh, wanted to visit with him, and invited him to stay in the village. So Paul and his contact, Bill Muse, arranged the details while I worked on the logistics of getting us to Hotevilla.

The serendipity continued—the Hopi invited us to visit during their annual "Home Dance." It was singularly appropriate that we would take Hugh Nibley back to visit the Hopi during the Home Dance, or the *Niman Kachina.* The Home Dance is held at the time of the summer solstice to honor the *kachinas,* the spirits who represent the invisible forces of life, who have been on earth since the winter solstice ensuring the success of the creation process. Now that the harvest is in full-bloom, the *kachinas* can return to their home in the San Francisco mountains and this dance is their send-off. It is a dance, like many of their ritual dances, completely concerned with cosmology—with the four forces of creation: germination, heat, moisture, and air—and with "the harvesting of the winter's prayers and planning."[5] But the going home of the *kachinas* is also pregnant with deeper cosmological meaning: for where the *kachinas* go to abide is where the Hopi believe all the righteous go when they die—what the *kachinas* are, the Hopi people can become.

Naturally the cosmological nature of this dance was ideal for Hugh's return to Hopiland, since he has always been preoccupied with cosmology, whether Mormon, Egyptian, or Hopi. Yet this was also a homecoming of sorts for him. Hugh first visited the Hopi soon after being hired at Brigham Young University:

> When I first came to Provo shortly after World War II, I was approached by Brother Virgil Bushman, who had been called to revive the mission to the

5. Frank Waters, *The Book of the Hopi* (New York: Penguin, 1963), 198.

> Hopi Indians after it had languished during the war. He urged me to go with him and promised me that I would see an ancient world probably much like the kind I would like to have found in the ancient Near East. I eagerly complied, and on a cold, bleak morning in March we approached the Third Mesa from the west.[6]

What he found there was a culture both ancient and timeless. But it was the ritual dances of the *kachina* that really caught his attention:

> Here, on a high, bleak rock, surrounded by nothing but what we would call total desolation in all directions, was a full-scale drama in progress in the grand manner of the Ancients. ... I told Brother Bushman that there should be fifty-two dancers, and that is exactly what there were. Fifty-two was not only the sacred number of the Asiatics and the Aztecs, but it was also the set number of dancers in the archaic Greek chorus. The dancing place was the bare plot which the Greeks called the *konistra,* the sand patch where this world came in contact with the other, at the crucial periods of the year. That was the time when the *orcus mundi* was open—*mundus patet;* that is, when the mouth of the other world was open and the spirits of the ancestors attended the rites. By the altar, of course, was the *sipapuni,* the mouth of the lower world, the *orcus mundi,* at which the spirits from above and below could meet with their relatives upon the earth. This was the essential year-rite, found throughout the world from the earliest times. On either side of the altar was a small evergreen, adorned like a Christmas tree with prayer feathers, for as in countless ancient societies these dramas were sacred. ... Suffice it to say, it was a miracle of survival, commonly recognized as the only surviving instance of the fully celebrated year-cycle.[7]

In a letter to his friend and Egyptian teacher, Klaus Baer, Hugh emphasized why he thought these rites preserved by the Hopi were so important:

> But I cannot get it out of my system that we have here in these people who dance all day in animal masks, feathers, paint, and fox-skin aprons something that is a) fundamental in the world's experience, and which is b) all but extinct in most parts of the world today. This is the sort of people that the old Libyans or the 'Amu might have been—I feel relaxed and happy with them.[8]

In sum Hugh writes: "By the latest count, the Hopis are the only people in the world who still preserve a full annual cycle of full-dress protological, eschatological and cosmological ceremonies."[9]

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6. Hugh Nibley, *Brother Brigham Challenges the Saints,* Collected Works of Hugh Nibley, vol. 13 (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book and FARMS, 1994), 76.
7. Ibid., 77-78.
8. Hugh Nibley to Klaus Baer, 1 June 1964, Baer Collection.
9. Hugh Nibley to Klaus Baer, 12 Aug. 1968, Baer Collection.

The reason Hugh felt so comfortable among the Hopi was not simply the fact that they have preserved ancient patterns of culture of which he studies, but also their lifestyle. "Since I toured the Hopi mission last week nothing can bring me back to this world," he writes in a letter to his friend Paul Springer after one of his early visits. For the Hopi, as Hugh states,

> success means simply survival—they are so glad just to be alive that life is a perpetual holiday with them. Something should be done to make them more rank-conscious, but how can you teach people to get ahead in life if their whole life is confined to five acres on the top of a rocky mesa? They are where they want to be, and those who have been in the army and seen the world prefer the top of the mesa to anything else they have seen; they put on gorgeous but not too strenuous dances at which everybody has all kinds of fun, they refuse vehemently to be photographed or to allow anything of theirs to be photographed, they grind their corn and make their peekee fresh every morning, but they just will not enter into the spirit of our modern, progressive, competitive society. They have poisoned my little mind.[10]

On another occasion Hugh wrote that, "Sitting with the missionaries and sharing the gospel with a group of Hopis you will find them to begin to loosen up very late at night, sharing what they really believe because they know that you really believe it."[11] Summing up his visits to the Hopi mesas, Hugh wrote, "My own connections with the Hopi ... are exhilarating, puzzling, and faith-promoting."[12]

Initially the Hopis weren't comfortable around Hugh, however. "The second time I visited the Hopis with Brother Virgil Bushman they apologized profusely to me for their coolness and aloofness on my first visit: 'forgive us,' they said, 'we thought you were an anthropologist.'"[13] With a wry smile, Hugh is fond of noting how the Hopis have often misled anthropologists who saw the Hopis merely as subjects for publication rather than as people. The Hopis "will not tell [anthropologists] a thing, except to lead them down the garden path." As Hugh has reported, the Indians of the Southwest say they "always know Spring is here ... when we see the beetles and the anthropologists come out."[14]

Hugh returned many times to visit the Hopi people, to compare their culture to those he was studying from the ancient Near East, and to experience the dramas of the dances. But it was the Hopi vision of life that made him feel so relaxed. This trip was no different. Even the heavens

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10. Hugh Nibley to Paul Springer, 29 Apr. 1957, copy in my possession.
11. Hugh Nibley to Steven Epperson, 11 Mar. 1982, copy in my possession.
12. Hugh Nibley to Fay Campbell, 22 June 1982, copy in my possession.
13. Nibley to Epperson.
14. Nibley to Baer, 1 June 1964.

seemed prepared for our arrival. For as we approached the third mesa on 25 July 1996, we saw a short rainbow directly over the village of Hotevilla. Seeing this through native eyes would be a sign—for "Short Rainbow links the sky and earth, having power over the atmosphere when the sun is shining and power over the earth when rain falls upon it."[15] With such a connection between the earth and the heavens, we were confident that our experience would indeed be significant.

During our visit Hugh discussed with our hosts the parallels between their dances and those of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians. He read from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* and quoted Greek epic poetry to illustrate. He cited the common similarities in apparel among the different ritual dramas: the two eagle feathers on the headdress, the foxtail hanging down from the waist in back, the masks which both conceal and create identities, the bandoleer over the shoulder, the apron, and the sash. He noted the cosmic importance of the turtle shell (which the Hopi use as a rattle strapped to their right calf). He also noted the parallels in staging these drama dances: the symbolic significance of the number of dancers, of the two spruce trees decorated with prayer feathers, of the all-male cast being dressed as both male and female dancers, and of the orientation of the dancers with the four directions.

These comparisons were not lost on the Hopi. They believe that they are the keepers of ancient traditions and Hugh's words bore out their beliefs. Just as most of us, they were amazed by Hugh's ability to read these ancient documents and to understand their relevance, but they were more impressed by his vision—both his ability to understand the deep religious significance of their traditions and his ability to see the sacredness of the world around him.

Of course, what amazed us were the parallels between Mormons and the Hopi. In addition to those Hugh showed us were those shown us by BYU professor Bob Bennion, who accompanied us. Bob served his mission among the Hopi and Navajo, and has been a longtime friend of the Nibley family. He told us about how he once witnessed the initiation ritual of a young woman in which the Hopi priest touched each of her sense organs with a feather dipped in corn meal and blessed them that they would function properly. And one can find parallels with the language of the Mormon temple ceremony in the Hopi myths of origin which are found in Frank Waters's *Book of the Hopi*. Responding to someone who asked about similarities between the Mormon temple endowment and the Masonic ceremony, Nibley wrote that the parallels between the Mormon endowment and the rites of the Hopi "come closest of all as far as I have been able to discover—and where did they get theirs?"[16]

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15. Waters, *Book of the Hopi*, 59.
16. Hugh Nibley to Howard S. Rhodes, 4 Mar. 1980, copy in my possession.

Like Mormons, the Hopi are a covenant people. They believe that the Great Spirit Maasaw met them at Oraibi some 800 years ago and gave them three things: warnings, prophecies, and instructions on how they were to live.[17] All of this is recorded for them on four stone tablets.[18] For a covenant people like believing Mormons, to study the Hopis is to see further circumstantial evidence that Joseph Smith did in fact restore ordinances and scriptures that were had previously in their purity but which, in time, were diluted, lost, or corrupted.

The fact that Hugh was twice given the opportunity to view the sacred Hopi tablets is also significant,[19] for the Hopi believe that at some future time a white man will come who can read these stones and he will be their leader. Clearly the Hopi viewed Hugh with high esteem, but they also recognized that he was not the one they were to follow.

The poignancy of the theme of "going home" was further emphasized by the fact that most of the people Hugh had known on the mesas had themselves returned home. There were none of the old people he remembered. There was in the village of Moenkopi one man, a thirty-something Hopi named Leroy Ned Shingowitewa, who remembered Hugh staying with his family on one of his visits in 1964. Also the man we stayed with, Silas Hoyungowa, had a vague recollection of Hugh visiting the village. However, none of the Hopi whom Hugh remembered as friends were there. On the morning of our first full day in Hotevilla, Hugh and I walked around the old city and he seemed somewhat confused. He recalled buildings where they were no longer standing and remarked on how few of the people he had known were still alive. They had returned home, just as the *kachinas* would return home after the dance.

Yet on that walk Hugh also noted how many things had not changed—how timeless the village was. Life in the village of Hotevilla goes on in much the same way it has for hundreds of years. He called my attention to the similarities between the sacred city of the Hopi and the ancient cities of the Middle East. He was right. The houses looked very similar to those I saw in the old city of Jerusalem when I visited Israel two years ago. He also mentioned that the scent of burning cedar, which is so evident in Hotevilla, is recalled in much Greek poetry.

Hugh also noted the two main differences between the Hopi city and other ancient cities: Among the Hopi there are neither palaces nor large assembly halls. Hugh explained that the Hopi are such democratic people that they don't build palaces for their kings—they don't even have kings—they simply look to their wisest men as their leaders. And in a

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17. Thomas E. Mails and Dan Evehema, *Hotevilla: Hopi Shrine of the Covenant, Microcosm of the World* (New York: Marlowe, 1995), 85.

18. See Waters, *Book of the Hopi*, 31-36.

19. See Nibley, *Brother Brigham Challenges the Saints*, 82-84.

manner that recalls the rule of King Benjamin, the Hopi leader works alongside his followers and has everything in common with them. As for assembly halls, the Hopi have their *kivas*, which are underground ceremonial chambers that symbolically represent the Earth Mother—the small hole in the floor (the *sipapuni*) is symbolic of the womb, the ladder leading out through the roof is the umbilical cord. Another parallel can be drawn between the Hopi *kiva* and the diagram of the Labyrinth of Daedalus which appeared on early Cretan coins.[20]

I had been prepared to expect very primitive conditions; however, when we arrived at the house of our host, Silas Hoyungowa, he was watching the Olympics on television. Silas is among the very last and most conservative of the "traditional" Hopi. His son, Manuel, is the leader and spokesperson for many of the traditionals at Hotevilla and some from the other mesas.[21] There has been a long history of division between the "progressives"—those who would like to accommodate the white people (or *Pahanas*) and accept our technology—and the "hostiles" or "traditionals"—those who want to hang on to the traditional way of life. Many have adopted the ways of white people and see the conveniences of in-door plumbing and electricity as particularly appropriate for their aging elders. While many of his neighbors now have electric lines, telephone lines, and water lines hooked up to their houses, Silas Hoyungowa uses solar panels to gather energy to run his television, refrigerator, and electric lights. Water is trucked in and stored in private tanks to supply drinking and bath water to the house. And the outhouse is still a fact of life on the mesas, even in more progressive villages.

It is evident that the contact between our culture and theirs is causing the Hopi culture to disappear. The traditionals see this in apocalyptic terms. The water lines and power lines that are now coming onto the mesa are viewed by the traditionals as not only destroying their way of life, but as desecrating the sacred lands of their heritage. As Manuel Hoyungowa has stated:

> We know that these [water pipelines, electric lines, and phone lines] cannot come into our sacred village. Hotevilla, the last traditional stronghold, in prophecy is connected to the four directions. We have always rejected these conveniences and in this, the final phase, we must remain Traditional and Strong. If we fulfill our prophecy and our village of Hotevilla, allow these conveniences to come in, then we face sudden destruction and purification in this world.[22]

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20. Waters, *Book of the Hopi*, 24.

21. Mails and Evehema, *Hotevilla*, 12.

22. Manuel Hoyungowa, [No title,] in *Prophecy Message and Statement Delivered and Submitted to "Cry of the Earth" General Assembly, United Nations*, 23 Nov. 1993, copy in my possession.

Part of this apocalyptic fear comes from the belief that the bulldozers that would bring these conveniences onto Hotevilla would destroy shrines, cut across sacred pathways, and injure the earth. But the traditionals have an even greater fear. At the founding of Hotevilla a sacred object was buried after the manner of consecrating cities in ancient times. It is believed that disturbing that object will bring the end of Hotevilla, the punishment of its desecrators, and the final stages of the end of the world.[23] Again this belief has an ancient parallel. As Mircea Eliade has shown (and as Hugh noted six years prior to Eliade in his article "The Hierocentric State"[24]), the ancient city was consecrated around a sacred center. "For the pole to be broken denotes catastrophe; it is like 'the end of the world,' reversion to chaos."[25]

One thing is certain: the traditional Hopi world is ending. Today much of their food is bought at the grocery store and most of the families must seek employment in Flagstaff to survive. To further complicate this picture, very recently the Hopi experienced a truly devastating drought which prompted many Hopi to forego planting crops. The draught took a tremendous toll on the Hopi lifestyle and gave the traditionals further evidence that the world is ending. It is the harvest of the Hopi corn that allows the Home Dance to takè place. Without a traditional Hopi harvest, there can be no dance. The rituals cannot be continued in the same ways without the existence of the traditional culture. And it is the rituals, the Hopi believe, that hold the world together.

Nevertheless, last summer the dance went on. After four days of fasting, the village men who become the *kachinas* emerged from the *kivas* early in the morning and gathered just below the Hoyungowa residence. Stirring us from our beds was the sound of their singing, starting out at a low monotonous chant, then swelling with the sounds of the turtle shell rattles. It was eerie. When we walked down to the plaza where the dance was to take place, the entire village was assembled—some sitting on chairs and benches, some standing, and some on the rooftops of the pueblo houses.

Then the *kachinas* entered the plaza. I had seen pictures of the *kachinas,* but nothing prepared me for the sight of the real thing. For the Home Dance there are some thirty *hemis kachinas* and eight or more *kachinamanas*. The *hemis kachinas* are the male kachinas (*"hemis"* means "far away"—they have come from far away and must now return). Their bodies are painted black with white symbols on the breast and back, and

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23. Mails and Evehema, *Hotevilla,* 21.

24. Hugh Nibley, *The Ancient State,* Collected Works of Hugh Nibley, vol. 10 (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book and FARMS, 1991), 99-147.

25. Mircea Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane,* trans. Willard R. Trask (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1959), 33.

tufts of spruce branches are tucked in their blue arm bands, in the belts at their waist, and in a wreath around their necks. They wear beautifully hand-woven multicolored aprons and sashes, and black-and-white bandoleers are tied over their right shoulders. Each *kachina* has a turtle shell rattle strapped onto his right calf. In the right hand is another rattle, while the left hand holds a twig of spruce and a downy feather. But the most overwhelming sight is their headdress. The face mask is yellow or red on one side and blue on the other. A brightly decorated blue *tablita* rises above the face mask on which is painted a frog or butterfly in the middle of a red rainbow. The *tablita* has three terraces which are topped with downy feathers and tufts of wild wheat; two eagle tail feathers and two parrot feathers adorn the top terrace. Jutting out from the sides are still more feathers. The dress of the *kachina manas*, the female *kachinas*, is more subdued. They wear an orange face mask and their hair, after the fashion of unmarried Hopi women, whirls into a bun on the sides representing the fertility symbol of the squash blossom.

When entering the plaza, the *kachinas* carry armloads of corn stalks, cattails, piki bread, gourds, melons, toy bows and arrows, and *kachina* dolls which will all be distributed as gifts at the mid-day dance. As they arrive, they make a cooing noise like a dove, only more unearthly. When assembled, the chief sprinkles each *kachina* with cornmeal and blows smoke at them from a pipe. Then he speaks to them, as if welcoming them and encouraging them to dance. The leader of the *kachinas* begins to shake his rattle and the dance begins. Each of the *kachinas* stomps his right leg and shakes the rattle in his right hand in time to the very monotonous chant of the song. Meanwhile the *kachina manas* kneel on blankets and place large gourds in front of them which resonate when they rub a bone over a notched stick placed on the gourd. The sound produced by the resonating gourds also defies description, but it somehow resembles the grunting of pigs. The entire spectacle is completely other-worldly.

The dance itself doesn't seem terribly demanding—it is very simple in form and involves stomping the right foot, shaking the rattles, and turning from one direction to another. Yet it is quite complex in meaning. Embodying the patterns of the Hopi cosmology, the dance is oriented with the four directions and each section represents a reenactment of the Four Worlds of Hopi mythology. For each Home Dance a new song is composed and it too mirrors the Hopi belief system. The dance is performed throughout the entire day, in three separate performances—at dawn, after noon, and the final performance which goes until after sunset. The Hopi believe that these rituals help to preserve order in this Fourth World where we currently reside, and they have performed them for thousands of years with only minor variations.

Yet despite the continuity of this ritual, we witnessed at the dance a further sign of the disintegration of the Hopi way: Two eagles should have been tethered to a post at the center of the plaza, and must be sacrificed immediately following the dance. No eagles were found last year and the ritual could not be completed. There are those at Hotevilla who believe this will be the final Home Dance; they believe the world is ending. The world is out of balance, *koyaanisqatsi,* and will continue to spiral downward to chaos unless there is a substantive change in human hearts. The words of the Hopi traditionals are too similar in both style and content to the words of Mormon prophets for a Mormon to dismiss them lightly. In language reminiscent of Doctrine and Covenants 87, Martin Gashweseoma warned the world in his message to the United Nations that when corruption has covered the earth:

> Then the wars will come about like powerful winds, and will spread from country to country and bring Purification or Destruction to this world. The more we turn away from the instructions of the Great Spirit, Massau'u, the more signs we see in the form of earthquakes, floods, drought, fires, tornadoes, as Nature makes ready her revenge.[26]

At that same meeting Manuel Hoyungowa used similarly apocalyptic language to declare:

> [The] Great Spirit, Massau'u, who we firmly believe is here with us, listening to us and watching over us, long ago gave to all races of people a good Life Plan to follow. His commandment to all was, "Be faithful always for I am the First and I will be the Last." Then in very clear and simple words told us to love one another, to be kind to all people, animal and plant life on this Mother Earth. ... But what happens today? Mankind is doing exactly the things the Great Spirit told us not to. For material gains many people have killed, lied, stolen, robbed their neighbors' property and heaped falsehood upon their fellow beings. There is hardly any true love, only hatred in the hearts of men today. ... The more we turn away from the Great Spirit, the more He will punish us either with earthquakes, floods, lightning, great winds or all kinds of sickness or drought.[27]

The Hopi elders see things as either being Hopi or Ka-Hopi. The word Hopi not only means "peace" as it is commonly translated, but also "to obey and have faith in the instructions of the Great Spirit, and not to distort any of his teachings for influence or power."[28]

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26. Martin Gashweseoma, [No title,] in *Prophecy Message and Statement Delivered and Submitted to "Cry of the Earth" General Assembly, United Nations.*

27. Ibid.

28. Mails and Evehema, *Hotevilla,* 48.

Similar to the teachings of the Hopi elders, Hugh Nibley has repeatedly discussed the ancient doctrine of the Two Ways—the way of the Lord and the way of Satan. He has also urged us to learn from people like the Hopi how to establish the Zion for which we yearn. Referring to the Book of Mormon, he writes, "Throughout these explicit prophecies it is the Gentiles who join 'the Lamanites and those who have become Lamanites,' not the other way around. If we are to be saved, we must move in their direction."[29] But to move in their direction means learning to see from a completely new perspective.

I believe Hugh Nibley represents a model of one who has moved in their direction. For not only does he take their world seriously, he sees our world in the same way they do. While he is not the least bit sanctimonious, everything about him is deeply religious, and he sees all things as spiritual. With this perspective, he has an awareness and an openness to miracles of serendipity—this form of grace which, Scott Peck argues, is available to all, but which only a few notice and take advantage of. In this Hugh Nibley is very much like the Hopi. Both Hugh and the Hopi see meaning in the seemingly meaningless and the extraordinary in the seemingly ordinary.

A few weeks after my stay with the Hopi, I was canoeing on Tibble Fork Lake in American Fork Canyon. With the influence of my visit to Hotevilla still fresh in my mind, I was more aware of my surroundings than ever. The morning air was brisk; the sunlight sparkled on the water; and the gentle breeze smelled of campfires. The only sounds were those of my paddle as it pushed the water gently at the side of the boat, and of a fisherman's fly line as it settled onto the smooth water. As I quietly paddled, I watched the fisherman; the grace and rhythm of the fly line was spell-binding. Then, gently and quietly, two deer sauntered into the clearing, their gait a delicate ballet. They stopped directly behind and only a few feet away from the fisherman where they drank from the stream that feeds into the lake. I watched them for several minutes, though it seemed timeless. The hypnotic beauty of the fisherman's casting and the delicate but stately deer rendered the moment somehow holy. Then the deer returned to the cover of the foliage, the fisherman never aware of their presence. Even though his casting created a rhythm that beautifully accompanied the movements of the deer, he was completely unaware of his role in the ritual dance. The incident made me ponder how little intent I give to my actions, and of the small miracles that go unnoticed because I don't make the effort to become aware.

To be aware is the Hopi way: To recognize one's place in the world and one's relationship with the creation. It is also a quality seriously ab-

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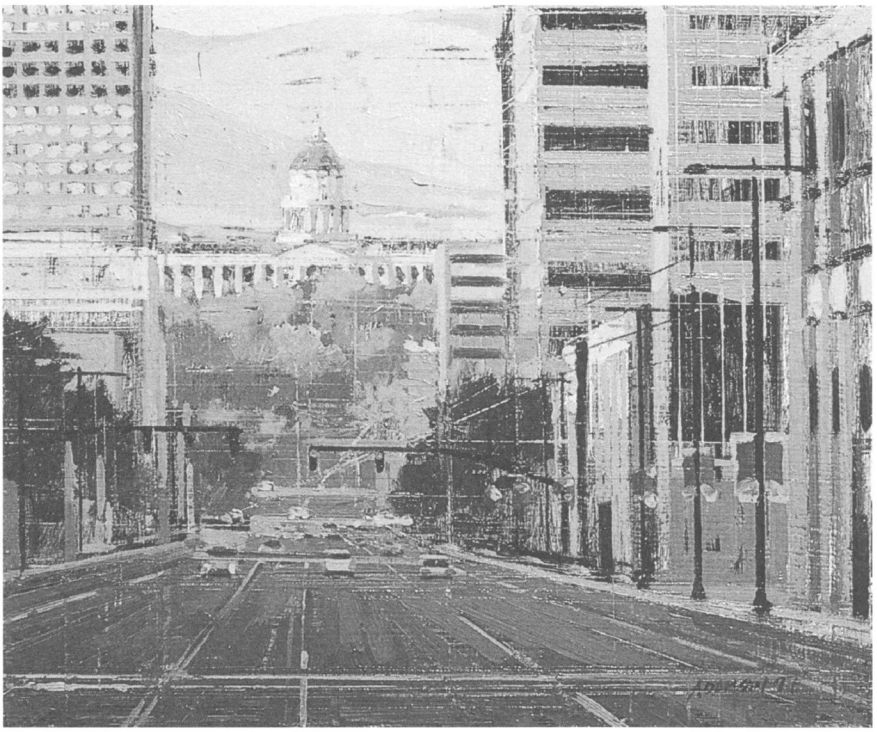
29. Nibley, *Brother Brigham*, 100-101.

sent in our modern world, and that absence is at the root, I believe, of the violence, crime, and cruelty that are destroying us. But awareness is something that can be learned. And as Scott Peck argues, "[W]ith this capacity, we will find that our journey of spiritual growth is guided by the invisible hand and unimaginable wisdom of God with infinitely greater accuracy than that of which our unaided conscious will is capable."[30] The key to our own survival may well be found on the humble, arid, and desolate mesas of Arizona's Hopi reservation.

30. Peck, *The Road Less Travelled*, 309.



Tying Flowers into Knots

J. Todd Ormsbee

MIRRORS TELL ONLY THE TRUTH, or so they say. And tonight as I stare at my image in the glass, I think I look the same as always: for the past five years I've worn a white shirt and tie almost every day, the first two years in France, these last three in Provo.

Five years seem like eternity. I hate white shirts. And I hate ties even more. When I was in the Missionary Training Center as a new missionary, they told us it was a necessary sacrifice to wear a uniform for two years, to lose our identities, to become disciples and missionaries. Ever since then I've been searching for the scripture that speaks of this strange sacrifice. Choice was never involved, my regular clothing never voluntarily sacrificed in favor of Swedish knit, because obedience is better than sacrifice, or so they say. So whenever the mirror reflected anything but white and tie, I thought it lied.

I tie my tie single Windsor, twisting the pink and pale blue roses around on each other. Floral print was a grave sin when I was in the MTC, punishable by withdrawal of the Spirit. The rules allowed only solid, subdued colors or bold stripes, nothing else being appropriate for servants of the Lord. Rumors of the previous MTC president's wife held that she had been guardian of the tie. To demonstrate the gravity of our daily tie choice, they told us her story, a woman defending the faith: she would carry a pair of scissors with her to cut short any Spirit-repelling knots, patterns, or colors. Nowadays nobody says anything to the missionaries, as long you're wearing a tie with a knot. Fashions change, they say. Looking in the mirror, I wonder if I'll ever tie another tie or sport another white shirt.

About six months ago I couldn't take it anymore. "My name is Todd," I told the missionaries on the first night. "Elder Ormsbee is my brother who's on a mission and Brother Ormsbee's my dad. I'm just Todd." They had always told us that missionaries would never respect us if we allowed them to call us by our first names. Instead, I found that the elders and sisters were more willing and open to me when I was just Todd, a person. At first, it was odd, and there was an

ominous feeling that we were all breaking some sacred code. But after I got used to it, my name rounded clean and whole coming out of the mouths of missionaries.

We could give out twice as many copies of the Book of Mormon on Preparation Day as we could on regular work days. Jeans and tee-shirts didn't threaten people as much as dark business suits. We seemed like normal people who loved Jesus. Not the CIA. Once in southern France, in Aix-en-Provence, we contacted a woman at the local Musée de Cézanne on P-Day. She was very touched by what we had to say. In fact, we didn't even have to ask for a rendez-vous. She was so excited to share the gospel with her husband and family that she insisted we come to her house that night. When we showed up in suits and name-tags, she was shocked and offended by our deception. After a lengthy scolding, she pointed her finger at us and said the chillingly lovely words, "*Que des menteurs!*" ("Nothing but liars!") Throwing the book at us, she slammed the door shut. Smoothing our ties, without a word, we turned to find something else to fill the evening with.

My first night as an MTC teacher, I found seven brave young men, sitting in a little cinder block room waiting for their new language instructor. They were to learn French and Tahitian. I only spoke French, so I would be their teacher for only a couple weeks until someone who had served in Tahiti could be found to replace me. Geneva, Switzerland, seemed farther away than two months. And closer to God. But I wanted to do this. So I looked around the room and introduced myself in French. Maybe it was nostalgia for my own mission, maybe it was a socialized response, or maybe it was real: the room was filled with the power of God, and it was coming from those seven men. My mother always jokes that there is a strange genetic defect in our family which connects our kidneys to our eyes, making us especially susceptible to tears. I guess I inherited this strange trait. I sat in the chair at the front of the room and, looking at them, cried.

My tie turns out a little short tonight, the knot somewhat lopsided, but I gave up caring months ago. I hardly ever wear my suit because it's too big and I look dumpy, but tonight I'm going to hear the testimonies of nine of Jesus' disciples. There's a tradition in the French department at the MTC that on the last night before leaving for the field, the missionaries in each district meet together with their three teachers, who can bring their spouses if they have one. The whole crowd crams into the tiny cinder block classroom to talk. The missionaries usually speak of their love for each other and about what they have learned at the MTC, maybe a word or two of appreciation for the teachers, and they talk about Jesus.

The teachers often share last words of love and advice. After two hours of testimony, the tensions of saying good-bye mount pretty high, so laughing and joking begin right after the closing prayer. I've been to fourteen such nights, my favorite part of teaching at the MTC. Tonight will be the fifteenth and last.

A special meeting was called for the European language areas only. On our shift there were about two hundred teachers present. Leading the meeting was our boss's boss, who works at the MTC instead of in Salt Lake City. He began with his "Afterglow" voice to tell us that he had been inspired to institute a new methodology into our classrooms. Language was to become our priority. We were to speak the language in all activities, including gospel lessons, even if the missionaries couldn't follow what we were saying. We would no longer follow the pace the missionaries were able to handle, but would instead be given a rigid agenda that was to be obeyed exactly, regardless of an individual missionary's inability to keep up or another missionary's boredom. I know this is from God because it will increase efficiency and decrease teachers doing whatever they please, he finished. Questions?

My first night in Nice, France, my companion took me to a member's home, la famille Karsenty. Over the next three and a half months I would spend in Nice, I would learn that Frère Karsenty was the most Christlike individual I had ever met. But in their tiny living room, on that first night in France, I understood nothing. Their three children ran around, crawled under my feet, and jumped into my lap. Over the bedlam my companion had a great conversation with Frère and Soeur Karsenty. I could only watch, scared to death, feeling very alone. Seeing my lost expression, the youngest child, a little girl about four years old, crawled onto my lap and took my face in her tiny hands. With a serious expression, she looked into my eyes, holding my face tight, and began to chatter.

Of course, I couldn't decode her child's French fast enough to comprehend what she said. Sensing this, she began to enunciate each word with a tug at my tie. Giving up, she shoved her clenched fists into her hips and turned to look at her mother. Everyone was watching by now. I didn't want my companion or these members to see me cry, so I bit my lower lip as hard as I could in the hopes of diverting my attention from the sense of inadequacy growing just under my skin. With a nod from her *maman,* she turned back to me and, looking me over, spotted my name tag. With an expression of satisfaction, she reached into my pocket, pulled out the black plastic, studied it for a moment, and then, pointing with a tiny finger at the words she'd been searching for, put the tag in front of my eyes. "*Jésus-Christ,*" she pronounced slowly and with care.

With her free hand she poked my chest with her finger and said, "*Missionnaire.*" Then back to the tag, pointing at the word, "*Jésus.*" I bit down so hard that the inside of my lip bled warm onto my tongue. But biting my lip couldn't stop what I felt from coming out.

I have a question, I blurted.

I knew that in Doctrine and Covenants the Lord had promised that every one of his children would hear the fullness of the gospel in his or her own tongue and language. But I believed from my own experience that missionaries really could learn the language easier in the field. Rather than teaching me French, the MTC had provided me with a safe place to learn about the last phrase in that same verse: "for the revelation of Jesus Christ." Was I really a teacher at the MTC just so that missionaries could score higher on their French test the week before they left? I asked. What if they struggle with the language? Does this really mean they don't have enough faith?

As soon as I said it, I knew I shouldn't have. My too quick temper got the best of me as I asked these questions of our director, whose balding head turned bright crimson. He responded in kind. Every teacher looked at me disapprovingly.

The next day I received a note that I had been placed on probation and would be watched carefully. I was honestly sorry to have let my anger get the best of me, so I went to the director's office to apologize. As I walked in the door, he coldly told me to sit down. For the next hour I said nothing. I could only listen in disbelief.

You are not worthy to be an MTC teacher, he said. I wonder that the missionaries can learn anything from you. I doubt you have the testimony necessary to teach here. Don't you know that God is guiding this work? How dare you question my authority? I am your boss. You're just lucky I don't ask you to leave right now.

For the next two months the director and others wrote letters to go into my "official file." A copy of each letter was courteously left on the chalk tray in my classroom for the missionaries to see, and for me to read. Once a letter was hand delivered, right in front of my class, telling me that I was being watched and if anything at all was reported by anyone, my employment would be terminated without notice or discussion. The letter gently reminded me that my testimony was deficient.

Driving to the MTC, my mind wanders to the meeting we had a couple of weeks ago, and why I had decided that the time to leave had finally come. I had gone to a special meeting for MTC teachers where one of the administrators from church headquarters came to speak and answer questions, followed by a brief address from the MTC president.

The administration building has a special room for such meetings.

There are three large chapels in a row for Sunday meetings and culture classes. Pulpits, pianos, and microphones sit on the south ends of each of the three rooms, and bright orange plastic chairs form crisp, straight rows easily skewed by people sitting in them. The two center walls which separate the three chapels fold in upon themselves—a glorified version of the accordion walls in every Mormon edifice—so that one great big meeting hall can be formed. Throughout that special day, every six months, all teachers from each of the three shifts—morning, afternoon, and evening—file in to hear the words of an administrator from Salt Lake City.

When I walked into the large chapel, early enough to get a good spot near the back, I saw they had already collapsed the walls. The custodial crew had turned all the orange chairs to the East, facing the big stand which looked like the stand in any ward chapel, complete with veneer and plastic flowers. (One time while I was a teacher there, a general authority had come to speak to new mission presidents and, because the flowers weren't real, he refused to give his talk.)

For that evening's meeting the administrator's secretary had prepared the typical overhead projections, each one slipped into its own sheath of plastic so it could be used over and over without much wear. Certain responsibilities had been delegated ahead of time to able-bodied teachers to ensure the smooth running of the program. A teacher strategically placed by each of the three doors dimmed the lights at just the right moment, and another dutifully flipped the switch on the overhead projector which blew up the clear blue bar graph depicting the efficiency rating of missionaries leaving the MTC last quarter. Silence. The graph showed that this last group of missionaries spoke their languages poorer and didn't know the commitment pattern as well and were therefore less prepared to serve the Lord than the ones before them. This decrease in efficiency reflected a lack of commitment, motivation, and Spirit. The teachers were duly appalled. My tie was choking me.

The next overhead illustrated growth projections for the church over the next ten years. Moans of ecstasy rippled through the congregation. God's work is moving implacably forward. See it? It's right there on the screen! But how, asks the administrator, can we expect the Lord to do his part if we're not training the missionaries to work at their highest rate of efficiency? He bore his testimony of the programs implemented at the MTC, he knew they were inspired by God, the apostles were directly involved. In Jesus' name, he sat down.

I couldn't help but wonder what God really thought of all that.

As the memory fades, I steer the car along 900 East west of the Provo temple, a pillar by night, and turn into the parking lot. Two weeks ago I knew that the time had come to leave the MTC. But as I walk across the

street tonight for my last meeting with this district, my throat catches.

One of the elders hadn't come to class. Looking out the window, I spotted him sitting by himself outside, his head in his hands. I gave the class something to do and went to talk to him.

Hey buddy, what's up? I asked, smiling as I realized I hadn't used the "appropriate title," so I probably couldn't feel the Spirit.

I'm going nuts, he said. I can't speak this stupid language. If I hear one more talk on worthiness, I'll shoot someone! What am I doing here anyway?

Why do you think God wants you to go to Bordeaux, France? I asked.

I know what you want me to say, he answered, frustrated.

So humor me. Why?

You want me to say that God loves me how I am and has called me because I'm me. That's hard to swallow here, Elder Ormsbee.

I know.

One of the assistants to the president got up to bear his testimony. As the zone leader, I was visiting the Geneva district that Sunday and had gone to church with them. The assistant looked dramatically around the fasting congregation, tears in his eyes. I'd never known anyone who could cry on demand until I met him. It was a tool he used often. Charity, Elder, I said to myself.

The last time I had seen him cry, I had almost punched him. My companion and I served alone in a small Swiss town called Fribourg. He was only a zone leader at the time, our ZL. The phone rang one morning. The ZL's voice explained that he and his companion had found, taught, and engaged a woman to be baptized that Sunday.

Just between you and me, I don't want our district leader here to interview her, he said. I know you'll do a better job, Elder Ormsbee. Will you come to Lausanne this morning? he asked, emphasizing the appropriate invitational structure.

Sure, I guess.

Who would have guessed? The train ride through the Swiss countryside was deceptively beautiful and comforting. Arriving in Lausanne, I was whisked immediately to the ZL apartment where I was briefed on the situation:

The woman has a few problems, but you couldn't believe how she was found, or how we felt as we taught her, or how many tears we've all shed together. Besides, the ZL team has to baptize soon so the rest of the zone will follow. I know you'll have a powerful experience, Elder Ormsbee. Just remember everything we told you.

That night during the interview the woman answered some of the Big Five questions in such a way that I knew I would have to call the mis-

sion president for advice. I never told investigators that they couldn't be baptized, just that I was too inexperienced to know how to handle difficult problems they might have. She reacted violently.

I hate you! she screamed. I knew the minute I saw you that you were evil! I knew that you would stand between me and God!

She ran out of the room to get the ZL. He convinced her to wait until tomorrow and give me another try.

What's the problem? he asked me as we left. I told you that she's ready.

I have to call the president, I said.

Look, you don't understand, Elder. I know she's ready. If you'd just open your heart to the Spirit, you'd know too. Is there something in your life you should tell me about?

I stopped and looked at him. What do you mean?

Is there something preventing you from feeling the Spirit? That woman should be baptized. I know it, and my companion knows it. But you don't seem able to feel that same thing.

He shed a few tears.

Later on the phone I explained to the president the woman's situation and asked his advice. He asked to speak to the zone leader, who took the receiver from me, mumbled a few uh-huh's, then asked me to leave the room. A few minutes later he leaned out the doorway and said the president would like to speak to me again. His deep, booming voice, which always stirred fear and awe in my heart, asked if there was something I needed to talk to him about. When I said no, he told me that I was a good district leader, but maybe it would be better to let someone else do the interview.

During the train ride back, I looked at my reflection in the window. There I was, white shirt and tie, a missionary with a name tag. Was that really me? What was I doing on a train in the middle of Switzerland? In the window's images I could see the couple sitting across the aisle from me. They were young and beautiful, a typical Swiss couple, playing with their little girl. I stared at their reflections and realized that I loved them.

One day one of the missionaries I was teaching physically attacked his companion for breaking a rule. As I recall, the disobedient missionary was humming a song from the 1960s. In the middle of an impassioned "do-wah-ditty," the more righteous companion jumped up and shouted at him.

I'm sick of being your companion! You're always breaking the rules! The Spirit is always with me, unless I'm with you!

Throwing himself across the room, the obedient elder clutched his companion's throat and banged his head against the floor. Shock paralyzed me for an instant, but not the other elders. You son of a bitch, one of them screamed. Before I

knew it, the two other missionaries were fighting to get the crazed missionary off his companion. The sisters shrieked. As I jumped into the middle, the enraged elder escaped our grasps and ran screaming from the room. His companion rubbed a bruised throat, the sisters cried, and the three of us panted heavily. I went straight to the counseling center to get some help.

Your missionary is a perfectionist, just help him to love himself. The reply from the counselor surprised me because of its apathy.

Wait a minute. He just tried to kill his companion in front of six people. The problem's a little deeper than perfectionism.

Don't tell me my job, Brother. I know this elder very well.

Are you aware that he was abandoned by his mother, lived with his homosexual father, and single-handedly raised his younger brothers and sisters? I demanded. This elder needs help, and all you can tell him is he's a perfectionist.

Brother, I'm a professional. I know what I'm doing. The counselor threw each word deliberately, his index finder quivering in front of my face.

That missionary eventually went home, broken and hopeless. I've seen him on the BYU campus from time to time. He won't even look at me.

In nightly prayer meeting a new rule is announced to the French teachers. Apparently it has been determined that taping pictures of Jesus to the classroom doors detracts from the work, so we are asked to remove them all immediately. Recently it has been hard to remember why I love teaching at the MTC. Then I enter my classroom. Nine reasons keep me coming back. I sit down to watch them play and laugh with each other before the other teachers arrive for their farewell testimony meeting.

Graça had asked me to baptize her just two nights before. Now we stood in the font together. She looked at me trustingly. I said a silent prayer. I was nervous. I had only baptized once before, just last week, and I had dropped him. The past few days my companion had been coaching me on how to baptize so that I didn't drop Graça. I was scared to death of ruining this for her. I had told her about dropping Jamal, but she insisted that I was to baptize her.

I raised my arm to the square, a sign of her rebirth. All I could feel was my love for her and for the Lord. I felt as though I were on fire.

Maria da Graça da Silva, *I began.* Ayant reçu l'autorité de Jésus-Christ, je vous baptise au nom du Père, et du Fils, et du Saint-Esprit. Amen. *(Having received authority of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.)*

As she lay down into the liquid death, her nose pinched, her eyes squeezed shut, I sighed a heavy sigh of relief. I hadn't dropped her, and Graça hadn't wanted to wear socks, and she forgot to bend her knees as she went under the water, and her feet slipped on the tiles, and she kicked my legs out from under me, and like Alma and Helam I went under the water with my convert. Lying on top

of her under the water, my cheeks burned with embarrassment and shame. Calculating where the congregation was, I tried to get up with my back to them.

Standing up, rubbing the water out of my eyes, I saw the most incredible sight I have ever seen. Graça came up out of the water, reborn. Her face at that moment burned into my soul. Breaking the rules she knew too well after four months with the missionaries, she stretched out her arms and, like Americans do, held her face next to my chest. Crying in each other's arms, she said over and over again, in English, Thank you, thank you, Elder O.

The mirror shows my puffy face. I have survived three years as an MTC teacher. I think of the nine missionaries who are leaving the MTC in two days' time to serve. Not surprisingly, they each have a sincere desire to be disciples of Jesus Christ. Each has a unique personality, with strengths and weaknesses that they have consecrated to God for their missions and for their lives. For three years the missionaries' power and love have been tangible every time I've entered the classroom. No matter what they were doing. No matter what they were talking about. No matter what they were fighting against. Knowing that tonight was my last night and as a final gift to me, each of them stood at the end of the farewell testimony meeting and said the first phrase that I had taught them in French. *Je sais que Jésus-Christ est mon Rédempteur.* (I know that Jesus Christ is my redeemer.)

In the mirror now, it's just me. I untie the pink and pale blue roses, loosen the tie's grip around my neck, and slide the knot off the end of the short, skinny end. A few seconds more and my white shirt lies crumpled at my feet. I thank God and go to sleep.

Alder and Maple in Molting

Stanton Harris Hall

Leaves
rusted and dry
fall to the earth

like scales
slipping from alder and maple
in molting.

The naked giants stand
blinded for the winter
waiting for
sun.

The Reorganized Church, the Decade of Decision, and the Abilene Paradox

Roger D. Launius

Introduction

What does the march of historical events mean? I would argue that this is the fundamental question of all historical study. But like unto it is a corollary question that I have been asking more and more often of late and struggling to discover an answer or answers. Why do reasonably intelligent, well-meaning, and commonsensical people make decisions that bring ruin upon themselves, on others, and on the ideals they embrace? In addition, once they have determined courses that lead to the collapse of their goals, why to do they persist in them to their (il)logical conclusions?

These are, I believe, important questions that are neither neatly contemplated nor readily answered. For the history of the Reorganized Church, a field of study where I have invested considerable effort, I keep puzzling over the developments of a theological and cultural reformation that began to be apparent in the 1960s and what it has meant for the church and its membership at the end of the twentieth century. In this essay I intend to build on my earlier work on the Reorganized Church and the decade of decision it faces in the 1990s.[1] Among other points I make, I believe this reformation in the church has undercut the traditional belief system that had pretty much held sway for more than one hundred years. While one can debate the necessity of some type of transformation of that RLDS consensus, it has led to an identity crisis of capital significance. Furthermore, the loss of a traditional RLDS identity has precipi-

1. Roger D. Launius, "The RLDS Church and the Decade of Decision," *Sunstone* 19 (Sept. 1996): 45-55.

tated important changes in the demographics of the Reorganized Church, as many wedded to ideas of traditional RLDS uniqueness left the movement behind and ripped out a key source of institutional strength. I will relate declines in membership, contributions, and priesthood ordinations to show the demographic shift over time. Finally, I will explore the response of church leadership when faced with these declines and use organizational dynamics theory to form possible explanations for the course of the church's policy from the mid-1980s to the present.

The Theological Reformation and the Problem of RLDS Identity

It has become something of a truism to suggest that during the period since the 1950s, but especially since the 1960s and with rising thrust thereafter, Reorganization liberals relentlessly demythologized church history, theology, and assorted traditions, and in the process overturned the church's traditional ideological consensus.[2] Using a variety of tactics, those committed to modernity in the RLDS church fought a series of internecine battles with the forces of tradition and in virtually every instance succeeded in gaining the upper hand. In no small measure this resulted from a coopting or coercing of the leadership of the church, who allowed it to take place. In the end this broad-based reformation struck at the very core of the Reorganized Church's origins and reasons for existence since the 1850s.[3]

The collapse of the Reorganized Church's philosophical synthesis, and the failure to create another, led to crisis in the organization. It created a problem of church identity not present to any real degree before the 1960s, and since the 1980s it has become more and more apparent that the church as an institution is adrift, without mission, ideal, or hope for the future. This crisis ensures that the Reorganized Church is facing a decade of decision in the 1990s as it seeks to find a place for itself in the larger religious community that will be compelling for its membership.

Numerous church officials have cast the evolution of the RLDS church in the context of a transition from sect to denomination, as described in sociological theory, suggesting that this process was a happy metaphor for what had been taking place during the past forty years. "As

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2. The first scholars to use the term "RLDS Reformation" and to chart the contours of the subject were Larry W. Conrad and Paul Shupe, "An RLDS Reformation? Construing the Task of RLDS Theology," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 18 (Summer 1985): 92-103.

3. I have discussed this process in "Coming of Age? The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the 1960s," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 28 (Summer 1995): 31-57; "RLDS Church and the Decade of Decision"; and "Neither Mormon nor Protestant? The Reorganized Church and the Challenge of Identity," in Douglas Davies, ed., *Mormon Identities in Transition* (London, Eng.: Cassell, 1996), 52-60.

it once saw its mission and destiny apart from, and in many respects, inimical to society as a whole," wrote W. B. Spillman in 1991, "the church in the latter twentieth century began to see the benefits of cooperation and increased accommodation to societal standards and demands." Spillman specifically argued in favor of the sect to denomination model to explain what had been taking place in the Reorganization, and his analysis was both understanding and complimentary of that transition.[4]

Not using the sect/denomination terminology, though certainly accepting it as a positive development, Apostle Clifford A. Cole told a gathering of high priests in 1971 that "we are shifting from an emphasis on distinctives—that is, on the ways we are different from other [Christian] churches—to a concern for teaching the whole gospel of Jesus Christ and winning persons to committing themselves to Him."[5] Other church officials, such as former apostle and member of the First Presidency Maurice L. Draper, explicitly employed the sect-to-denomination explanation to justify the transformation of the church in the latter half of the twentieth century.[6]

Some warned of the problems this transition enjoined, however, and advocated caution in embracing the mainstream. Theologian W. Paul Jones from Kansas City's Saint Paul School of Theology, a liberal Methodist seminary, for instance, cautioned Reorganization leaders in the 1960s that this transition to mainstream Protestant denominationalism heralded important consequences for the organization as it would face a difficult identity crisis.[7] After admitting that he valued the Reorganization's historical uniqueness more than did some senior church officials, Jones more recently lamented the reformation that has taken place in the church. In 1993 he asked the pithy question, "Will the movement discover in a new way an acceptable uniqueness or will it continue to mellow into the ethos of general Protestantism as still another denomination?" He was not sanguine about that prospect, and concluded, "My own un-

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4. W. B. Spillman, "Dissent and the Future of the Church," in Roger D. Launius and W. B. Spillman, eds., *Let Contention Cease: The Dynamics of Dissent in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints* (Independence, MO: Graceland/Park Press, 1991), 277.

5. Clifford A. Cole, "Theological Perspectives of World Mission," *Saints' Herald* 118 (July 1971): 11.

6. See Maurice L. Draper, "Sect-Denomination-Church Transition and Leadership in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," M.A. thesis, Kansas University, 1964; Maurice L. Draper, *Isles and Continents* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1982); Howard J. Booth, "Recent Shifts in Restoration Thought," in Maurice L. Draper and Clare D. Vlahos, eds., *Restoration Studies I* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1980), 162-75.

7. Donald D. Landon, *A History of Donald D. Landon While Under General Conference Appointment, 1951-1970: An Oral History Memoir* (Independence, MO: Department of History, Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 1970), 94.

easiness about the Saints continuing in this direction is that we have no need for another mainline Protestant denomination."[8]

No less than current Reorganized Church president W. Grant McMurray sculpted the contours of the present RLDS identity crisis in stark relief as early as 1981 when he gave his John Whitmer Historical Association presidential address on the RLDS church's presumed identity crisis in the nineteenth century. This has been a theme of historians of the Reorganized Church since the 1960s, but rarely before that decade, and numerous essays have attempted to plough that fertile field from the vantage point of more than one hundred years beyond.[9] McMurray, however, insightfully concluded "that the identity crisis is not theirs, but ours." He noted that "the earliest interpreters of the Reorganization gave no indication that they were confused about the nature of the movement." This is not apparently as true of present-day RLDS, he intimated, and modern explorations would do well to recognize that the present cri-

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8. W. Paul Jones, "Demythologizing and Symbolizing the RLDS Tradition," in Paul M. Edwards and Darlene Caswell, eds., *Restoration Studies V* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1993), 109-15, quote on 110.

9. See, on this score, Richard P. Howard, "Themes in Latter Day Saint History," *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 2 (1982): 22-29; Richard P. Howard, "Protective and Learning Images in Latter Day Saint Revelation," *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 6 (1986): 3-9; Richard P. Howard, "The Reorganized Church in Illinois, 1852-82: Search for Identity," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 5 (Spring 1970): 63-75; Thomas J. Morain, "Mormons and Nineteenth Century Iowa Historians," *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 1 (1981): 34-42; Alma R. Blair, "The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints: Moderate Mormonism," in F. Mark McKiernan, Alma R. Blair, and Paul M. Edwards, eds., *The Restoration Movement: Essays in Mormon History* (Lawrence, KS: Coronado Press, 1973), 207-30; Clare D. Vlahos, "Images of Orthodoxy: Self-Identity in Early Reorganization Apologetics," in Maurice L. Draper and A. Bruce Lindgren, eds., *Restoration Studies I* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1980), 176-86; Clare D. Vlahos, "Moderation as a Theological Principle in the Thought of Joseph Smith III," *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 1 (1981): 3-11; Alma R. Blair, "Tradition of Dissent—Jason W. Briggs," in Draper and Lindgren, eds., *Restoration Studies I*, 146-61; Norma Derry Hiles, "Lamoni: Crucible for Pluralism in the Reorganization Church," in Maurice L. Draper and Debra Combs, eds., *Restoration Studies III* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1983), 139-44; Richard P. Howard, "The Changing RLDS Response to Mormon Polygamy: A Preliminary Analysis," *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 3 (1983): 14-29; Alma R. Blair, "RLDS Views of Polygamy: Some Historigraphical Notes," *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 5 (1985): 16-28; Roger Yarrington, "Changes in the Church," *Saints Herald* 137 (Sept. 1990): 10; Charles D. Neff, "The Problem of Becoming a World Church," *Saints' Herald* 121 (Sept. 1974): 554-57; *Position Papers* (Independence, MO: Cumorah Books, 1975); Clifford A. Cole, "The World Church: Our Mission in the 1980s," *Commission*, Sept. 1979, 39-44; Paul M. Edwards, "Leadership and the Ethics of Prophecy," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 19 (Winter 1986): 77-84; Richard P. Howard, "New Currents in Mormon History," *Saints Herald* 135 (Nov. 1988): 483.

sis of identity emanates from current trends.[10]

The crisis of identity enveloping the Reorganized Church at the end of the twentieth century has ensured that the decade of the 1990s is a period of crisis. Church members have to reshape the intellectual underpinnings of the religion or fold their tents and go home. The time left to complete that task is short, for the very real warning signals of a church on the verge of collapse are present even today. They will become even more prominent in the next score of years as the stalwarts supporting the present institution depart the scene and are not replaced with a younger generation of RLDS members bent on sacrificing for the ideals, howsoever they might be interpreted, of the Restoration. Indeed, failure to forge a new dynamic identity will spell the doom of the Reorganization. It is not impossible to view the Reorganized Church of one hundred-plus years from now as an exceptionally small group of adherents linked mostly by kinship and revolving around the Independence temple as the reason for their being. In that respect they could become something akin to many of the other Mormon factions still in existence such as the Cutlerites, Bickertonites, and Hedrickites. They might be interesting and have worthwhile positions on many issues, but they would hardly represent major movements for good in the world.

The Magnitude of the Present Crisis

The theological confusion and thereby lack of identity that have been present for the last twenty years have been manifest in numerous ways for some time. By every quantitative measure one can reasonably use—and those measurements are buried in a mass of data that make it difficult to make an analysis independent of church leaders—the Reorganized Church is on course for extinction. For example, the church has entered a negative growth track in North America and projections for the future are dismal. As shown in Table 1, in all of North America membership peaked at almost 173,000 in 1982; it has dropped 10 percent to about 156,000 since then. At no time in that period has the North American membership been higher than the year before. Membership in stakes, areas where the greatest concentrations of Saints lived and all of which were in North America, peaked at just over 60,000 in 1977 and has dropped 13 percent since then.

An important measure of health in any church is the number of new members gained. In this regard note that there were over 4,500 baptisms in North America in each year from 1960 through 1964, while there were

10. W. Grant McMurray, "The Reorganization in Nineteenth-Century America: Identity or Historiographical Problem?" *John Whitmer Historical Association Journal* 2 (1982): 3-10.

just over 1,500 baptisms in both 1994 and 1995. North American baptismal rates exhibited a steady decline from over 3 percent in 1960 to just under 1 percent in 1995. Since the church leadership report total membership most of the time, and refrain from breaking it down, total numbers for the church still look about the same as they have been for a generation, hovering at the quarter of a million mark worldwide because of larger numbers of baptisms in the Third World.[11]

Table 1.
RLDS Membership Trends, 1950-95

Year	N.America	%Total	Abroad	%Total	Unknown	%Total	%Growth
1950	122,909	85.1%	9,058	6.3%	12,168	8.4%	9.0%
1955	133,749	83.6%	9,566	6.0%	15,671	9.8%	10.8%
1960	146,520	82.5%	10,129	5.7%	20,249	11.4%	11.0%
1965	155,800	81.4%	11,198	5.9%	23,749	12.4%	7.8%
1970	163,707	80.8%	13,581	6.7%	24,791	12.2%	5.9%
1975	169,066	79.2%	16,752	7.9%	27,039	12.7%	5.3%
1980	171,467	76.7%	20,923	9.4%	30,313	13.6%	4.8%
1985	171,219	73.0%	29,245	12.5%	33,302	14.2%	5.0%
1990	164,094	67.2%	41,742	17.1%	37,521	15.4%	4.1%
1995	155,913	62.7%	51,465	20.7%	40,636	16.3%	1.9%

Source: Compiled by George Walton from *World Conference Reports*, 1950-96.

Instead of the selected years presented above, however, another way to look at the membership numbers is shown in Table 2.

Table 2.
Average Annual Increase in Known Membership

	1951-65	1966-80	1981-92	1993-95
No. America	2,192.7	1,044.5	-1,036.9	-1,894.7
Abroad	142.7	648.3	2,036.1	1,777.0
Total	2,335.4	1,692.8	999.2	-117.7

Source: Compiled by George Walton from *World Conference Reports*, 1950-96.

But total membership numbers are basically trailing statistical indicators, rather than leading ones. They depict all individuals whose names are still formally on the church's rolls. Very few people upset over the direction of the church have taken action to remove their names from RLDS roles. Indeed the chief strategist for the traditionalist dissent in the church, Richard Price, specifically recommended that members not for-

11. These statistics were compiled by George Walton of Washington, D.C., in 1996 from reports to the RLDS World Conference for the period since 1970. I wish to thank George for his work.

mally withdraw from the church so they could remain in a position, among other reasons, to affect Reorganization policy.[12] The Reorganization's leadership also emphasized that "Withdrawals from church membership are at the initiative of the member. Recorders and pastors should avoid letters or phone calls that have the effect of suggesting to inactive members that they should consider withdrawing."[13] With both sides of the debate favoring retention of members on RLDS rolls, it is probable that the total official membership is significantly inflated above the number active in the church. If so, the strength of the RLDS church in North America has declined even more precipitously than the real numbers demonstrate.

In general, however, formal RLDS membership numbers tell us very little about the health and vitality of a church since there is no correlation between membership and participation. There is anecdotal evidence, unfortunately statistics do not exist to confirm this, that declines of participation in North America have been much more monumental than the formal membership declines. For instance, former Reorganized Church Historian Richard P. Howard commented, "We have lost nearly 25,000 members to the schism arising over the implications of this [paradigm] shift."[14] Other observers of the RLDS scene, some of whom are senior church officials, contend that the losses are much greater. Perhaps they approach 50,000, according to one former member of the RLDS Quorum of Twelve Apostles who asked for non-attribution. Those are not formal withdrawals, which can be tracked using the membership statistics, but individuals who have "walked" out of RLDS houses of worship and are now attending church elsewhere or not at all. The exact numbers are virtually impossible to ascertain. Worship attendance, Sunday school attendance, numbers of members supporting special events, and the like tell us the most. Questions yet to be explored involve: (1) Are more or less people participating in the North American RLDS church? When and why? (2) Are some geographical areas growing, some declining? Where? (3) If there is regional growth, what are the factors that best explain it? We await further research to learn the answers to these important questions.

Another measure of significant change can be found in the amount of

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12. Richard Price, assisted by Larry Harlacher, *Action Time* (Independence, MO: Price Publishing Co., 1985), 162-71. For information on Price, see William D. Russell, "Richard Price: Leading Publicist of the Reorganized Church's Schismatics," in Roger D. Launius and Linda Thatcher, eds., *Differing Visions: Dissenters in Mormon History* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 319-42.

13. Leonard M. Young, ed., *Church Administrator's Handbook, 1995 Edition* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1995), 55.

14. In Richard A. Brown, ed., *Theology—Volume 2: Authority, Membership, and Baptism* (Independence, MO: Graceland/Park Press, 1994), 108.

contributions to the RLDS church over the last quarter century. The declines have been dramatic, as shown in Table 3, signalling the near collapse of the RLDS church during this period and portending catastrophe for the future. The general fund went from a condition of regular surplus to mostly deficit in 1983. In the thirteen years from 1970 through 1982, there was an average surplus of $1,313,000 each year, whereas from 1983 through 1995 there was an average annual deficit of $690,000. The loss of contributions in real terms is certainly related to the decline in North American membership from where the overwhelming bulk of income has come over the years. The Reorganization's Presiding Bishopric, the chief financial officers of the church, has repeatedly commented on the declining number of contributors. It admitted in 1996 to a 40-percent decrease in the number of contributors between 1984, when there were approximately 62,000 contributors, and 1994 when the number had fallen to about 37,000. Interestingly, the difference between those two numbers (25,000) is almost twice as large as the number of North American members lost during the same period.[15]

Table 3.
RLDS General Fund Contribution Trends, 1950-95
(Actual Dollars)

Year	Accounting Stewards	Contributors General Fund	Contributors to All Funds	N. American Members
1950	14,049 11.43%	32,335 26.31%	not reported	122,909
1965	32,395 20.79%	61,459 39.45%	72,758 46.70%	155,800
1980	31,689 18.48%	60,540 35.31%	65,908 38.44%	171,467
1985	27,133 15.85%	55,496 32.41%	59,764 34.91%	171,219
1990	21,451 13.07%	39,671 24.18%	47,210 28.77%	164,094
1995	14,227 9.12%	32,167 20.63%	36,047 23.12%	155,913

Source: Compiled by George Walton from *World Conference Reports*, 1950-96.

The church's monetary losses are also even more striking if adjusted for inflation. Using constant dollars, the contributions available for church programs have declined by essentially 50 percent since 1978. In 1978 the RLDS income was just over $16 million from all sources, using 1970 constant dollars. By 1993 that had declined to $9 million when adjusted for inflation to the 1970 constant. A fifteen-year downward trend between 1978 and 1993 is readily apparent when annual income is adjusted for inflation using the consumer price index.

Other measures also demonstrate a general decline in the health of the Reorganized Church during the period between 1980 and 1995. The

15. *World Conference Report*, Apr. 1996, 131, 165, copy available in Library-Archives, Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Independence, MO.

number of congregations in stakes and metropoles, all in North America and which should be considered the largest and most stable local jurisdictions in the church, has decreased from 276 in 1986 to 251 in 1995, a 9-percent decline.[16] Anecdotal evidence also confirms this trend. In virtually every congregation in the Reorganized Church in the United States, significant attendance losses have been registered in the last few years. Numerous congregations have been closed and their members merged with others in the same geographical area. Houses of worship have been put up for sale all over the North American church because they are surplus to the present needs of the organization, and in areas around Independence, Missouri, where there is a concentration of RLDS several of those chapels have been purchased by groups of dissident Restorationists to house their worship services.[17] More to the point, new RLDS president W. Grant McMurray acknowledged in January 1997 that only about 40 percent of the total membership "engage meaningfully in the church's life, splashed and scattered throughout about 35 nations, ..."[18]

Possible Reasons for Measurable Decline

If the present Reorganized Church hierarchy was the leadership team of a market-driven corporation, its shareholders would have thrown it out of power by this time. For more than a decade using every significant quantitative measure of merit available—and I fully recognize that there are also non-quantitative measures that might mitigate this statement—the RLDS leadership has failed to oversee successful organizational development much less spiritual growth on the part of the Saints. At the first signs of decline, any responsible chief executive officer would have begun efforts at corporate restructuring and product research to determine what had made the commodities marketed by the organization less attractive. I must ask if similar developments happened in the case of the RLDS leadership, for if it did its efforts were both unknown to the majority of the membership and alterations in response to it transparent to the rank and file. This failure to make meaningful product alterations has ensured the continued decline of the church as a viable force for more than a decade, with no end in sight.

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16. Again, these statistics were compiled by George Walton of Washington, D.C., in 1996 from reports to the RLDS World Conference for the period since 1970. I wish to thank George for his work.

17. The Restoration Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, for example, purchased from the RLDS Presiding Bishopric in 1996 the historic "Second Church" in downtown Independence, Missouri. This building now houses that Restorationist group's "central congregation."

18. G. Grant McMurray, "The State of the Church," 2, unpublished address to the Theology Colloquy-Graceland College, Lamoni, Iowa, 19 Jan. 1997.

Perhaps some will object to my using a corporate metaphor to describe the Reorganized Church. I admit that I have my own problems with this model, but the fact is the church is essentially a corporation and it has a product it offers to the world. Would that the product were more spiritual than tangible, but that too has been one of the negative trends during the Reorganization's theological reformation! As I wrote elsewhere of the present RLDS situation:

> [T]oo many people have not understood the experiential nature of its rich tradition. The Reorganization is not just right thinking and doing; it is *feeling* that God is with us just as God was with the prophets and apostles of old. To be RLDS is not just to accept a set of books, a priesthood system, a bureaucracy, a theology, though those have been important symbols for the Saints. To be RLDS is to feel the burning in one's bosom, to personally ask of God and to pray for greater light and wisdom, to hear inspiring preaching, to sing with heartfelt thanks "I have found the glorious gospel that was taught in former years," to feel the warmth of the Holy Spirit as the elders anoint and lay hands for healing, to hope that the love and peace one felt during administration would someday pervade the entire world community as the kingdoms of this world are transformed into the kingdom of God. To be RLDS is to *feel* deep within one's being that one is linked with God's people from every age and to know the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit in one's own life and journey.[19]

And the corporate model was one adopted by the RLDS hierarchy in the aftermath of a Booz, Allen, and Hamilton, Inc., study completed in the late 1960s. In this context the First Presidency literally became the counterpart to the president and CEO of a corporation, with the Quorum of Twelve acting as the head of the sales force and the Presiding Bishopric serving as corporate treasurer.[20] If the RLDS leadership wishes to be thought of in terms of corporate counterparts, then they should be judged by corporate standards. Unfortunately for them, using those standards one can find only utter failure in North America for nearly the last twenty years.

Numerous causes for RLDS decline have surfaced over the years, many of them advanced by RLDS leaders seeking to explain away their failures to provide viable leadership. Any analysis of why the RLDS North American membership is declining, however, must center on the

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19. Launius, "The RLDS and the Decade of Decision," 51.

20. Clifford A. Cole, "An Oral History Memoir," 1985, 179, unpublished manuscript, Library-Archives, RLDS church; W. Wallace Smith, "An Oral History Memoir," 1981, 196, unpublished manuscript, Library-Archives, RDLS church. The report, Booz, Allen, and Hamilton, "Study of Organization and Management Practices," is available in Library-Archives, RLDS church.

collapse of the RLDS theological consensus and the resultant decline in activity of those choosing to worship elsewhere. Choosing not to discuss the losses of active members, however, the hierarchy has offered a few explanations for the abysmal rates of baptism in North America. Former second counselor in the First Presidency Alan D. Tyree suggested four possible reasons in a 1991 editorial.[21] His most significant reason was, and he chided the membership for this, too few rank-and-file members witnessed to friends and neighbors. He complained that "we don't know how to share [our testimonies], with whom, when and where, with what wisdom and courage, and how to do so without embarrassment." Of course, Tyree failed to comment on the RLDS church's lack of the basic prerequisite for effective salesmanship/witnessing, a valued product for which there is enthusiasm on the part of the sales/missionary force.

Tyree also laid some of the problem at the feet of a general demographic trend in the United States toward families having fewer children. This rationale, of course, points the finger for any responsibility for these trends away from the RLDS leadership. It's no one's fault, the general population portends this change. Unfortunately for Tyree, this does not come close to explaining the problem for two important reasons. First, if the trends can be explained on the basis of demographics, then all religious groups should be experiencing the same trends. They are not! Only those that seem to be the most radical in their perspectives, those with strong ideological commitments and beliefs in their own legitimacy as holders of moral and spiritual truth, are growing quickly. Second, through 1983 the baptismal rate tracked the birth rate reasonably well. It averaged 0.6 percent higher from 1960 through 1965 and 0.3 percent higher from then to 1982. However, since 1985 the baptismal rate has been less than the birth rate, reaching 0.6 percent less in 1995. Accordingly, since at least 1983 the baptismal slouch has not been demographic as the church as a whole has not even been baptizing its own offspring.

Tyree also blamed the problem on "western civilization" as a whole. He concluded that society as a whole "has been experiencing an erosion of the importance of Christianity. This is usually referred to as the growth of secularism." This theme has been repeated many times by church officials. Once again this points the finger of responsibility away from the RLDS leadership. Again it's no one's fault, the population portends this change. As recently as January 1996 President Wallace B. Smith said essentially the same thing. "There is considerable indication of a decline of interest in participation in organized religion in general. This decline in the First World is predicted not only to continue but to accelerate," he noted. "We are already beginning to see some of the ef-

21. Alan D. Tyree, "Why Are Baptisms Down?" *Saints Herald,* May 1991, 3-5.

fects of this pattern in our own movement as our baptismal rates go up in our missions abroad, and stay flat or decline in the United States and Canada."[22] Again acceptance of this argument requires an explanation of why the Christian churches with neo-orthodox positions are growing so rapidly. Indeed, while it may have other difficulties such as overbearing rigidity, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has clearly defined what it believes and is growing exponentially by emphasizing those distinctives.

Tyree and other church officials have also sought to explain away the recent trends with an argument that does not seem born out by the evidence, that low baptismal rates are the result of "a general attitude in Western nations that all authority and authorities are subject to question, challenge, and skepticism." However, this explanation not only fails to take into consideration the experience of the less liberal Christian churches in America, but it does not allow for differences on the international scene. Radical egalitarianism was what Aaron Wildavsky called it, and such rampant individualism does seem to be more the norm in the United States, but that does not mean it is also present in other western nations.[23] Such ideology bemuses and entertains Europeans and horrifies many in the Hispanic world, as they wonder how a society can succeed when near anarchy seems to rule. As a legitimate explanation of the state of the church, therefore, it is suspect.

All of these explanations have also been voiced by mainline Christian churches in America, and perhaps it should not be surprising that RLDS leaders use the same rationalizations. They wholeheartedly identify, for good and ill, with that segment of the religious landscape. After all, many RLDS leaders have tried to identify the church with mainline Protestantism for more than a quarter century. This has been less than successful, however, as mainline churches still view the RLDS church as a Mormon sect with a prophet who receives messages from God, the Book of Mormon as scripture, and a religious tradition that cannot be fully overcome even if desirable. Nevertheless, I see the repeated references to the decline of the mainline Protestants and rising secularization and other larger trends in society as rather heavy-handed and hypocritical attempts to formulate excuses for what has taken place rather than as an honest search for reasons. They are essentially ways of saying we are not really doing so badly, or it's not our fault.

Instead, at the center of the problem is a loss of RLDS identity that prompts the membership to ask hard questions about continued RLDS

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22. Wallace B. Smith, "Current Missional Issues," *Saints Herald*, Jan. 1996, 7.

23. Aaron Wildavsky, *The Rise of Radical Egalitarianism* (Washington, D.C.: American University Press, 1989).

activity. For example, if the Reorganized Church has nothing more to offer than the local Methodist or Presbyterian or Unitarian or other church, why should I drive long distances to worship in small groups struggling just to keep the doors open on Sunday morning? Why not go to any of the many other larger churches in my community where my spiritual needs could be met and my contributions valued?

Sociologists Roger Finke and Rodney Stark made some pointed observations about this general issue as churches have moved from sect to denomination in American history, and suggested that seeds of decline rest with that transformation. Their discussion about the decline of adherence to the so-called mainline Christian churches in America revolves around exchange theory. Instead of accommodating to modernity, something that has been a central part of what has happened to all the major established churches in this century, Finke and Stark argue that a costly faith that refuses to accommodate to secularism is more valued and helps ensure its viability.[24] They conclude: "People tend to value religion according to how much it costs—and because 'reasonable' and 'sociable' religion costs little, it is not valued greatly."[25]

Exchange theory carries real weight for all aspects of human endeavor and for religion it is critical. Without it, no one would bother. It is another way of saying that boundary maintenance, a very common sociological term, is critically important in the health of any religious organization. There must be something that sets the group off from the remainder of society. Without it there is no reason to be a part of the group. The more that is demanded in crossing that boundary, the more it is valued by the members. The event of the exodus of the followers of Brigham Young from Nauvoo to the Great Basin, for instance, with its requirement to work together to survive and the strong sense of shared misery in it, proved to be a kairos experience, an intense, compressed period of great and life-altering events, for those who participated. In doing so the Mormons erected the greatest boundary setting off followers and others that could be fathomed, to be a member in good standing people had to forsake all that they held dear and journey for an unknown time, over an unknown distance, to an unknown land. Mormons have maintained their boundaries carefully since that time. The Reorganized Church has not done so, although reasonable ones did exist until at least the early 1980s, and the result is that there is at present no compelling

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24. On the question of modernity, see Martin E. Marty, *Modern American Religion: Volume 1, The Irony of It All, 1893-1919* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986), flyleaf.

25. Roger Finke and Rodney Stark, *The Churching of America, 1776-1990: Winners and Losers in Our Religious Economy* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1992), 250.

reason that I can determine to be an RLDS member.[26]

The RLDS and the Abilene Paradox

With the present crisis in full swing, and unacceptable explanations for it circulating among the hierarchy, at least in my view, what explains the persistence of the course presently being pursued by senior officials? It would seem that rather than persisting along the path that has brought near ruin, the First Presidency would stop and ponder alterations to the church's present course. Not to do so appears foolhardy, especially at present when a decade of negative trends has demonstrated amply the bankruptcy of the present direction. The reasons why the Reorganization seems to be going full throttle on its present path are complex. One explanation, however, seems to offer some understanding. I now turn to an explanation of organizational dynamics based on the model of Jerry Harvey, a professor at George Washington University, first developed in 1974.[27]

Harvey described what he referred to as the "Abilene Paradox." Stated succinctly it is: "Organizations frequently take actions in contradiction to the data they have for dealing with problems and, as a result, compound their problems rather than solve them."[28] He prefaced his observations with an anecdote about his family's horrendous trip from Coleman to Abilene, Texas, on a hot, sticky Sunday afternoon in July 1971 to eat at a down-at-heels cafeteria. His hilarious rendition of this truly hair-raising incident was punctuated by the realization after the fact that no one in the family had really wanted to do it. All had supported it because they believed the others wanted to go. Thus was born the Abilene Paradox.

Harvey noted that an organization's inability to manage "private agreement" proved "a major source of organization dysfunction." He outlined six major symptoms of the paradox at work in organizations; all

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26. On this subject, see Elliot Aronson and Judson Mills, "The Effect of Severity of Initiation on Liking for a Group," *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* 59 (Sept. 1959): 177-81; Harold B. Gerard and Grover C. Mathewson, "The Effects of Severity of Initiation on Liking for a Group: A Replication," *Journal of Experimental Social Psychology* 2 (1966): 278-87; Jacob E. Hautaluoma and Helene Spungin, "Effects of Initiation Severity and Interest on Group Attitudes," *Journal of Social Psychology* 93 (1974): 245-59; Jan Shipps, *Mormonism: The Story of a New Religious Tradition* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985), 121-23; Roger D. Launius, "'Many Mansions': The Dynamics of Dissent in the Nineteenth Century Reorganized Church," *Journal of Mormon History* 17 (1991): 145-69.

27. The following paragraphs are based on the analysis contained in the classic study by Jerry B. Harvey, "The Abilene Paradox: The Management of Agreement," *Organizational Dynamics*, Summer 1974, 17-34.

28. Ibid., 23.

are presently at work in the Reorganized Church. These include:

> 1. Organization members agree privately, as individuals, as to the nature of the situation or problem facing the organization. ...
>
> 2. Organization members agree privately, as individuals, as to the steps that would be required to cope with the situation or problem they face. ...
>
> 3. Organization members fail to accurately communicate their desires and/or beliefs to one another. In fact, they do just the opposite and thereby lead one another into misperceiving the collective reality. ...
>
> 4. With such invalid and inaccurate information, organization members make collective decisions that lead them to take actions contrary to what they want to do, and thereby arrive at results that are counterproductive to the organization's intent and purposes. ...
>
> 5. As a result of taking actions that are counterproductive, organization members experience frustration, anger, irritation, and dissatisfaction with their organization. Consequently, they form subgroups with trusted acquaintances and blame other subgroups for the organization's dilemma. Frequently, they also blame authority figures and one another. ...
>
> 6. Finally, if organization members do not deal with the generic issue—the inability to manage agreement—the cycle repeats itself with greater intensity.[29]

Harvey concluded that these dysfunctions were rife in the boardroom, the bedroom, and political institutions. He did not specifically offer comments on this phenomenon in religious institutions, but the Reorganized Church presents a tailor-made case study of the Abilene Paradox run rampant and uncontrolled for two decades.

The bus to Abilene with the RLDS hierarchy aboard departed at least by the early 1980s and it has been careening over the potholes toward a cliff approaching the town ever since. I will develop this case study based on the data already presented and the symptoms Harvey offered. Regarding Harvey's first point, there is little question but that the senior officials of the Reorganized Church, as well as a vast majority of rank-and-filers, agree that the church is presently in disarray and has to face up to a set of circumstances that if not dealt with effectively will bring destruction to the institution. Although not discussed in official church publications except in the most oblique terms, as when the leadership admits that income is down and that the budget will run a deficit for the year, there is ample evidence that the nature of the problem is fully understood.[30]

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29. Ibid., 20.

30. This was stated without explanation in the "World Church Budget Fiscal Year 1997," *Saints Herald* 143 (Nov. 1996): 535-37, when the First Presidency noted that the approved budget for FY 1997 was $18.55 million while the FY 1996 budget had been $20.82 million, a greater than 10-percent reduction between the two years.

E-mail discussion lists and informal communications are rife with discussions of portents of disaster. For instance, one senior official in Independence commented privately when presented with the data shown above that the story is well known among the hierarchy, having been presented several times a year for the past several years to senior church officials. He also admitted that some puzzlement existed exactly as to why these losses had occurred in the last few years and it is the central objective of church officials to resolve this issue.[31] The new RLDS president, W. Grant McMurray, confessed in an interview in the *Saints Herald* that one of the really important tasks of the church in the short term is coming to grips with the "impact of significant changes and looking for answers to questions about the importance to them as individuals and their participation as members." How to accomplish that was unclear from McMurray's remarks, but he recognized the problem.[32]

A lot of RLDS leaders and many rank-and-file who remain active in North America privately agree on a general course that will help to resolve the slide, the second bullet in Harvey's Abilene analysis. I have enjoyed close relations with many people inside the RLDS hierarchy and heard them complain privately for years of church policy on various issues and even criticize seriously the leadership of the Joint Council, but remain publicly silent for a combination of reasons ranging from friendship to job security. To his credit, McMurray has said publicly that the hierarchy must rebuild trust with the membership, and vice versa. As he put it, the RLDS must strike in the future "a delicate balance between a historic Restoration faith centered in prophets, revelations, and sectarian community and a contemporary faith centered in Jesus Christ, peace, and global community." He asked the poignant question, "In the divisive religious climate of our time, is it possible to be both a modern-day Christian, respectful of a variety of faith traditions, and at the same time lay claim to a religious and historical community that included Joseph Smith, golden plates, a lay priesthood, modern-day revelation, and a Temple spiraling into the heavens?" McMurray's answer was that with allowance for individuality such was not only possible but necessary.[33] Many people inside the church agree that this is a correct course for the future.

With a basic agreement on the type of problems encountered and the means of addressing them, Harvey contends in bullet three that communication of this information is often ineffective and change does not result. There may be reason for optimism here, especially with the encouraging public statements made recently by Grant McMurray, but a

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31. Private communication to author, 12 Mar. 1996.

32. Jim Cable, "New President Looks Beyond Horizon," *Saints Herald* 144 (Jan. 1997): 5-8.

33. McMurray, "State of the Church," 1-2.

concerted campaign of communication will be required to resymbolize the Restoration and to recover viability. This was the basic argument of Paul Jones's recent article mentioned earlier, and as an outsider he perhaps sees the opportunities and challenges more clearly than those in the fray.[34] Lawrence Foster, an historian of new religious movements at Georgia Tech, agrees. In a 1994 comparison of the paradigm shifts in the Reorganized Church and the Nation of Islam during the last generation, Foster sees an important point of comparison. In contrast to the Nation of Islam, which methodically shifted its radical black separatism of Malcolm X to a more embracing Islam over the course of twenty-five years through a well-conceived and directed communications effort, the Reorganized Church, in Foster's view, has failed to move from something to something. "The fundamental failure of the RLDS leadership today," he wrote, "is that it is talking about paradigm shifts when it has not articulated and popularized among its members any compelling new paradigm!" He noted that "the current RLDS leadership has shown considerable political astuteness during the past decade in getting what it wanted approved by the membership. Now it is time to clearly articulate and defend the deeper spiritual and prophetic *message* without which any political manipulation, however skillful, is ultimately simply an empty shell." Communication is the heart of that effort, but it has not taken place as yet and the result is Harvey's fourth item, decisions continue to be made that propel the bus toward Abilene.[35]

Jerry Harvey's fifth and sixth items are also operative. Blame, mistrust, resentment, anger, and ultimately the building of subversive subgroups have all taken place in abundance. Can even the casual observer of the Reorganized Church deny that we have been engrossed in these elements for the last quarter century? It is obvious to everyone! While we can place the best face on this, as church officials routinely do, the fact is that discord has been rife and blame spread to everyone in leadership at every level of church governance. In the end we have seen the cycle repeated again and again with ever greater intensity and escalating repercussions.

Stopping the Bus to Abilene

There is no easy fix, no quick solution, to challenges facing the Reorganized Church at the end of the twentieth century. The first step is obvious—although Jerry Harvey would caution that it requires real lead-

34. Jones, "Demythologizing and Symbolizing the RLDS Tradition," 109-15.

35. Lawrence Foster, "The RLDS Paradigm Shift: Some Lessons from the Transformation of the Nation of Islam (Black Muslims)," 19, 24, unpublished paper presented at the Mormon History Association Annual Meeting, Park City, Utah, 21 May 1994.

ership quality and a commitment to excellence to take it—gather a group of decision-makers in the organization and openly confront them with the problems of the institution. Not being one of those leaders, I do not know what has taken place inside the Joint Council Chamber at Reorganization headquarters. My suspicion is that such frank discussion is few and far between and exploration of causes of crisis mitigated by defensiveness and excuses. "Working within the context of a group is important because the dynamics of the Abilene Paradox involve collusion among group members," Harvey wrote; "therefore, to try to solve the dilemma by working with individuals and small subgroups would involve further collusion with the dynamics leading up to the paradox." For any progress to emerge from a meeting, however, the person in charge has to admit that a crisis exists and "own the problem."

In such a predicament, the responses to be expected come at two levels. The first is technical. A set of "fixes" can be readily identified and dispensed with. Certainly that is true of individual parts of the problem. For instance, in the case of the Reorganized Church the fact is that the total numbers of members on the rolls have remained about 250,000 for some time, yet in terms of income available for church efforts when adjusted for inflation the amount is about half of what it was in 1978. How might the church address that problem from a technical level? My answer is enormously simple: publish articles in church periodicals, send letters to all church officers, and emphasize the magnitude of the problem in gatherings of the Saints. Explain what has taken place and admit that a crisis exists, asking for sacrifice and charity to expand the mission and program of the church. I believe the Saints would respond to the sense of emergency such a call would suggest. I would think that the crisis documented in these numbers would serve as a vehicle for drawing the membership together and helping to restore a sense of mission and identity.

More critical, nonetheless, are the existential issues raised in the Abilene Paradox and the method of dealing, or not dealing, with them. "The real meaning of that existential experience," according to Harvey, "and its relevance to a wide variety of organizations, may lie, therefore, not in the scientific analysis of decision-making but in the plight of Sisyphus." In mythology Sisyphus was condemned to an eternity of pushing a large boulder to the top of a mountain, whereupon reaching the summit the boulder returns to its original position at the bottom. Was the perpetual task absurd and devoid of meaning? Camus suggested that it was, and that Sisyphus recognized it upon occasion as such. Perhaps the RLDS as an organization is in the same category, and its leadership occasionally recognize it as such? As Harvey concluded, "Confronting the absurd paradox of agreement may provide, through activity, what Sisyphus gained from his passive but conscious acceptance of his fate."

Perhaps not, but it offers a tantalizing possibility.[36]

And what of the brakes on the bus as the twentieth century is near an end? I certainly believe that the present crisis of RLDS identity, necessitated by the theological reformation, has been a more severe issue in church history than even the supreme directional control controversy of the 1920s.[37] As one Methodist minister with ties to the Reorganization notes, "[F]or all the moves the Reorganization has made toward the mainline, no one who calls himself a high priest, reads a Book of Mormon, and worships in a temple in Independence, Missouri, will ever be able to convince the average Protestant or Catholic cleric that he belongs in the Christian mainstream."[38] From my perspective, in the last quarter century Reorganized Church officials have led the church to a point where it really has almost nowhere to go. And yet the Reorganization seems to hurtle full steam ahead to accomplish something that it cannot accomplish.

The RLDS church has always had a challenge of balancing a certain faithfulness to its Mormon origins on the one hand and yet remaining palatable to Protestants on the other. That created a tension as a people in the middle, and that was a reasonably viable place. The only viable option that I see is a recapturing of that middle ground. That, coupled with a spiritual reawakening, has some hope for the future. Without it the church will continue to drift. Grant McMurray has recently made public statements to the effect that he understands that crisis exists and that the best means of dealing with it is to seek a place on the religious landscape that embraces the best of the Restoration and the best of Protestantism but is really embroiled in neither. An emphasis on core values might emerge in this context that could reaffirm some distinctives that will be reinterpreted for a new age as well as incorporate larger Christian perspectives in a new way. Time will tell, but the clock is ticking.

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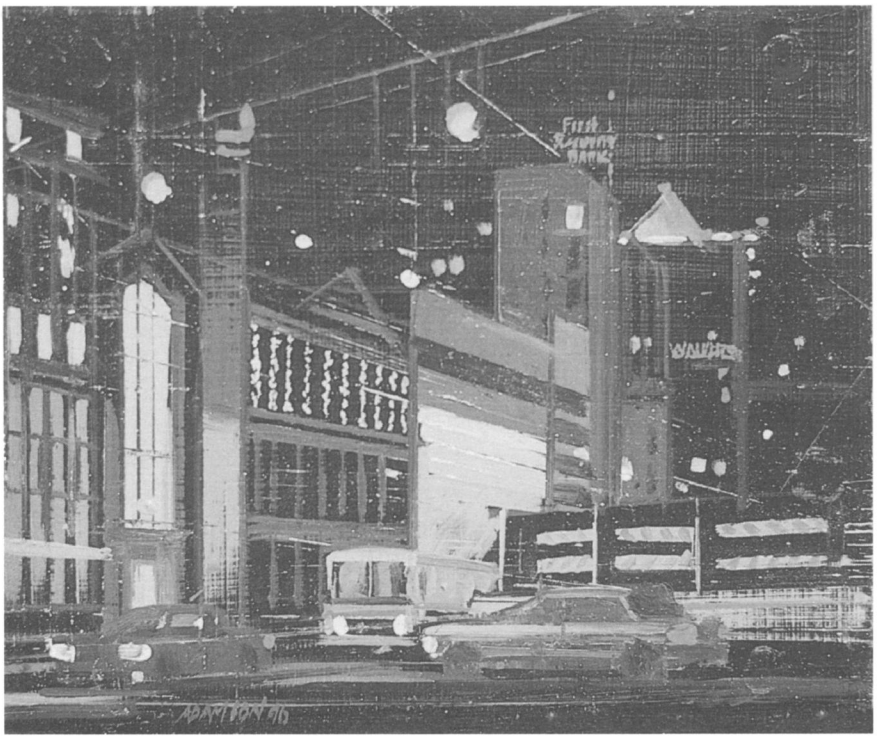
36. The foregoing is based on the work of Harvey, "Abilene Paradox," 23-34.

37. This crisis has been written about extensively in Paul M. Edwards, "Theocratic-Democracy: Philosopher-King of the Reorganization," in McKiernan, Blair, and Edwards, *Restoration Movement*, 341-57; Larry E. Hunt, *F.M. Smith: Saint as Reformer*, 2 vols. (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1982); Paul M. Edwards, *The Chief: An Administrative Biography of Frederick M. Smith* (Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, 1988); and Kenneth R. Mullikin, "The Supreme Directional Control Controversy: Theocracy Versus Democracy in the Reorganized Church, 1915-1925," in Launius and Spillman, *Let Contention Cease*, 91-124.

38. E-mail message, Larry Conrad to George Walton, 1 Feb. 1997, copy in my possession.


ADAMSON '76

Mormonism, Alice Miller, and Me

Teresa Whiting

IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about unhealthy family dynamics and their later manifestation in adult dysfunctional behavior. One of the pioneers in this field is Alice Miller. Miller worked for more than twenty years as a Freudian psychoanalyst before abandoning traditional Freudian theory. In *The Drama of the Gifted Child,*[1] she describes what she believes to be the root cause of adult dysfunction and neurosis, and the path to healing from it. In this and subsequent books, she lays out her own healing journey and her discoveries as a psychotherapist.[2]

Like others, I have found Miller's work to be of significant value. In many ways her discoveries describe not only my healing process in relation to my family, but also in my relationship with the LDS church. In this essay I would like to explore how the family dynamics Miller writes about may be applied to relationships with the church. I will begin with an overview of Miller's basic tenets, then explore some of their applications to my relationship with the church.

Miller's work begins with the premise that all children have a fundamental need to be respected and validated as the people they really are and as the central actor in their own lives. The fulfillment of this need is essential for the development of a healthy sense of self. When Miller speaks of children "as they really are at any given time," she means their

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1. Alice Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child: The Search for the True Self* (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1981).

2. Additional books include *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-rearing and the Roots of Violence* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1983; The Noonday Press, 1990); *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware: Society's Betrayal of the Child* (New York: Penguin Books USA Inc., 1984); *Banished Knowledge* (New York: Doubleday, 1990); *The Untouched Key* (New York: Doubleday, 1990); and *Breaking Down the Wall of Silence* (New York: Penguin Books USA Inc., 1991). See also J. Konrad Stettbacher, *Making Sense of Suffering* (New York: Penguin Books USA Inc., 1991).

"emotions, sensations, and their expressions from the first day onward." A child's inner feelings and sensations form the core of the self, the "feeling of self," around which a sense of identity develops.[3]

In the first months and years of life, children need to be at the center of their parents' attention, and receive ongoing mirroring and validation from them. If children are lucky enough to grow up with mirroring parents who are able to meet their needs to be validated, understood, and respected as the unique individuals they are, then a healthy sense of self can develop in them.[4]

Miller defines a healthy sense of self as "the unquestioned certainty that the feelings and wishes one experiences are a part of one's self."[5] It is based on the authenticity of our own feelings. Spontaneous, natural contact with our own emotions, thoughts, and wishes is what gives us inner strength. It means that we can live out our feelings as they occur. We can allow ourselves to be afraid when threatened, happy when happy, or angry when our needs are not met. We know what we want and don't want, and are able to express ourselves, regardless of whether we will be loved or hated for it.[6]

Some of the conditions Miller finds in healthy families include:

* Strivings for autonomy and independence are not experienced as an attack on the parents.
* Aggressive impulses do not upset the confidence and self-esteem of the parents, and thus can be effectively neutralized.
* There is no need to please anybody, and children are allowed to experience and express whatever is active in them during each stage of their development.
* Children are allowed to experience and express strong feelings such as jealousy, anger, and defiance.
* Because children are able to express ambivalent feelings, they learn that we all have both "good" and "bad" within us. They do not need to split off and repress the "bad" from the "good," either in themselves or others.
* Children can use their parents in child-appropriate ways, because their parents are independent of them.
* Because parents love their children as individuals separate from themselves, children's ability to experience healthy love is made possible.[7]

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3. Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child*, 7.
4. Ibid., 32.
5. Ibid., 33.
6. Ibid., 33, 39.
7. Ibid., 33-34.

To provide this kind of healthy emotional environment, parents themselves need to have grown up in such an environment. If they did not, they need to have worked through the resolution of their own resulting unmet needs before they can fully meet their children's needs. Parents who have not become aware of and worked through their own unresolved needs remain emotionally deprived. Throughout their lives they seek, consciously or unconsciously, what their own parents could not give them. This search can never fully succeed, because it belongs to a time that has long since passed, when the self was first being formed. Nevertheless, adults with these unsatisfied, often unconscious, needs will be repeatedly compelled to gratify them through substitute means.[8]

When adults with such unresolved needs become parents, unconsciously and despite their best intentions they may use their children to meet these needs. They may experience their child not as the center of his or her own activity, but as a part of themselves. If their children do not behave as they wish or need them to, they are deeply hurt and disappointed. Loss of control over their children often leads to uncontrolled anger. They may attempt to take from their children (or train their children to give them) the things they never received from their own parents—including respect, devotion, and the presence of someone who always takes them seriously. This can all be done under the conscious rationale of simply training children to be respectful, dutiful, and proper, which is "for their own good" (as Miller later titled another book.).[9]

This does not happen because parents are bad, but because they remain emotionally deprived and depend on a specific echo from their child to maintain their own emotional equilibrium. Though quite unconsciously so, they are still in search of a mirror for their own validation and worth. Their child serves this purpose, because a child is at its parents' disposal. A child will not run away or abandon its parents (as the parents' own parents may have done). Parents can feel themselves at the center of their child's world and see themselves mirrored in their children's love and admiration. They can feel strong and powerful in their children's presence, which they did not feel when they were children. When parents have had to suppress these needs in relation to their own parents, their needs continue to live in them on an unconscious level, and will seek gratification through whatever sources are available, including their own children.

This can happen regardless of how educated and well-intentioned the parents may be, and does not rule out strong parental love and devo-

8. Ibid., 7.
9. Ibid., viii, 8, 31, 34-36, 93-94.

tion. On the contrary, such parents often love their children intensely, because their children meet their repressed needs. But this is not the way children need to be loved. Children need parents who do not depend emotionally on them, and they need a supportive environment in which they can experience and express their own feelings. In healthy families children can be sad or happy or angry whenever anything makes them sad or happy or angry. They don't have to suppress their feelings to meet their parents' needs. They can be angry at their parents without losing their love.[10]

Parents cannot be aware of the ways in which they fail to meet their children's needs, or how this lack affects their children, if they have never allowed themselves to consciously experience their own unmet needs. They remain unable to realize the full effect of their behavior on their children, because they have never been able to consciously experience their own pain at having been treated similarly.[11]

What happens to children when parents are thus unable to meet their children's emotional needs? It would be natural for children to feel angry and hurt when their needs are not met. But young children depend completely on their parents, whose love and care is essential for their existence, and will do everything they can to avoid losing it. So before they are old enough to understand what they are doing, some children may adapt to their parents' failure to meet their needs by suppressing these needs, along with their anger and hurt.[12] Miller refers to this suppression of parts of a child's true self as a partial "killing off" of what is spontaneous and alive in the child. Some of her clients report dreams in which they experience themselves as partially dead:

> I see a green meadow, in which there is a white coffin. I am afraid that my mother is in it, but I open the lid and, luckily, it is not my mother but me.
>
> I am lying on my bed. I am dead. My parents are talking and looking at me, but they don't realize that I am dead.[13]

Miller believes that if these people had been able as children to express all of their feelings, including their anger and pain towards their parents, they could have stayed fully alive. But that could have led to the loss of their parents' love and acceptance. So they "killed" (repressed) their anger and hurt, and with it a part of themselves, in order to preserve their parents' love and care.[14]

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10. Ibid., viii, 11, 14-16, 34-36.
11. Ibid., 90.
12. Ibid., 7-9, 31-32.
13. Ibid., 13.
14. Ibid., 13, 81.

Miller describes several kinds of defense mechanisms children may develop to allow the continued repression of their feelings and needs. These may include denial ("That doesn't hurt me" or "I'm not afraid of that"), intellectualization, projection of repressed feelings onto others, and idealization. All of these defenses enable children to suppress the conscious experience of their real situation and the emotions belonging to it, which may only surface years later.[15]

When children repeatedly repress their feelings and needs, it becomes difficult or even impossible for them to consciously experience certain feelings, either in childhood or later in adulthood. This continued repression results in the development of a "false self." Children learn to reveal only what is expected or desired of them, and they fuse so completely with what they reveal that it becomes the whole of their conscious identity. They are not able to fully develop their true selves, because they are unable to live it. This is not necessarily an obstacle to their intellectual development, but it is an obstacle to the unfolding of their authentic emotional life, and a serious obstacle to later adult relationships. Over time children may be able to adapt completely to the demands of their situation and develop a false self that seems to serve them well. But this unhealthy adaptation in childhood contains the seeds of later adult dysfunction.[16]

As this process of suppression and denial takes place, children also internalize their early experiences with their parents. This internalization results in the creation of our own "inner parents"—a presence that is incorporated into our psyches from an early age on. When we have internalized our parents in this way, we no longer experience their influence as coming from outside of ourselves. We experience it as a part of ourselves—as the way we automatically think and feel—often without consciously seeing the connection to our parents' influence. One of Miller's clients relates the following:

> The day before yesterday I was so happy, my work went easily. I was able to do more work for the exam than I had planned for the whole week. Then I thought I must take advantage of this good mood and do another chapter in the evening. I worked all evening without any enthusiasm and the next day I couldn't do any more. ... [N]othing stayed in my head. I didn't want to see anyone either, it felt like the depressions I used to have. Then I "turned the pages back" and found where it had begun. I had spoiled my pleasure as soon as I made myself do more—but why? Then I remembered how my mother used to say: "You have done that beautifully, now you could surely do this too ..."[17]

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15. Ibid., 12, 68, 70, 73.
16. Ibid., 9-10, 12, 14, 20-21, 87.
17. Ibid., 52.

If we fail to become aware of the source of these unconscious, automatic responses, throughout our lives we may continue to censor in ourselves those things our parents first censored in us. In this way portions of our true feelings and needs remain beyond our own conscious awareness, and the loneliness we experienced while growing up will eventually be replaced by isolation in ourselves.[18]

Miller believes that freedom from our early wounds and resulting dysfunction is not possible without the work of "true, deep, and defenseless mourning" for what we needed but did not receive in our childhood. All of our substitutes can bring only temporary satisfaction. True satisfaction is no longer possible, because the time for that lies irreversibly in the past. Only the conscious acceptance of, and mourning for, what we missed at the crucial time can lead to real healing.[19]

For healing to occur, at some point our repressed feelings and needs must emerge. When they do, they are often accompanied by deep pain and despair. As children we may not have been able to survive this intense emotional and psychological pain, because this would have only been possible in an empathetic, emotionally supportive environment, which is exactly what we lacked. But as adults we have the psychological resources necessary to experience strong emotions and allow them to run their course, thereby neutralizing them.[20]

Once we have learned through experience that the breakthrough of painful feelings will not destroy us, and that these feelings will eventually pass, we will approach "undesired" feelings differently. We will no longer be compelled to follow the same unhealthy pattern of detachment from our feelings, often followed by depression, because we now have a new possibility—that of dealing with our emotional life—experiencing all of our feelings as they occur. In this way we gain access to those parts of ourselves that have previously been hidden from us. It is only after the self becomes liberated from repression that it begins to grow, express itself, and develop its true spirit and creativity.[21]

"The true opposite of depression is not gaiety or absence of pain, but vitality: the freedom to experience spontaneous feelings."[22] We cannot have this freedom if our childhood roots are cut off. Living out of our true selves is only possible when we no longer have to fear the intense emotional world of our early childhood. Once we have experienced this world, it is no longer threatening, and need no longer be repressed and

18. Ibid., 14, 19, 20-21, 45-46, 52-53, 86-87, 92-93, 101-102, 110-11.
19. Ibid., 43, 56-57, 85, 89.
20. Ibid., 11, 90, 99-100, 102.
21. Ibid., 20-21, 54-55.
22. Ibid., 57.

hidden.[23]

It is one of the turning points in healing when we are able to experience the reality that much of the love we may have struggled so hard to gain with so much self-denial was not intended for us as we really were, but rather for our false selves. When we realize how much of ourselves we have sacrificed to gain this love, we will feel a desire to end the courtship. We discover in ourselves a new authority—a need to live according to our true selves. And we no longer strive to earn a love that, "at root, still leaves us empty-handed, since it is given to our false self, which we have begun to relinquish."[24]

The dream of finally receiving what we needed from our parents—a dream which many adults still hope and search for—is unattainable. But the experience of our own truth and the post-childhood understanding of it make it possible for us to return to the world of feelings at an adult level—without paradise, but with the ability to feel. With this ability, we can finally develop our own sense of self—the self we were never able to develop in childhood.[25]

In my own life, learning to experience and express all of my feelings and needs has helped me to find my own voice, and this has spilled over into every area of my life, including my religious life. The stronger my own voice has become, the clearer my experiences and feelings about Mormonism have become. I have come to see many ways in which the dynamics Miller describes also apply to my experience of the church. I realize there are as many different experiences of Mormonism as there are Mormons, and I can only speak with complete authority to my own experiences.

I grew up in a very active Mormon family. The church permeated every aspect of my world. As a young child, I took to heart everything I learned in church, and built my understanding and experience of reality around it. I knew that I was a child of God, and that before I was born I lived with my Heavenly Father. He sent me to earth to gain a body and to learn to choose between right and wrong. If I chose the right and kept the commandments, one day I would return and live with him forever. Because my parents had been married in the temple, our family could be together forever if we all lived the gospel. And if I kept myself worthy to go to the temple, someday I would marry and have a family of my own to be with forever. This was the lens through which I saw and interpreted everything—myself, my family, the world.

On the surface there was nothing wrong with these simple doctrines.

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23. Ibid., 57, 111-12.
24. Ibid., 15, 57.
25. Ibid., 15.

I saw only goodness and beauty in them the whole time I was growing up. What I didn't see during that time were the psychological and emotional forces that came into play as I accepted and incorporated these beliefs. For example, Miller describes the mental and emotional lengths children may go to in order to suppress their own needs and feelings when the expression of them might cost them their parents' love and care. In the Mormon world view as I understood it in my childhood, the psychological risks for children were even greater. For me to have consciously experienced or expressed feelings and beliefs that did not agree with what I was taught in the church would have meant not only risking the loss of my parents' love in this life, but also eternal separation from them (as well as the loss of my chance to ever live with my *heavenly* parent again).

I don't recall a specific incident in my childhood in which I was straightforwardly told, "You *must* feel and believe this way, or you will never see your family again after you die." But it was certainly implied as the only logical conclusion to what I *was* directly taught, which was that *only* those families who believed in Mormonism and were sealed in the temple would be together forever. In some ways the indirect threat that resulted from this teaching was more difficult to deal with than a straightforward threat. When a threat is presented clearly and straightforwardly, it is more easily seen for what it really is, and can be dealt with directly. But when the threat is indirect, or only implied as part of what is presented as a beautiful, eternal truth, it can sometimes be difficult to realize consciously that this unspoken threat is a motivating force in our lives.

To teach young children, even indirectly, that unless they feel and believe certain things they will be separated from their families for eternity seems to me now to be a kind of emotional blackmail. It plays heavily on a child's fear of abandonment. In Mormon theology faith and family cannot be separated. To doubt Mormonism is to risk severing eternal ties to the people we love and need the most, and to hurt our family throughout eternity. This gives our theology a powerful conscious and unconscious tool—our love and need for our family—with which to ensure acceptance and compliance. But genuine spiritual belief and commitment must be freely chosen. They cannot be compelled under the threat of losing one's family, even if these threats are unintended or not directly communicated. If we are not truly free to say no, then we are not truly free to say yes.

I also see this perhaps unintended manipulation of family affections in our policies regarding attendance at temple sealings. I experienced this for myself when one of my sisters married in the temple several years ago. At the time I had made a voluntary decision to stop attending the

temple. Having one of my sisters marry during this time showed me a perspective on temple marriage that I hadn't seen before. Through the church's policy of only allowing temple recommend holders to attend temple marriages I was being told, in effect, that unless I felt and believed what the church said I should, and was willing to commit myself completely to the church, I would not be allowed to attend my own sister's wedding. This feels like more emotional blackmail, and I believe it damages family relationships because it makes them conditional. It makes the acceptance of certain theological beliefs a prerequisite for full inclusion in important family celebrations.

In addition to being manipulative of our family ties, our temple policies can also be spiritually manipulative. When two people fall in love and want to marry, if they are from devout Mormon families, there is only one socially acceptable way for them to marry—in the temple. To marry outside the temple brings disappointment and heartache for the family as well as a certain amount of shame within the Mormon community. But in order to marry in the temple, couples must pass a worthiness interview in which they profess belief in the tenets of Mormonism. In addition, temple marriage requires a prior endowment in which lifelong commitments to the church are made. This means that if I fall in love and desire to marry (as most young people in or out of Mormonism do), the only way I can get married that will not wound my family and bring us shame within the larger community is to profess my belief in Mormonism and make lifelong commitments to it. These two things are so tightly bound together that we don't even consider the possibility of doing one and not the other. This provides a very powerful conscious and unconscious motivation for young people in love to make a lifelong commitment to Mormonism, and unconscious motivations are the strongest and most difficult to see through.

In my youth I was encouraged many times to "study it out" and then pray and ask God for myself if the church was true. But long before I felt the need to ask this question, I had already internalized what the answer would need to be if I wanted to live with my Heavenly Father again and if I didn't want to be separated from my family forever. This was true not just with prayer, but with my whole spiritual life. Before I was old enough to begin seeking my own spiritual experiences, the limits of what those experiences could consist of and reveal to me had already been established. And should I ever think I had received an answer from God that fell outside of these pre-set limits, that would mean the voice I was hearing was not really God's.

Imagine a fast and testimony meeting in which a young woman bears witness that after serious fasting and prayer the Spirit has told her not to marry in the temple or that her priesthood leaders are wrong about

something. Imagine a nineteen-year-old boy bearing witness that the Spirit has told him not to go on a mission. In the mind-set I grew up with, the possibility of these kinds of revelations being true revelations from God was, by definition, non-existent.

One might argue that if I ever came to believe that God had revealed to me that Mormonism wasn't true, then I would no longer need to believe that failure to accept Mormonism would mean eternal separation from both God and my family. Logically this makes sense, but unconscious fears internalized at an early age rarely surrender to logical persuasion. And one of the fears I learned growing up in the church was that of being spiritually deceived. Church history was full of people who followed their own revelations instead of those of church leaders, and lost their chance at exaltation because of it. Who was I to think I knew any better than men who talked with God himself, face-to-face, when I never had? (Of course, if my answers to prayer always fell within the boundaries I'd been taught true answers would, then I would never have to deal with this kind of internal conflict.)

Another unhealthy adaption Miller describes is the development of a "false self." This happens when we adapt to an unhealthy environment by repressing parts of ourselves. We reveal only what is expected or desired of us, and we fuse so completely with what we reveal that it becomes the whole of our conscious identity.[26] I think we can also develop a "false spiritual self" while growing up in the church. The church has an idealized image of its members—the kind of perpetually happy, faithful, obedient, and successful individuals and families we see on the covers of the *Ensign* or the *Church News*—and it rewards those who conform to this ideal (or who can at least maintain the appearance of conforming to it). Parents can feel a great deal of pressure to maintain the appearance of the ideal Mormon family, and may in turn pressure their own children to comply with this image.

But what happens when a person's experiences or feelings fail to meet the ideal? What happens to members who experience anger, doubt, depression, or who are unhappy with some aspects of their church experiences? What happens to families who struggle with divorce, homosexuality, poverty, addiction, or abuse? One way to adapt ourselves to the church's ideal is simply to suppress or deny those parts of ourselves that don't fit the image, thus developing a kind of false spiritual self that becomes the whole of our spiritual identity. In one of her books Miller describes what she calls "poisonous pedagogy"—ingrained societal beliefs that are harmful to children's development. They include the belief that anger (or any other feeling) can be done away with simply by forbidding

26. Ibid., 12-13.

it, and that the way you behave is more important than who you really are.[27] These kinds of beliefs contribute to the development of a false spiritual self.

Some may argue that in the case of the church's ideals, the ends justify the means—that the ideal is desirable, and if we live "as if" it represented our real selves long enough, eventually we will become the ideal (or at least get closer to it). But in my experience this kind of change is only surface change—we may appear, even to ourselves, to measure up to the ideal, while remaining far from it in our deepest being. Surface change is the only kind of change that institutions, dogma, or manipulation can bring about. For many years I tried to live as close to the ideal as I could, and it failed to change who I really was. It failed to heal my deepest wounds or make me truly free. In my experience real transformation at the deepest level of our being is only possible through an awareness and experience of the whole truth—the truth about ourselves, and the truth of God's amazing love for us.

If we live out of a false spiritual self long enough, eventually we may internalize the church's influence on us just as children internalize their parents' beliefs and influence. When this happens, we may continue to self-censor what the church originally censored in us, often without any conscious awareness that this is what we are doing. We may refuse to allow ourselves to consciously experience doubts, or suppress any unhappiness with our church lives. Once this external influence has been thoroughly internalized, it is easy to understand how it can be almost impossible for us to see anything other than what we have been taught to see. To paraphrase Miller, things we can see through do not make us sick. What makes us sick are those things we cannot see through—things we have so thoroughly absorbed that they have become a part of who we are.[28]

When people have unresolved childhood needs for mirroring and validation that drive them to search for substitute sources of gratification, the church may function as one such substitute. The church gives love, acceptance, and respect to those who conform. And because its leaders are viewed as God's agents, acceptance and validation from the church can also be experienced as acceptance and validation from God. What we may have failed to receive from our earthly parents, we can now receive from our heavenly parent (or his "authorized agents") through church activity and faithfulness. When the church is meeting our unresolved childhood needs for mirroring and validation, we may become as dependent on it as a young child is on his or her parents. We may idealize (and

27. Miller, *For Your Own Good*, 59-60.
28. Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child*, 100.

idolize) the church and its leaders the same way children idealize their parents, even abusive parents. And we may use the same kinds of defense mechanisms and illusions children use in order to maintain our idealized images.

I experienced this kind of idealization in my own need for the church. For many years the church met my needs for validation and belonging, and I believed that it was without fault—that our history was inspired at every turn and our prophets and apostles infallible. I believed that all of my leaders were completely benevolent and wise, and would always know what's best for me and act in my best interest because they were God's representatives. I needed the church and its leaders to be perfectly loving and wise, because for a long time they were the source of my sense of self. I maintained my idealization of the church and its leaders by refusing to even listen to anything about them that was contrary to my idealized image. I saw the world in black and white—those who accepted the ideal image, and those who questioned or found fault with the church or its leaders in any way. For many years this idealization enabled me to accept without question things I now consider to be manipulative, inappropriate, and unhealthy.

I see now that my idealization of church leaders, both past and present, was unfair. No human being is perfectly benevolent and wise. Leaders are human just like the rest of us. They each have their own life story, complete with biases, blind spots, fears, and needs, as well as unique strengths and gifts. It's unrealistic to expect them to be more than human. Nevertheless, I believe the church fosters this unrealistic idealization through its unwillingness to make a full and truthful disclosure of church history and current governance. I believe that if we could see the complete picture of these things behind the public presentation, we would see that our leaders, while at times inspired, are just as human and fallible in their callings as we all are. This would prevent the unhealthy idolization of our leaders and give us a much more realistic view of God's dealings with all of us.

My own idolization of church leaders led to another unhealthy dependency in my spiritual life. Because I saw my leaders as God's representatives, I experienced my relationship with them and my relationship with God as one and the same. If church leaders were pleased with me, so was God. If I was doing what my leaders told me to, then I was doing what God wanted me to do. If I was good enough to win their love, then I had God's love too. And if I angered, disappointed, or disobeyed my leaders, then I had also angered, disappointed, or disobeyed God. Church leaders stood between God and me, and functioned as the mediator of my relationship with God. This gave them a great deal of psychological and emotional power in my life.

When people who use the church as a source of substitute gratification become parents, this unhealthy dependency can affect their relationships with their children. Because they gain their sense of self from the church, they may put loyalty to Mormonism above everything else, including their children's emotional needs. I remember in my youth being told the story of a general authority who went to the train station to see his son off on a mission. His last words to his son were that he would rather have him come home in a coffin than having lost his virtue. The story was meant to convey to us the grave seriousness of sexual sin. But all I can think of when I remember it now is how painful it would be to be told by my father that he would rather see me dead than having made a mistake—that he valued my sinlessness more than he valued me.

I have seen this kind of family dynamic result in two extreme outcomes. Some children adopt their parents' loyalty to the church above all else and stay firmly inside the circle of what their parents love most. By doing this, they receive at least some of their parents' love. Others completely reject the church out of anger or resentment because they know, if only unconsciously, that their parents love the church more than they love them. In both cases somewhere deep inside children sense that given a choice between them and the church, their parents would choose the church.

Miller's writings and my own healing experiences have helped me to better understand instances of ecclesiastical abuse. They have shown me how it is possible for leaders to be good people with kind hearts who genuinely love and desire to serve those they preside over, and yet still act in abusive ways in exercising their authority. When people grow up unable to see through the manipulations or abuses to which they have been subjected, in either their family or church experiences, they are unable to see their own perpetuation of the same kinds of abuses for what they really are. If leaders are to provide a healthy church environment that is free of abuse and manipulation, they need to have grown up in such a family and church environment themselves. If they did not, and have not been able to see and work through the reality of their own manipulation, they are far more likely to behave in manipulative or coercive ways. They may act out of a sincere belief that what they are doing is for the member's own good, just as it was for their own good when it was done to them. Only when we have been able to feel the reality of our own manipulation or abuse will we be able to recognize our own similar treatment of others as abusive.

I first began to see some things about the church differently during and after my mission, when for the first time in my life I began to read and experience things that left me with real questions about the truthfulness of some of what I believed about the church. On my mission I grew

to love people of other faiths whose spiritual experiences seemed as valid and meaningful as my own. I attended a Catholic first communion service that was as spirit-filled as any LDS meeting. After my mission I began reading books about church history that presented a more complete picture of the origins and development of Mormonism. But I remember thinking at the time that I could not allow myself to seriously entertain doubts about the church, because if I were to lose my faith and turn out to be wrong, I would be separated from my family forever, live singly throughout eternity, and lose my opportunity for exaltation and eternal happiness. It seemed much wiser to save my questions for the next life, and trust in the church and its leaders in this life.

But once I had consciously realized that fear kept me from questioning my faith, my spiritual life began a gradual, irreversible change. Little by little, I found I no longer had the same degree of certainty in my testimony. How could I continue to be certain that what I believed was true, when I now realized that deep down I had fears that prevented me from seriously considering the possibility that it wasn't? Having spent my whole life immersed in the mind-set that produced and maintained those fears, how could I ever hope to see the church objectively? And how could I continue to wholeheartedly live out a commitment that I could now see was at least partially rooted in fear?

Eventually I reached a point where the only way I could retain any genuine faith in Mormonism was to risk losing it—to entertain my doubts and questions, and allow myself to consider the possibility that some or all of the things I believed about the church might not be true. This was a much different process than the one I undertook in my youth—to read the Book of Mormon and ask God if it and the church were true. This was an attempt to remove myself at least temporarily from my immersion in the church in order to get a clearer look at both it and myself. I realized that I had internalized such a strong "inner church" voice, and at such an early age, that my own voice was nowhere to be found. And I felt that as long as I remained within hearing distance of the thundering voice of the church, I would never be able to hear my own. It took several years away from the church before I could even turn on the television during general conference and hear those voices again without feeling my own disappear. It felt as though the church were a giant vacuum, threatening to swallow me whole again if I got too close. It felt as though if I accepted *anything* the church said, I would once again have to accept *everything* it said. Everything about the church was black and white, there was no middle ground. It was only after I became aware of groups and publications such as *Sunstone*, *Dialogue*, and the Mormon Women's Forum that I realized a middle ground exists and that many wonderful and interesting Mormons live there.

During these years away from the church, my spiritual journey progressed as I continued to read and search for God and truth wherever I might find them. One of the first things I discovered about myself after stepping back from Mormonism was that I did not believe a perfectly wise and loving God was the author of those aspects of Mormonism that I had experienced as coercive and manipulative. Even I can see the ultimate futility of such tactics in matters of the spirit, and I have to believe that God is far wiser than I.

I also realized that if the celestial kingdom was as I had been taught it was, then I didn't *want* to live there, with or without a family. I was taught, among other things, that the celestial kingdom would be governed by patriarchy—that we would continue to be presided over by faithful patriarchs, from Adam to Joseph Smith and beyond. But after stepping back from the church, I realized that I didn't like patriarchy and felt no need or desire to be "presided over" by men (even benevolent men)—not in this life and certainly not for eternity. And I felt no desire to become a heavenly mother who sits silently in the shadows while my husband creates worlds and brings to pass our children's immortality and eternal life by himself.

One of the reasons I had accepted everything I learned in the church, including things that bothered me on a gut level (like plural marriage, or the subordination of women inherent in the structure of the church), was because I believed that even if something didn't make me happy in this life it would in the next, when I was more like God. But eventually I realized that eternity is *now*. This present moment is as much a part of eternity as any past or future existence, and it is the only portion of eternity to which we currently have access. So if there are truths that will bring me happiness and peace "in eternity," I believe that they ought to bring me happiness and peace now. In fact, if the Mormon plan of salvation is true, it was God who structured our mortal experience so that the only part of eternity we would have any conscious awareness of, and thus be able to experience and learn from, is the present.

Another important thing I discovered about myself was that, at least for me, the inner voice of the church that I internalized while growing up and the voice of God's Spirit are not the same thing. If I had not spent time away from the church, I don't think I would have realized that these were two different voices.

I no longer believe everything I used to about Mormonism, and my idealization of the church and its leaders is gone. But some parts of my faith remain, and they are genuinely mine. They arise from my own direct experiences of God and bring joy and meaning to my life.

I still believe in God and in the power of prayer. I have felt God's presence within me, both inside and outside of Mormonism. I am grate-

ful that one of the things being raised Mormon instilled in me was the belief that I could communicate directly with God, just as Joseph Smith did. Once I became free of predetermined constraints on my experience of prayer, it became even more real and immediate. I have never seen God face to face, so I don't know with certainty the exact nature of God's being, but I am more certain than ever that God exists and knows and cares for me and will help me.

I still believe in Christ and the Holy Spirit. To me they are both manifestations of the love and power of God—a power that can heal our wounds and change our hearts, making us into beings more like God—more joyful, wise, and, above all, loving. They represent God's ability to redeem and nurture what is godly in each of us. My experience of what God offers us in Christ and the Holy Spirit has been so full of generosity and love (and free of threats or manipulation) that no coercion has been needed to make me desire or accept it. In fact, I believe that what God offers can only be fully efficacious in our lives if it is freely chosen—in an atmosphere totally free of coercion or manipulation.

I still believe in prophets, but I no longer believe that priesthood ordination is what makes a man or woman a prophet. For me, it is the truth and power of their prophetic message that makes a person a prophet, and I find compelling prophetic voices that speak to the needs of our time and to my own spiritual journey in many different places and faiths. I also believe that true prophets point us beyond obedience to them, to our own direct experiences of God. Joseph Smith's greatest legacy to me was in the example he set in seeking God for himself, and then trying to live out his understanding of what he received. I believe that the most important thing for me now is not to live out Joseph's answers from God, but to do as he did and seek God for myself.

I still value Mormon scripture, and I find truth in scriptures from other faiths as well. But I no longer believe that scripture is infallible, any more than I believe the men who wrote them were infallible. Growing up, I believed that the scriptures came directly from the mouth of God, and I built my understanding and experience of God around them. It never would have occurred to me to look at anything in the scriptures critically or to judge them against my own independent experiences of God. Rather, they were the standard against which I judged and interpreted my experiences. I now see scripture as the story of how different people in different times and places experienced and understood God. Some of their experiences resonate with my own, others do not.

I find beauty and inspiration in many things in Mormonism when I look at them symbolically. It is only when I take the symbol literally—mistaking the symbol for the thing itself—that I find some of our doctrines to be manipulative. For example, I believe that the power of our

love can connect us to one another forever, and that this truth exists independent of any one group or practice. In Mormonism we have a beautiful ritual that symbolizes this truth. To me, temple sealings mean that Mormonism's highest ceremony is one that acknowledges our eternal interconnectedness with one another. It only becomes manipulative when we take the symbol literally, by teaching that it is the ritual rather than our love that actually connects us, and that only those who participate in our ritual will be able to experience the larger truth it symbolizes.

The most important thing I have discovered about myself and Mormonism is that, when all is said and done, my deepest tie to Mormonism is the simple fact that these are my people and I love them. They are my family, literally and figuratively—the people I live among and with whom I learn to understand and love myself and others. I am deeply connected to this people, and will always want to be a part of them. I consider myself a tribal Mormon, and I have come to believe that our relationships with one another are the most valuable thing a church can give us.

When I started this journey, I had no idea where it would lead. Growing up, I always believed that my deepest tie to Mormonism was my testimony that it was the only true church on earth and the only way I could reach exaltation in the celestial kingdom. When I found my own truth, I discovered that my ties to the people I love are far more important to me than any doctrinal truth claims. Alice Miller teaches that the discovery and acceptance of the truth of our own unique lives is the only way to find true healing, freedom, and joy.[29] Her whole philosophy might be summed up in the simple verse, "the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). This has been my own healing path.

29. Ibid., 3-4.

At Fifty-five

R. A Christmas

Was he improving,
or just too tired to sin?

Regardless, it was pretty clear
that where his broken heart and contrite

spirit should be there was only
a lumpy longing for the naked past

where he would imagine limiting
himself to a half-pack a day,

wine with dinner, and getting laid
twice a month without tribulation.

He knew he shouldn't be having such thoughts
while wife was away for the weekend

(you can only live so long
with a saint without becoming one);

but it was almost scary to think
that Christ was sure to have him

unless he did something drastic—
which he probably wasn't up to.

After the (Second) Fall: A Personal Journey toward Ethnic Mormonism

David G. Pace

WHEN MY FIRST MARRIAGE ENDED IN DIVORCE in 1991, what I describe as my current spiritual life seemed to begin. It is the first of three seminal moments in the past three years that I have chosen to detail here. Before that, however, I need to give some autobiographical information.

I had the pedigree of every good Latter-day Saint. I was born under the covenant of my parents' temple marriage, was a youth leader in priesthood and scouting, a missionary for two years, and the recipient of a B.A. from Brigham Young University. At age twenty-six I was married in the temple on a fragrant Manti, Utah, morning. I realize now that I was raised in what Kendall White and others have called a neo-orthodox LDS home. Since my father was in the Church Educational System, eventually landing in BYU's Department of Religion, I think it's safe to assume that I was raised in an ultra-neo-orthodox home.

I experienced my oddly high-pressured upbringing as my destiny. And what a wonderful destiny it was! Not only was I a member of God's kingdom on earth, but I was on the cutting edge, through the status of my father as a popular professor and lecturer, of the expanding church which revolved around his stirring advocacy of a personal Christ.

For the first thirty years of my life, I garnered the social privileges of being in what I thought to be, as did others, not just a family headed by a man with a special calling, but a morally superior family. My father taught over two thousand students per semester in his hey-day at BYU, and I was often looked upon as a sort of marvel-by-association. Popular, handsome, vigorous, Dad was the high priest of charismatic Mormonism from the mid-1970s to the mid-1980s. For many, his was an intoxicating mix of absolute truth, sexualized energy, and self-deprecating humor. But like the LDS church, and, I believe, like all charismatics of the funda-

mentalist bent, Dad's public persona couldn't match his private and family life which were distortions of the romanticized "Super Patriarch." Perhaps because of my intimate association with Dad, or maybe in spite of it, by 1976, when I was ninth-grade seminary president, I had already begun to carve out a psychic space where my life's experience smoldered in opposition to what I knew was supposed to be the correct experience, the experience publicly personified by my father.

Compartmentalizing, that is, keeping different understandings of the world separate from each other, is a common strategy, especially, it seems, for Mormons. To illustrate the phenomenon, consider the novels of Chaim Potok, two of which are *The Chosen* and *My Name Is Asher Lev.* These books are often considered by Mormons to be a moving account of orthodox (Hasidic to be exact) Jewish boys breaking from their religion and tradition in order to pursue a powerful, inner identity. But these books are only moving, for most Latter-day Saints, within the compartment of literature, or within the compartment of Jewish studies. Few seem to see the parallels with their own contemporary Mormon lives, and if they do, momentarily, such parallels are soon subsumed by an LDS imperative. If one is good at compartmentalizing, one doesn't have to acknowledge even the parallels, even though one can, in a way, appreciate the fictional experiences penned by Potok in a profound way.

As a literature major in college, I often remember reading stories that I related to on several different levels—James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* being one of them—and then immediately distancing myself from them personally, with the mental disclaimer that "*my* system, unlike the story's, is God's system"; and "how unfortunate that Joyce's autobiographical anti-hero didn't know about the Gospel"—that is the Gospel with a capital, Mormon "G."

Even with this rational process of compartmentalization, backed by a dense, albeit localized support system, I grew to loathe myself. Somewhere deep inside I knew that I was not a good Mormon, and therefore not a good person. Somewhere down there I knew that I was a pervert who even when he tried to sing hymns, like Elder Boyd Packer suggested, still masturbated, and did so with ever increasing frequency and skill. I sublimated every doubt I ever harbored about the gospel, sending them all to a dark bed of sorrow that eventually would turn to rage, and then back to self-loathing. There was no one with whom I felt I could share any of this. About the time I realized that the hymn "I Need Thee Every Hour" caused sexual arousal, I found solace and good times in intellectual pursuits. And it was there that more furiously than ever I began boxing in and out the experiences of life and the different ideologies that didn't fit the world view I had been born into and believed.

The downside of my efforts at compartmentalization eventually

caught up with me. My wife and I had been separated once before, but the morning after she and I decided to split for good I knew instinctively that my life was never going to be the same again. For the first time in my life, and yet still in the revelatory fashion of Mormonism, I felt the unconditional love of God warm me with the bracing message that it didn't matter to him if I was a good Mormon or not; that he didn't care so much what I believed but that I took responsibility for it and grew by it. "Don't be so hard on yourself," was the message that morning. "And please try not to fuck up again by denying your true self." Aside from the fact that I now knew that God sometimes uses the "f" word, I realized that the burden that was lifted from my heart that morning was not just that of a failed marriage, but the burden of keeping my dark side a secret.

On that updraft of spiritual assurance, I sat down and wrote to my father a letter that if I still had it, I would probably mat and frame, billing it my "manifesto." It was the most honest moment I think I'd ever had with my good father up to that point, and, perhaps more importantly, with his puzzling but powerful persona. In short, I told him that I was my own man; that my life was not to be guided and controlled any longer by the expectations of the church or of him; and that I would likely be crossing lines that I had lived within for my entire life.

A new life does in fact emerge out of the ashes of the old. I would like to think that I am a phoenix. But the operative word here is "new." In some ways the past three years have unlocked a childhood that had been lost to me earlier. I've had a sense of accelerated discovery that has been both thrilling and at times unnerving, both gratifying and dangerous. Many divorced men that I know temporarily go through something similar to what I did. But this abundant life has continued, in fact has intensified even more since I became involved with my current wife. My old life of coloring within the lines of the institutional church never returned, and I have never regretted it.

This is not to say that I have not experienced pain, and that I do not continue to mourn a great loss. I am no longer on the inside of family conversation which inevitably turns toward the codified terminology and assumptions of the Gospel with a capital, Mormon "G." Both my father and my mother who is a fierce defender of her husband as well as my siblings and my Latter-day Saint friends appear hurt by my new openness about the template of the church which, riveted in place over our lives, had suddenly appeared problematic to me, and a cause of much of my disillusionment with life, rather than its panacea, its sacred, untouched center. I touched that holy center with a sweaty, human hand, and it crumpled before me.

In my parents' mind, this story likely reads as the story of a child who has lost his testimony, who fell to the powers of Satan. They may

still view it as their job to wait patiently for me to return to their idea of the fold. It is my job to learn to live without their respect, which they cannot give me, at least publicly, and probably not privately since they seem sincere about their beliefs. This is my cross to bear, as it were. I try to appreciate their expressions of love to me even though so many of those expressions have hurt me in the past. Their love does not include respect for me and for my decisions in life.

In turn I like to think my parents appreciate my love for them, but what I think they need from me is conformity to the Gospel-with-a-capital-Mormon-"G" principles. Maybe I'm wrong. This is not something we can productively discuss together. For sure, both parties have been wounded by my decision to change the rules which we all lived by—at least on the surface—for many years.

The second seminal event in my spiritual life of late was my viewing of a play with Mormon themes and characters called *Angels in America.* As both a part-time theater critic and a full-time flight attendant for a major airline, I have the opportunity to see and sometimes review theater from all over the country and sometimes overseas. At the prompting of a theater critic from the *New York Times* who has been somewhat of a mentor to me, I flew to the National Theatre in London to see *Millennium Approaches,* the first part of Tony Kushner's seven-hour drama, subtitled *A Gay Fantasia on National Themes.*

The play is about two New York City couples, one gay and one Mormon—the latter, recently transplanted from Utah—who are both in crisis: the gay couple, because one of the men, Prior, is dying of AIDS, and the Mormon couple, because husband Joe, a lawyer in a federal court, is a closeted homosexual. It turns out that Prior's lover, Louis, who works in the same court as Joe, cannot face his lover's dying of AIDS and so with guilt abandons him. Eventually Louis hooks up with Joe, who is in the midst of dealing with his own troubled sexuality. Joe's wife, Harper, spends much of her time spiraling off into Valium-induced hallucinations, while Joe's alarmed mother, Hannah, who lives in Salt Lake City, sells her house and moves to New York to "save" her son from himself.

By the end of this wildly theatrical, often comical revisionist view of Ronald Reagan's America and the disaster of AIDS, Prior is himself hearing and seeing things—a golden book which drops out of the sky, and a haunting voice from beyond. At the end of the first half of *Angels in America,* Prior is writhing in delirium on his bed when an angel crashes through his ceiling, announcing that Prior is a prophet and that a great work is about to begin.

There I was, by myself in a London theater, experiencing Mormon characters and Mormon iconography in a play written by a Jewish agnos-

tic from Brooklyn. And I was captivated. In fact, as the small theater shook with deafening sounds, and the stage became littered with falling plaster and wires and the angel burst through the floor-to-ceiling backdrop, I wept. I didn't understand what I was feeling. I wondered if I could still love this thing that had hurt me so terribly.

The world had to wait for over a year before Mr. Kushner, in the second half of *Angels in America,* entitled *Perestroika,* would attempt to bring to closure what one critic would eventually call the "biggest cliffhanger in Broadway history." In this second half Mormonism plays an even greater role than in the first as the two couples, now split apart, pair up with others, Joe with Louis in sexual and ideological explorations; Harper with her mother-in-law, Hannah, who by now works in the LDS visitor's center near Lincoln Center; and Prior with both his nurse and friend Belize and, of course, the angel who, suspended in air, lectures him on his new role as prophet.

The Angel, hovering above Prior's bed, turns out to be neither angel of death nor eleventh-hour savior of the dying man, not a messenger of unification, but of stasis. It seems that God, tired of humanity's relentless impulse for change, left heaven on the day of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. The Angel has called the new prophet in hopes that he can undo the damage on earth, and convince the world to turn back, to stop moving so that God will return to Heaven and all will be well ... or at least as before. "HOBBLE YOURSELVES!" thunders the Angel, condemning the migration of people across the land. "There is no Zion Save Where You Are!"

A virtual-reality Urim and Thummin, a holy book, a visitor's center pioneer diorama which comes to life, heaven with a quorum of heavenly beings, and myriad other things all retreat into the mystical and theatrically-driven *Perestroika.* At one point Louis's guilt about leaving Prior finally gets to him and he talks about leaving Joe and returning to his forsaken lover. As they stand on the beach on a freezing winter afternoon, Joe undresses. "I'm flayed," he says peeling off the top of his temple garments, his religious "skin." "I could give up anything," he adds.

I will not tell you how *Angels in America* ends. But I can tell you that my response to it after seeing three different versions of it, from London to Los Angeles, was revelatory.[1] My identity as a Mormon, once completely fused to that of my family which was in turn fused to the church and all its effects, was beginning to come into its own. Separated from the cloying dogma of a family, church, and culture all rolled indistinguishably into one mass, I could finally resonate with my heritage and my be-

1. The show was subsequently staged by the Salt Lake Acting Company in its 1995-96 season, directed by Nancy Borgenicht and Allen Nevins. See my article, "'Angels' in Utah," *American Theatre Magazine,* Mar. 1996, 49.

lief. I believe that, as with the laws of physics, one has to maintain a distance from something if he or she is going to resonate with it.

For me, it took a Jewish playwright to snap Mormonism off its self-important stem and position it on the playing field of the world next to sexual politics, American law, the gay aesthetic, disease, drug abuse, hallucinations, and mystical experience. Suddenly the angel Moroni, albeit a postmodern, female version of the angel Moroni, was grappling—literally as well as figuratively—with everything warm-blooded, human, and real in my life and the lives of nearly every American. And so were Joe, and Harper, and Joe's mother Hannah. These were real Mormons, like me. Torn, confused, passionate and spiritual, sexual, judgmental, judged, myopic, visionary, weak and strong.

And too, even though the politics of the LDS church are disparaged by Kushner in his play, I was proud of Mormonism—its tradition of golden books, and angels, of pioneer treks across the plains, of Mormon mothers who just might leave their homes in Zion to mid-wife the approaching Millennium with all its requisite fear and promise.

Angels in America helped me to understand that I was more Mormon than ever before, but that distinctions were slowly forming that would eventually be reflected in the way I talked about Mormonism. *Active* members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were suddenly just a segment, in fact far less than 50 percent of the subculture known as Mormons. Mormonism cuts the widest swath possible, embracing orthodox, neo-orthodox, RLDS, active, less active, inactive, liberal, reform-oriented, dissident, anti, fundamentalist, Latter-day Sometimes Saint (to use Carolyn Campbell's phrase), and, yes, even Jack.

To tell someone—a homosexual, a "so-called" scholar, a feminist, or others—that they are not Mormon because they do not "preach the orthodox religion" is like telling a Jew that she is no longer a Jew because she has acquired a taste for pork. In this sense Harold Bloom is right when in *The American Religion* he says that Mormons are not just a sect, but a race of people.

One day while I was working as a flight attendant on a flight from Salt Lake to Portland, Oregon, I served a man whom I thought I recognized. When I asked how I might know him, he asked if I was a member of the church. I automatically said yes. He identified himself as Ted E. Brewerton, a seventy, in the church hierarchy. Three rows later I thought to myself that I wished I had said to Elder Brewerton that I was a Mormon, but that my membership in "the church" had become irrelevant. I ended up writing that sentiment in a letter to the general authority and received a kindly response, but that in itself is another story.

Another general authority figures in my third and final seminal moment of my spiritual life for the past three years. But first, I need to digress.

My current wife is Episcopalian. I met Cheryl on my mission when I was living an hour north of Portland, Maine, in the tiny lakeside village of Raymond which is most famous for the boyhood home of another soul addled by religious fundamentalism, Nathaniel Hawthorne. How Cheryl and I hooked up together after my mission and marriage to my first wife is yet another story. But the point is that Cheryl belongs to St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Salt Lake, and I attend with her relatively often. In fact, sometimes I attend without her. St. Paul's became a resting point for me when I had no one from my own church whom I could talk to. That is the travesty of those who find themselves coloring outside LDS lines which have for the past several years become more and more precise and closer and closer together: there is no ecclesiastical chute or ladder available to non-mainstream Latter-day Saints except what some have euphemistically called "Courts of Love," especially if one takes one's box of Crayolas over the line, as I did, willingly and without regret.

St. Paul's was different from the LDS wards and stakes that I had experienced. The way I see it, the point at which Episcopalianism touches the individual is as interpretive and broad, as inclusive and abstract as its services are ritualistic and formal—in short, liturgical. The clergy and people of St. Paul's were not interested in proselyting a Mormon in crisis. The priests, however, did spend relatively long hours, sometimes at my panicked moments late at night, counseling with me not as a potential convert, but as a Mormon.

A number of things at St. Paul's were shockingly different from my ward experience. For example, during the mass one day, the congregation *celebrated* the life of a pacifist Episcopalian bishop from Salt Lake who years earlier was terminated as such because he had opposed World War I. Furthermore, though affiliated with a national church, St. Paul's has extraordinary autonomy. Given that the largest number of signers of the Declaration of Independence were Anglican, of which the American Episcopal Church is a descendent, the political structure of the church had in fact served as a democratic model for the U.S. government. Needless to say, my first year at St. Paul's prompted me to resonate with a recognition coded by some of my gay friends using the line from *The Wizard of Oz:* "Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

We certainly were not in Mormonism anymore, and, to be true, I fell in love with the religion and considered formally joining. But I couldn't. In the fashion of Sterling McMurrin, the self-proclaimed pious heretic, I was too much a Mormon and would probably remain one forever. But I did attend St. Paul's, and one Sunday morning shortly after the Septem-

ber purges of 1993, I attended the 8:00 a.m. mass by myself. God does move in mysterious ways, I believe, for as I sat listening to announcements before communion, I learned that John Fowler, an LDS general authority, would be speaking at the Rector's Forum immediately after the service, and that he had agreed to entertain questions about the recent excommunications of LDS intellectuals which, at the time, I had found especially infuriating.

I went to the forum, my heart pounding. I was about to kiss the monster on the nose. Elder Fowler was a young, kind, generous man who made it through one other question before I asked mine. My voice cracked under the emotion of telling him that I had never before been so embarrassed in my life to be a Mormon. The parish hall, where the meeting was taking place, seemed to be completely still. I spoke for a few minutes, reminding him of what I loved about the church and what was now discouraging to me. For the first time I was having a conversation with a representative of the LDS church hierarchy in front of an audience of non-Mormons.

Though Elder Fowler gave me the party line about the authority of the LDS church resting in three and twelve men respectively, the moment was a powerful reminder of the necessity of the individual to speak freely, to be willing to publicly dissent from the church and the church authorities. I was also struck with how, being in an open, public forum, the exchange with Elder Fowler—with an audience of non-believers in the Gospel with a capital Mormon "G"—was different. There was no subtext of shame. There was no True Believer grit jamming the conversational joints. Understanding was the primary concern, not strong-arming, not intimidation, not scorn. There was no condescension. It was wonderful.

Afterwards we talked frankly with each other in low voices, while the milling, coffee-indulging crowd looked on. He told me that I could think or believe or not believe anything I wanted to about the church and its policies—anything at all—but he advised me not to go public with it. I assured him that I most assuredly would go public, hopefully with the kindness and compassion that he had shown me in front of a bunch of very curious Episcopalians.

I know from these three moments that I must never again feel intimidated by LDS dogma and what has tragically become its oppressive brokers. Both my manifesto to my father and the public act of *Angels in America* created a critical distance for me from the LDS church. My marriage to an Episcopalian also created blessed breathing room so that I could stand back and assess my religion and faith from a different vantage point. The corporate LDS church will respond to our voices and

opinions only IF there is a public audience such as there was at St. Paul's during the Rector's Forum. I am convinced that Elder Fowler would not have agreed to speak at such a gathering had he and his superiors not felt that it would be an opportunity to buttress the public image of the church.

Perhaps we should track down the brethren in their various ecumenical duties just as they, reportedly, have tracked others down through the Strengthening Church Members committee. As a theater critic, I know how much a stage set can detract from or enhance a play. What would seem to many as an innocuous space—the Parish Hall at St. Paul's—with a crucifix at one end of the hall and a steaming coffee pot near the other can make a big difference when trying to communicate with an LDS church official.

Mormons are demographically, ideologically, and otherwise very different from one another. Some have one wife; others have more than one; some ordain women to the priesthood; others do not. Even within the LDS church membership, Mormons differ from each other. Some believe in the infallibility of the prophets and apostles; some claim that they don't but act as if they do; some are pro-choice; some are pro-life; some suck down an occasional beer; others find Diet Coke offensive; some wear the temple garment so faithfully that they only take sponge baths (or so I'm told); while others wear them at their convenience; some have been excommunicated; some have not. But with few exceptions Mormons within the LDS church are different *in silence.*

"Some day they would be strong enough to afford dissenters," says the narrator of Maurine Whipple's *The Giant Joshua,* referring to the fledgling new movement of Mormonism. "—[But] now salvation lay only in complete and disciplined togetherness. 'Except ye are one, ye are not mine.'" I would like to suggest that perhaps unlike the Mormons in the late nineteenth century, we can afford dissenters today. It's time. And whether the church hierarchy officially acknowledges such Mormons and their varied responses to their tradition and faith will become increasingly immaterial.

It seems that the general authorities must maintain the illusion of conformity among its members and among its upper quorums if they are to maintain control of the church, of Mormonism, and more importantly of their public images. Resistance to that control, public resistance, is required, even if it doesn't seem to make a difference at the time. I believe some day that it will make a difference and in a magnitude that, like the stunningly sudden deflation of the Soviet Union, will astonish and frighten us. "Never doubt that a small group," said anthropologist Margaret Mead, "of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has."

I for one am not as interested in changing the corporate church as I am in exploding the notion of what it means to be Mormon. There is a difference between being a Mormon and a member of the LDS church; the former embraces the latter. But I also feel that because the church is very sensitive to the public persona of Latter-day Saints as a people, that ecclesiastical reform will undoubtedly follow those Mormons who live their lives abundantly and honestly, with a firm conviction that the religious life is a negotiation between people and between the individual and his or her God, and that the Gospel with a capital Mormon "G" is just one party to the talks.

Postscript: 1997

Resigning one's membership in the LDS church is about giving up control, the same control that dissident Mormons have been asking the church to relinquish. In December 1996, when I initiated my own resignation (the beginning of a maddeningly protracted action that has still to be completed), I realized that I was giving up control of my public image to people who had mattered to me for my entire life, including my family. I didn't know if I was doing the right thing. I still don't know if I've done the right thing. It was an act of faith for me, an act approached with some trembling and the hope that my resignation was motivated by love—to myself and to the religion of my childhood and the tradition of my choice.

For many, the LDS church is a social system which fuses the souls of its members to their families and then to its own corporate entity animated by strict obedience to authority. That is why, for all the years that I was a Latter-day Saint, I felt personally diminished whenever the church was publicly diminished by detractors, many of whom, I suppose, are not unlike I am now. I had no soul except that of my family/church—which was one and the same thing. That is why I could not leave until recently. One doesn't volunteer to abandon one's soul.

After years of struggling with this volatile fusion of individual/family/church, it came to me one day, very simply, and in a raw but hallowed space I had eked out for what I hoped would be the re-emergence of my soul, that I was not rejecting my family, my heritage, or my Mormon-ness by formally leaving the church. My resignation was what it was: a protest over the vaulting fundamentalism and rampant fear that, in my view, has turned a valid church of Jesus Christ into little more than a totalitarian system.

What is left for me after resigning from the church is Mormon ethnicity, an idea that only an agnostic infatuee of Joseph Smith at Yale University seems to be taking seriously right now. What does an ethnic

Mormon do? Like ethnic Judaism, I suppose, it's all up for grabs, which portends real problems, one of which is that no one has control—or, rather, the seeming control—over how society perceives Mormonism. Personally I have found that having left the church I am now free to find my own way to love my family. I have also found that in my new space I have learned to value and even emulate the many personal qualities of my parents whose personnae, now liberated from the fusion of individual/family/church, are free to reflect other light from other sources and from other angles.

Finally, if an ethnic Mormon is a writer, as I fancy myself, then he or she writes about what it means to be a Mormon for the purposes of "outing" his or her people into the larger society, much as Chaim Potok outed the Hasidim through his coming-of-age novels. The ethnic Mormon who writes believes that his or her people need to be a part of the conversation that the rest of the world routinely participates in. Why? Because they are human beings ... who happen to be Mormon.


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"But They Didn't Win": Politics and Integrity

Ross C. Anderson

"WHY WOULD YOU EVER WANT TO GET INVOLVED in politics? Politicians are nothing but self-serving sleazeballs who will do anything to win. Nothing's ever going to change that!"

That was the sort of wisdom I received from many friends and acquaintances about two years ago, when I was deciding if I should seek the Democratic nomination for U.S. Representative in Utah's Second Congressional District in 1996.

CYNICISM VS. ACTIVISM

These were people who had my best interests at heart. They knew I had never before entered the political arena and wanted to disabuse me of my "naive" view that politics is an honorable calling. I was cautioned that integrity in politics occurs too rarely to justify becoming involved.

Although I was heartened by their concern for *me,* I was disheartened by their cynicism about electoral politics—and by their cynicism about their own politics. After all, such cynicism (and fatalism) often leads to apathy: "It won't make any difference; *why* should *I* care?" often evolves into "I really *don't* give a damn."

On a personal level, politics is one's own approach to public affairs. It is an application of our values—ethical, spiritual, and humanitarian—to the issues of how we should treat each other and what role our communities and governments should play. Unfortunately, the view of many, if not most, toward public affairs is basically, "Let the self-serving keep ahold of the reins, because that's what happens anyway—no matter how we would like it to be different and no matter what we might do to change things."

I have never been able to see it that way—as much as I might try when I get discouraged. Instead, I believe that each of us is an important

moral actor, with the responsibility—an unavoidable duty—to make things better.

There is no way out. Just as the person witnessing a rape should do whatever possible to stop it, and just as a person with access to food should feed a starving child, so too do each of us bear a moral imperative to help prevent wrongdoing and promote good. Our apathy ("I don't *care* what happens to the homeless"), our ignorance ("We didn't *know* our country was sponsoring death squads in Central America"), our failure or refusal to take action in the face of wrong-doing ("I *am* upset that the factory's pollution is causing cancer, but I *can't* break away to *do* anything about it") make us participants in the wrong-doing. We meet our moral responsibility only by saying "No" to wrongdoing and taking action to defeat it.

Although I had found ways to serve my community, I wanted to do more. I hoped to get in a position where I could more effectively work to end the corrupt influence of money in our political system, to help tap the potential of children who are otherwise destined to fail in our public schools, to fight for the elimination of the waste in paying billions of dollars in interest on our nation's debt, and to work to protect our environment and open lands against the forces of short-term greed and exploitation.

That's why I chose to run for Congress.

Politics-as-Usual

What comes to mind when we think about electoral politics and politicians? All too often we picture men and women who will abandon principle in the pursuit of victory, listening not to their consciences but to what pollsters tell them they must say and do to get elected. We recall politicians mud-slinging and lying about their opponents. We assume that hotly-contested elections must entail deception and dirty tricks. And we know the media distorts and simplifies to a point where the public frequently doesn't know whom or what to believe. I saw all of that, and more, during my race for Congress.

The Pollster's Profile

When I explored with others the prospect of running for Congress, I was surprised at the resistance by several political insiders who, I had thought, shared many of the views I held. Several Democrats tried to convince me not to run for office, saying I was "too liberal." When I asked what they meant, I was told, "You know, your involvement with the American Civil Liberties Union, your opposition to U.S. policy in Nic-

aragua in the 1980s, and your opposition to the death penalty."

I was astounded. "You mean that someone who has fought for years, on his own time, for the protection of civil liberties and human rights is unfit to run for office as a Democrat because he is 'too liberal'? And opposition to the death penalty, particularly when it is applied in such a discriminatory fashion against the poor and uneducated, disqualifies someone from running for office because he is 'too liberal'?"

Unmoved, these Democrats replied that a Brigham Young University professor, following the routing of Democrats in the 1994 election, had told them that the only Democrat who could win the Second Congressional District would be a "white, male, conservative Mormon." Hearing that made me more determined than ever. Democratic "leaders" were making race, gender, "conservatism," and religion the criteria for their candidate!

Groveling to Win

During the primary election, I was repeatedly told by leaders of the Democratic party that I would be defeated if I expressed certain controversial views, such as my opposition to the death penalty, my support for equal rights for people regardless of sexual orientation, and my support of a woman's right to choose whether to have an abortion in the early stages of pregnancy. The message was that I should avoid answering questions about those issues or that I should say something other than what I really believed.

After a televised debate, my opponent in the primary election opined that my opposition to the latest federal gay-bashing legislation, draped with the high-minded-sounding title "Defense of Marriage Act," would, by itself, guarantee my defeat in the general election. Later I asked if he didn't think that caving in to attacks on our gay brothers and lesbian sisters wasn't like politicians in the old South who profited politically from their bigotry against African Americans. "Don't you admire those who stood up for the civil rights of African Americans, even when it was an unpopular thing to do?" I asked.

"But *they* didn't win elections," he responded.

With that comment I was newly energized to make certain my opponent would lose. Although he wore his religion prominently on his sleeve during the campaign, I was convinced his positions on issues would shift according to the political winds, just as he had changed his position on abortion after having been one of the most rigid anti-choicers in the Utah State Legislature. For me, he represented everything I had learned to suspect in so many of those who covet elected political

office.

My experience with political opportunism was not to end with my victory in the Democratic primary election. My Republican opponent in the general election, Merrill Cook, made my opponent in the primary look like an amateur when it came to such flip-flopping. There can be little doubt that his pollsters and handlers led him by the hand, defining for him what issues he would address and what his positions would be.

He promised in July that he would not make an issue of same-sex marriage (see *Salt Lake Tribune*, 9 July 1996), yet by October that issue formed the heart of his campaign against me. Two years earlier he had said that, as an independent, he "wouldn't go back to the Republicans for $10 million" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 19 June 1996, quoting a remark made in 1994; see also *Deseret News*, 8 Jan. 1994). By 1996, when he realized he could not be elected without running on the ticket of one of the two major political parties, he rejoined the Republicans and announced that he was "delighted to be the nominee of the Republican party" (KRCL Radio interview, 21 Aug. 1996). In 1992 he called Utah governor Michael Leavitt "a sanctimonious phony," who was "an insider and 'good ol' boy' handpicked by [former governor Norman] Bangerter and the GOP machine" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 17 Oct. 1992; A.P. news release, 15 Oct. 1992). Yet in 1996 he identified himself as a friend of Governor Leavitt, thereby riding the wave of the governor's considerable popularity.

When he ran for Utah governor in 1992, he advocated "creation of a state health-insurance fund as an alternative to private insurers" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 13 Aug. 1992). However, in a debate before the Utah Association of Health Insurance Underwriters on 10 September 1996, he advocated just the opposite: "I think if we lose fee for service in this country ... the opportunity to buy insurance from private companies, the opportunity to sit down with an agent and talk about what coverage can best be tailored to our own needs and those of our families, that's what's so wonderful about the American system ..." He similarly flip-flipped his positions on gun control,[1] school vouchers,[2] the future of the U.S.

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1. *Compare Salt Lake Tribune*, 22 Feb. 1994 (supported a five-day waiting period to buy a gun); *Salt Lake Tribune*, 6 Oct. 1994 (would have voted for the Brady Bill); and *Salt Lake Tribune*, 6 Oct. 1996 (would not support the repeal of, or any changes to, the Brady Bill or the federal ban on assault weapons); *with* KTKK Radio debate, 12 July 1996 ("I'm against the provisions of the Brady Bill that require waiting periods") and *American Gun Review* 1996 interview ("I would have voted for the repeal of the assault weapons ban").

2. *Compare Salt Lake Tribune*, 31 May 1992 (opposes school vouchers, saying they "would cause low-income families to subsidize wealthy families' use of private schools"), *with* option chosen by Merrill Cook on Project Vote Smart Questionnaire, 1996 (advocating vouchers for public, private, and religious schools).

Department of Education,[3] the Republican Contract with America,[4] and even on abortion, jumping from pro- to anti-choice.[5] These changes certainly made our debates interesting, for I never knew just *which* opponent I would be facing from day to day.

Among my opponent's supporters, with or without his knowledge, dirty tricks also became the norm.[6] For instance, within a few weeks of the election, after one poll showed us to be in a dead heat, flyers on pink paper were plastered around downtown Salt Lake City, at bus stops, on telephone poles, on newspaper stands, and in the lobbies of office buildings. The color of the flyers was, of course, significant, just as the pink color of Richard Nixon's flyers during his 1950 race against Helen Gahagan Douglas was significant. However, whereas Nixon had intended to imply that Ms. Douglas was a "pinko," the color of the flyers against me was intended to imply something altogether different. The flyers read:

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3. *Compare* literature distributed by the Cook for Congress Campaign during the general election in 1996 ("[s]upports eliminating the federal Department of Education"); *Deseret News*, 29 Apr. 1996 ("would dismantle the federal department[] of education"); and option chosen by Merrill Cook on Project Vote Smart Questionnaire, 1996 ("Eliminate the Department of Education"), *with* League of Women Voters/American Association of Retired Persons debate, 30 Sept. 1996 ("I have not called for the elimination of the Department [of Education]").

4. He changed his stance with his change in party affiliation. In 1994, when he was running as an independent, he was reported to have said, "[I]t's crazy to believe the Republican 'Contract With America'" (*Deseret News*, 4 Nov. 1994), and that "the GOP contract will result in soaring deficits in years to come" (*Deseret News*, 22 Oct. 1994). However, he bragged in 1996 that "I was contract before the contract was cool" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 26 June 1996).

5. In 1992 he opposed the prohibition of abortion, labeling Governor Leavitt as an "extremist" against abortion rights (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 10 Sept. 1992). At that time he unequivocally supported the basic right to elective abortion (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 13 Sept. 1992), and, again, in 1994 he stated: "I've supported the Casey law [affirming the right to abortion under *Roe v. Wade*] year after year" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 5 Nov. 1994). Yet, in 1996, he maintained that he's "always been anti-abortion" (*Deseret News*, 14 June 1996), and that he favored an anti-abortion amendment to the Constitution (ibid.). Even his opponent in the Republican primary election observed that "Cook has been flexible on abortion rights, sometimes playing to one side, sometimes to the other" (*Deseret News*, 14 June 1996).

6. Unfortunately my campaign was not completely innocent of dirty tricks. Although I constantly emphasized to everyone on my campaign that dirty tricks would not be tolerated, one of my campaign workers stuffed a straw-poll ballot box at the Salt Lake County Democratic Convention. I was mortified. I had been campaigning on a theme of "No More Politics-as-Usual," yet one of my campaign workers decided instead to follow the Chicago political maxim, "Vote Early, and Vote Often." The dilemma I faced at the time was what to do with the campaign worker. My first impulse was to fire him. However, upon reflection I realized that, outside of politics, I would normally give a second chance to someone who expressed remorse and promised not to engage in wrong-doing again. I chose not to fire my campaign worker, for which I took a beating from my opponent and the press. To this day I believe I made the right decision.

UTAH GAY & LESBIANS UNITE
WE HAVE A VOICE
ROSS ANDERSON
FOR CONGRESS
PRO ABORTION!
PRO ACLU!
PRO GAY CLUBS IN SCHOOLS!
PRO MORE GUN CONTROL
ANTI DEATH PENALTY!
UTAH GAY AND LESBIAN FOR ANDERSON COMMITTEE

Of course, there was no such thing as a "Utah Gay and Lesbian for Anderson Committee." The flyer, like so much else I saw during the campaign, was a fraud, obviously intended to exploit people's prejudices.

On election day a fax went out from an unknown telephone number, with large photographs of Jan Graham (Utah's Democratic Attorney General) and Merrill Cook, along with their campaign logos. Next to Graham's photograph, in quotation marks, was a fictitious endorsement of Cook for Congress. At the bottom was a listing of the equally-fictitious "sponsor" of the fax: "Democrats for Responsible Leadership."

At times I wondered if there was nothing my opponent and his supporters wouldn't do. Then something else would come along that would be even more outrageous. All just to win an election.

Freedom of the Press: To Simplify and Distort?

Labels such as "liberal" and "conservative" are superficial and misleading. I believed that, in order to get beyond being labelled a "liberal," all I had to do was communicate who I am, what motivates me, and how I would help make this a better nation if elected. With a free and fair press, reporting responsibly on the vital issues, I would have been right. However, I was dead wrong. As I soon discovered, the media was far more interested in sensational, divisive issues—particularly those having no place in the U.S. Congress, like same-sex marriage.

Throughout the campaign I consistently spoke out on the need for preschool opportunities for economically-disadvantaged children. Nary a word on that appeared in the media. I spoke often of the need to address important public health issues, including environmental and dietary influences on the rapidly-increasing incidence of breast cancer in the U.S. Again, silence in the media. I spoke many times of the effects on the poor and the middle class of our country's huge interest payments on the federal debt, and how that debt came about. The media ignored these

and other issues, central to my campaign, to focus instead on how my position on same-sex marriage was going to affect me politically, particularly since my views differed from the official position of the LDS church.

The betrayal of the media's noble role by its obsession with the sensational is compounded by its unwillingness to scratch the surface of difficult issues. Subtlety—or complexity—of thought seems to be too much for the media. If it's not black or white, yea or nay, liberal or conservative, it's too complex for most reporters or their editors. So what do they do? They force gray into black—or else label one a "waffler" if the answer to a question is not a simple "yes" or "no."

Early in the primary election campaign, I was asked if I would support the so-called "Defense of Marriage Act." That bill (which has since passed Congress) purports to allow each state to disregard same-sex marriages performed in states that may recognize such marriages. I responded that such legislation was disgraceful election-year pandering. That sort of legislation has no place in the U.S. Congress; matters involving marriage have always been uniquely suited for the states and the courts to determine. The primary provisions of the bill likely violate the Full Faith and Credit Clause of the U.S. Constitution. Also, and perhaps most important, the bill was clearly no more than a political maneuver to prey on misunderstanding and bigotry involving sexual orientation.

Later in the campaign I was asked if I supported the concept of same-sex marriages. I replied that I believe that everyone should have the equal protection of the law, regardless of race, gender, or sexual orientation. I added that gays and lesbians should be able to live their lives with partners and be afforded the same dignity and legal protections as everyone else enjoys. Finally I urged my listeners to treat all people with love, respect, and understanding, regardless of their sexual orientation.

At that point the media went nuts. So did many Democratic candidates who were afraid they would be painted with the "liberal" brush because they were in the same party as that "pro-gay" Anderson. The headlines blared, "Anderson's Stands Split Utah Demos" and "Stance on Same-sex Marriage Is Likely to Handicap Anderson."

I had made the "mistake" of trying to deal with the complexities of the question. More was at issue than simply favoring or opposing same-sex marriage. I expressed my hope that some day gay and lesbian couples would be able to live in peace and harmony in our communities. But, as with the major national gay and lesbian advocacy organizations, I believed that this issue was not amenable to a political solution—at least at this point in time. I believed that on an issue such as this, where the institution of marriage was involved, there needed to be more discussion and consensus-building. Although I wanted to help lead toward change, I reiterated often that I did not believe it would be appropriate for a con-

gressional representative to force a change like this on his or her constituents, particularly when most of them disagree, when the issue is not ripe for a political solution, and when the matter should not be before the U.S. Congress in the first place.

Those were the considerations I tried to make clear to the media. I even wrote a lengthy press release explaining my views on the issue, noting that, as a member of Congress, I would not vote for same-sex marriage unless my constituents wanted me to. But, instead of recognizing and treating the complexities of the matter, some members of the press treated my position as "waffling" because I had not offered a simple "yes" or "no" answer. Although one newspaper attempted to treat the matter accurately, with the headline, "Anderson Clarifies Stand on Same-Sex Unions" (*Deseret News*, 9 July 1996), another chose to simplify my position, with headlines like "Anderson: I'll Put Aside Support for Gay Marriage" and "Issue Explodes in Anderson's Face" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 9 July 1996). The former newspaper quoted a representative of the gay and lesbian community as saying, "Ross has been incredibly consistent in his support of everyone's rights under the Constitution" (*Deseret News*, 9 July 1996); the latter quoted a gay man (who, ironically, had been an apologist for President Clinton's promise to sign the Defense of Marriage Act) as accusing me of having "flip-flopped" and "trying to backpedal" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 9 July 1996). In fact, I was simply guilty of dealing with a number of complex issues that led me to advocate the eventual recognition of same-sex marriage, while also stating that, under present circumstances, I would not vote for federal legislation requiring states to permit such marriages.

The inescapable fact is that, although "moderates" are the generally favored breed of politician, the media insist on forcing candidates into one of two extreme camps. You're either pro-same-sex marriage or against; pro-gun or anti-gun; pro-abortion or anti-abortion; pro-welfare or anti-welfare; liberal or conservative. Don't bother with subtle distinctions.[7] When the press treats the issues, and candidates' positions, in such a superficial, misleading manner, so naturally do readers.

Such reporting fits hand in glove with those politicians who exploit superficiality and deception for their own political advantage. For instance, apparently before his pollsters and handlers told him what a great "wedge issue" same-sex marriage would be, and how he could exploit what the press had already begun, my opponent in the general election was quoted as promising, "'We are not going to go out and campaign on

7. During the campaign I drafted a paper that emphasized the importance of getting past the easy, yet false, categorizations of "liberal" and "conservative" and trying to identify and address the tremendous common ground we all have. None of this was ever reported in, nor apparently ever understood by, the media.

that issue' of same-sex marriage" (*Salt Lake Tribune*, 9 July 1996). However, he later made the issue the mainstay of his campaign. On television his ads blared: "Do you support same-sex marriage? Ross Anderson says, 'Yes.' Merrill Cook says, 'No.' He'll continue to uphold Utah's traditional family values and make sure they're represented in Washington." And in his campaign literature and newspaper advertisements, he insisted that I had "promis[ed] to support same-sex marriage legislation."

Once again, by first getting it wrong through superficial and erroneous reporting, and by letting negative ads set the agenda for "news" accounts, the media, exploited by an ambitious politician, contributed to the politics of deceit.

Politics-as-*Unusual*

Harry S. Truman, in his plain-spoken way, made the following, frequently-quoted comment about the environment of politicians: "My choice early in life was either to be a piano player in a whorehouse or a politician. And to tell the truth, there's hardly any difference."

However, politicians do not have to abandon their values or principles, and politics does not have to be a den of iniquity. There is perhaps no greater calling than public service, and no higher service than to lead in a manner that is honest, competent, and compassionate. Cynicism often blinds us to the fact that there are significant opportunities to serve our fellow men and women, and numerous examples of courageous, sincere, and ethical political leaders who have done much in the service of others.

However, to serve in a significant, moral way, we need not enter the "political" world. In fact, not much would get done if we all were involved in that world. In terms of our contributions to others, the real questions for each of us are What is our role? and How will we serve?

Activism and Integrity

Addressing the Massachusetts State Legislature in 1961, John F. Kennedy spoke of the obligations of public servants:

> [W]hen at some future date the high court of history sits in judgment on each of us, recording whether in our brief span of service we fulfilled our responsibilities to the state, our success or failure, in whatever office we hold, will be measured by the answers to four questions: First, were we truly men of courage ... Second, were we truly men of judgment ... Third, were we truly men of integrity ... Finally, were we truly men of dedication?

Those four questions, rephrased to include women, apply to each of

us, regardless of where we serve. Inasmuch as we all have moral responsibilities to fulfill, our success or failure as members of our communities—our families, our neighborhoods, our schools and workplaces, our professions and occupations, our towns or cities, our states, our nation, and our world—will be measured by our courage, our judgment, our integrity, and our dedication. By demonstrating the best of those attributes, we will choose committed activism and service over cynicism and apathy. And we will make a difference, each in our own way.

Although I saw plenty of dishonesty, moral abdication, and self-serving opportunism during my venture into electoral politics, I have also known moral giants, whose lives serve as models to those who know them, or know of them. Some of these people are well known; most are not. I will mention just two of the many people who have provided great inspiration to me and whose lives have reflected tremendous courage, judgment, integrity, and dedication.

Frank E. "Ted" Moss served in the U.S. Senate for eighteen years. The "high court of history" has already judged him as being among the greatest of public servants known to our country. He never played it safe; he saw wrongs and vigorously set about righting them. During the days when our country was first becoming aware of many environmental problems, Senator Moss led the fight against air and water pollution. He was the Senate's foremost conservationist and leading consumer advocate. He was an ardent champion of civil rights, and fought effectively to protect the interests of vulnerable children and senior citizens. His private values were his public values, never backing off from principle for the sake of politics. Senator Moss's valiant service has been summarized as follows:

> Moss believed government service to be both a high privilege and a public trust. He realized his lifelong dream to improve the quality of life for the citizens of Utah and the nation, and in so doing proved himself to be among the greatest ever to serve in the U.S. Congress.[8]

Suzanne Weiss has known—and demonstrated—for many years that excellent early education is crucial for productive, satisfying, law-abiding lives. More than twenty-five years ago, she saw the injustice of perpetuating poverty through inferior education for economically-disadvantaged children. As Executive Director of Guadalupe Schools, she has devoted her life since then to providing extraordinary educational opportunities for thousands of children in Salt Lake City who were otherwise destined for failure in our public schools—and who were, therefore, des-

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8. Val J. Halamandaris, ed., *Heroes of the U.S. Congress* (Washington, D.C.: Caring Publishing, 1994), 128.

tined for lifetimes of poverty. Although she considers herself to be "apolitical," nothing could be further from the truth. In the sense that we each have our own politics—our own approach to public affairs—Suzanne is a tremendously courageous, successful "politician." By switching students from a track of educational failure, poverty, and crime to one of literacy, success, and, perhaps most important, social responsibility, she has altered our community for the better in ways that we can never fully comprehend. Her work in the service of individuals, their families, and our community has been the actualization of her personal values—making for a life of extraordinary dedication to serve those most in need.

Our communities, our nation, and our world need Ted Mosses to lead in setting rational, humane public policy and Suzanne Weisses to accomplish good works. We cannot educate our children well if public policy does not support our schools; yet, without great teachers, all the good policy in the world will not make any difference in our children's lives. And all the best education will not make much difference if our children do not have nurturing homes and safe neighborhoods. We all play vital roles in the well-being of our brothers and sisters—in our homes, our communities, our nation, and throughout the world. Once we realize our responsibility to serve, we can assess what needs to be done, what we can do, and how to go about doing it. Then we can do it honestly, well, and with good cheer.

Teaching Our Children Well

From the nihilism rampant in an age of unfulfilling consumerism and narcissism, we should have figured out by now that the happiness we want for ourselves and our children will not come from lives of self-indulgence. Satisfaction comes from involvement, honesty in our relationships with one another, and service. It's good to speak to our children about these things, but the only way to teach these values is to live them ourselves and be models for those who follow us.

Although study and life experiences have added some subtlety to my philosophical views and ethical judgments, the fundamentals are rooted in my childhood: learning to pray at my mother's knee for the underprivileged; a *Children's Friend* story about standing up for what we know to be right against the taunts of others; and my father's remarkable example as a role model through his consistently generous, gracious, and honest dealings with every person who crossed his path.

After moving from Logan to Salt Lake City at age seven, I began the third grade at Morningside Elementary School. My most vivid memory of that time is going with my mother to a meeting with the principal, Dr. John Fitzgerald, before the school year started. Dr. Fitzgerald radiated a

warmth and sincerity that I had seldom experienced. Without being preachy or talking down to me, he spoke from his heart about the Golden Rule and how it provides wonderful guidance in our dealings with others. That discussion was worth a thousand Sunday school lessons—and certainly has had greater impact on my views (and, I hope, my conduct) than the many hours spent during college and, since, reading about religious, political, and ethical theory.

We each are in large measure the products of our childhood experiences and the influence of adults we admired. If we can keep that in mind whenever we have any contact with children—our own or others'—we will contribute a great deal to them by providing examples of committed adults, involved in our communities, doing our best to serve. By setting that example, we also serve the future.

Making a Difference

Integrity in politics is simply a component of integrity in one's life. Integrity is wholeness, honesty, and dedication to what is right. There can be no integrity without a commitment to honesty in assessing moral choices, to action, and to service. Yet there is no single formula for a life of integrity. There are those who recognize the serious harm we are causing our planet and who act to reverse the damage. There are those who know what a difference education makes in the quality of lives and communities, and who dedicate themselves to being exemplary teachers. There are those who know that genocide and other human rights violations occur around the world, and who take some action—perhaps simply making contributions to relief agencies or supporting political action—to ease the suffering. By their *actions*, they demonstrate integrity—a wholeness of their personal values and the manner in which they live their lives.

In politics, as in every other facet of life, we must ask what it really means to "win." Do racists, sexists, homophobes, and other bigots who win elections "win"? Do those who lie to win elections "win"? Do those who win elections simply by trying to fit what pollsters say is a "winning profile" "win"?

The true winners are those who earnestly seek the truth about moral choices and then *act* on those choices in the service of others. Those are the women and men who provide real leadership and inspiration—and who make a difference on our small planet during our short lives. And they are the people, whether engaged in electoral politics or their own personal politics, who prove that politics need *never* be "as usual." They demonstrate through their values and actions that good people can indeed make our world a better place.

A Response

Merrill Cook

THE EDITORS OF *DIALOGUE: A Journal of Mormon Thought* graciously invited me to write about Utah's 1996 Second District Congressional race after deciding to publish an essay by my opponent, Ross C. Anderson. I am grateful, and frankly a little intimidated, by the chance to write for a journal I have always admired. But I hesitate to dissect the 1996 race again. I read Mr. Anderson's essay with great interest. It was very well written and left me with a renewed respect for his intellect. I disagree with him on key points, as you would expect of political opponents, but I don't want to waste this opportunity offering yet another version of a political race run nearly two years ago. I don't think the analysis would be meaningful at this point to anyone but me, my family, and my campaign staff. Instead, I want to share my analysis of the 105th Congress and discuss what I think we can expect from this Congress during its second year. Given the dramatic impact the 105th Congress has already had on most Utahns, I think that discussion would be more meaningful to *Dialogue* readers.

Second-generation products, from software to medicines, are typically touted as maintaining the core strength of the original product while eliminating most of the original's problems. I think you could describe the 105th Congress as a second-generation 104th Congress, retaining the vision that swept Republicans into power after nearly forty years of Democratic control, while losing the hard, confrontational edge that lead to confrontations with the White House, government shutdowns, and public criticism.

The public has been the beneficiary of the lessons learned by this Congress. House Speaker Newt Gingrich talked movingly of those lessons in a floor speech he gave the night the balanced budget resolution passed.[1] The Founding Fathers intentionally crafted a congress and a

1. In "Concurrent Resolution on the Budget, Fiscal Year 1998, House of Representatives," *Congressional Record,* 20 May 1997.

presidency that can easily deadlock unless they accept the inevitability of compromise, he pointed out. Members of the 104th Congress spent much of their two years learning that lesson.

I believe it was time well-spent. The necessity of compromise learned by a new Republican majority gave us the remarkable budget accord between the 105th Congress and the White House. This accord gave Americans their first federal tax cut in sixteen years and returned our nation to a balanced budget that, according to latest projections, may be a reality as early as 1999, according to the method by which a balanced budget is currently measured.

I think this recent spirit of compromise was driven primarily by four factors. I do not list these in order of importance. First, as I said, the hard line tactics of the 104th Congress which lead to a drawn-out standoff with President Clinton and two government shutdowns played badly with the public. Second, the Republican majority in Congress is slim enough that leadership finds it prudent to bring Democrats on board to ensure passage of major legislation. (Currently, in the House, there are 227 Republicans, 203 Democrats, and four vacant seats due to resignations and death.) Third, there is little mark of the lame duck on President Clinton. His approval rating in 1997 was at a three-year high, despite a number of ethical attacks on several fronts.[2] In a political age I believe historians will note for its reliance on and reverence of polls, Congress recognizes that a president with a 59-percent approval rating, even a president from the minority party in his second term, is a force to be reckoned with.[3] Fourth, I think both parties have edged a little closer to the middle recently. President Clinton began that shift after the Republicans swept into the congressional majority in 1994. Compare his inaugural speech in 1992 with his speech last year. In 1992 he told us government must do more. Last year he warned the era of big government is past.[4]

But this Republican Congress has also shifted, though I think to a lesser degree than President Clinton, in the past two years. This shift was driven largely by the near impossibility of fulfilling Republican promises to the American public while fighting with the president. Budgets, reforms, and tax packages need the president's signature and veto-proof majorities aren't easy to come by. They were even less easy to attain after the 1996 election. Republicans, rightly I believe, read the loss of some Republican seats as a signal from voters that they would rather see Congress make progress forged in compromise than get stalled in ideological debates.

Unhappy keepers of the flame in each camp, by themselves, couldn't

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2. According to several CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup polls.
3. CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup Poll, 9 Jan. 1998.
4. *This Week*, ABC television, 11 Jan. 1998.

halt this slow shift to the center that was years in the making, no matter how clever their sound bites or impassioned their arguments. Even a federal election, which traditionally sends the boldest of party leaders scrambling for familiar ground, could only briefly rock back this recent shift to middle ground. But with the election over, the now projected slim-but-stable Republican majority still in Congress, and a still popular president in the White House, the forces that prompted the shift in both parties would still be in play.

While events like the 1994 congressional turnover and the 1996 loss of seats prompted both parties to moderate their positions, I think a more profound, yet, over time, subtler, phenomenon played a large role: the growing disenfranchisement of middle America. Pollsters and pundits had been noting through the 1990s that, increasingly, Americans felt that neither party truly represented them. Leaders in both parties knew this. But it wasn't until 1994, when enthusiasm for Colin Powell focused the frustration and alienation of middle America, that party leaders began to soften ideological hard lines.

As a result of these four factors, the two parties were ideologically closer and more willing to compromise in 1997 than I believe they have been in recent memory. As I said, I find the common ground to be a bit more Republican. Achievements like tax cuts and a balanced budget are traditional Republican objectives. Yet there is a noteworthy Democratic influence to these achievements, influences that as a moderate Republican I am pleased with: Medicare now covers many preventative tests most senior citizens need at some point, such as screenings for breast cancer, colon cancer, and diabetes; the $500 per-child tax credit has been extended to lower income families; and federal funds have been increased for Pell grants available to college students.

While both parties moved quickly to take deserved credit for these meaningful compromises, staunch ideologues in each criticized the compromises as at least a partial betrayal of each party's beliefs. These criticisms alone mean little. But persistent complaints from party hard-liners with respectable followings, coupled with the federal surplus, signal, I believe, a dash back this year to traditional home ground for each party. This rush back can already be seen. The president who, last year, announced that the era of big government is over, will, at the State of the Union, unveil what he himself has titled the largest federal child care program in the history of the nation. Meanwhile, respected Republican policy leaders like Steve Forbes are warning Congress that tax cuts this year need to be deeper and more traditionally Republican. Recently, on ABC's *This Week,* he put it this way, "On tax cuts, Republicans need to get real or get out."

I agree with analysts who put some of the blame for the recent return

to safe ports on a stranger not seen in these parts since 1970: A federal surplus of an accumulated $200 billion over the next five years, the kind that makes liberals sketch out expanded social programs and conservatives dream of deeper tax cuts. What is it that marriage counselors always say? Disagreements over money are the cause of most divorces. I wonder if congressional unity can prevail in the face of a challenge blamed for the erosion of marital unity.

In 1998 I foresee less agreement among the two parties in Congress and less agreement between Congress and the White House. I think the combined pressure of a coming federal election and the surplus will, at least temporarily, push the parties farther apart. Here's why. Members who for years have dreamed of a surplus and sighed, "If only," will see these billions as a chance to fulfill long-denied ideologic dreams or meet constituent needs they haven't been able to meet before.

Party leaders will, understandably, see a surplus as the first chance in a long time, and maybe the last chance in a long time, for a full expression of exactly what their party stands for, whether that's comprehensive social programs that cast a net of compassion over the forgotten in our society or deep tax cuts that trigger a frenzy of saving and investing expected to ensure personal prosperity for years to come.

My own position on the surplus is a moderate one. I think some tax cuts are vitally important this year. For example, I am co-sponsor of a bill to get rid of the marriage penalty, which can add as much as $1,400 to a couple's tax bill if both are working and they file jointly. Since two-income families often find child care one of their biggest expenses, I think this tax cut can be more meaningful to them than federally-funded child care.

However, I think judicious spending increases, particularly increases that stimulate the economy, should be considered.[5] Last spring I joined 213 members of the House in voting for the Shuster-Oberstar-Petri-Rahall Bipartisan Substitute to the Budget Resolution which would have increased federal spending on transportation by $12 billion over five years, while still balancing the federal budget by 2002. This proposal failed by two votes in both the House and Senate.

Now, with a $200 billion surplus in the wings, a proposal similar to this will likely come to the floor again this spring. Again I will vote for increased federal spending on transportation. Utah urgently needs federal assistance to finish the I-15 expansion and fund a dozen other road and airport projects by the 2002 Winter Games. Utah's Department of Transportation estimated last spring it will cost $2 billion over six years to ex-

5. See "Infrastructure Dollars Pay Big Dividends," *Wall Street Journal*, 12 Aug. 1997.

pand I-15 and dramatically expand the Salt Lake International Airport.[6] UDOT officials deemed these projects, along with nearly a dozen major improvements of state roads, necessary to smoothly move participants and spectators expected for the 2002 Winter Games.

While it's doubtful Congress will fulfill all of UDOT's requests, it makes much more sense for Utah and other states with major transportation needs to get increased federal support during these coming years of federal surpluses than to raise local taxes or, in Utah's case, bond to the tune of as much as $1 billion. (The Utah legislature authorized the state to bond for $600 million to pay for the I-15 expansion. Utah has already hit that ceiling, selling $340 million in general obligation bonds and $260 million in anticipatory notes, which will be converted to general obligation bonds in three years.) Keep in mind, the transportation amendment was about a $12-billion increase over five years, slightly more than 5 percent of the anticipated federal surplus.

But while I support both modest tax cuts and judicious increases in federal spending, I think these anticipated surpluses provide a priceless opportunity to make some tough decisions about Social Security that Congress must make sometime in the next several years. As many of you know, years of surplus in the Social Security Trust Fund have been used to mask the actual size of the budget deficit. Even though we talk of a "balanced budget" as soon as 1999, that budget is balanced on the back of a more than $100 billion surplus in the Social Security Trust Fund--a fund earmarked to care for the army of baby boomers marching toward retirement. Even Congress's latest surplus forecast for 2002 includes a $120-billion Social Security surplus that year minus the expected $88 billion shortfall in the rest of the budget, for an actual surplus of $32 billion.[7]

I have always said that, at some point, we must stop using the Social Security Trust Fund to balance the federal budget and earmark it for the older Americans for whom it was created. Analysts tell us if we continue to use these funds to balance the budget, and there is no change in Social Security policy, these surpluses will erode and the fund will go into the red by 2012, paying out more in benefits than it receives in payroll taxes. The fund is expected to go completely bankrupt in 2029.[8]

Then there is the $250 billion a year America pays for interest payments on the national debt. Both liberals and conservatives acknowledge there would be more money for both social programs and deeper tax cuts down the road if we paid down the national debt now, eventually wiping out those whopping interest payments.

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6. "Utah Transportation Infrastructure Needs, 2002 Winter Olympics," submitted to House Subcommittee on Surface Transportation, 19 Feb. 1997.

7. "It's Party Time," *U.S. News & World Report,* 12 Jan. 1998.

8. American Academy of Actuaries, *Issue Brief,* Fall 1997.

In short, I hope Congress carefully balances the need to cut federal taxes with the equally strong need for judicious spending on projects like transportation that ultimately stimulate our economy with the financial demands of coming decades and present pressure of interest payments on the deficit. I don't think it needs to be all-or-nothing on any of these three options. As with our personal budgets, competing needs must be weighed and giving appropriate weight.

The prospect of a divergent Congress troubles me most because weighty issues such as tax reform and preservation of Social Security deserve prompt congressional action. Major legislative initiatives like this require congressional accord and White House support.

I am anxious to see Congress tackle sweeping tax reform. While I am pleased with the 1997 tax cuts, they do not take the place of sweeping reform that eliminates the fundamental flaws in our code. We have all been frustrated with those flaws for years. They penalize saving and investing, favor the rich over the poor, and reward those who can find legal ways to duck their tax burden.

I have been passionate about tax reform my entire political career. I have joined a growing group of House members who are pushing comprehensive federal tax reform by the year 2000. But in today's Congress, accomplishments like this year's tax cuts and budget accord, and the comprehensive tax reform I'm fighting for, require a reasonably compatible Congress and cooperative White House. (I say "reasonably." Clearly the structure of our government and the realities of representing such a large and diverse populace result in, even require, inherent tensions.)

Happily, the days of twisting arms, dispensing favors, and blackballing enemies that marked previous congressional momentum are over.[9] But in this modern Congress that means meaningful legislation requires civil negotiations between parties and between Congress and the White House.

Despite the pressures of an election year and the predicted disruption of federal surpluses, I think the public's best interest is served by a Congress sufficiently civil to tackle tough issues too long left on the back burner by years of congressional wrangling.

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9. See "Rostenkowski in Winter," *Newsweek*, 12 Jan. 1998.

Ethics in Law and Life

Michael D. Zimmerman

WHEN I WAS FIRST ASKED TO SPEAK on the subject of ethics in law and life, I questioned my authority to address the issue. I still question my authority. Being a judge does not give me any special insight. After all, I am only a lawyer in a robe, and how much attention would one pay to a lawyer speaking about ethics?

Seriously, though, I have thought about issues of values and ethics. I have even ventured to teach on the subject occasionally. And I do have some opinions, which would not surprise anyone who knows me. I do not claim to have answers. But I do hope that I can prompt us to rethink our understanding of some of the ethical issues faced by lawyers. More broadly, I hope that I can induce us to think harder about the ethical issues faced by every person caught between the values of an institution and his or her personal sense of what is right and what is wrong; a description that should include us all at one time or another.

It is commonplace to hear comments about the public's increasing dislike or distrust of lawyers. I think this dislike or distrust is real enough. But it is certainly not new. In the course of preparing this essay, I was struck by how many writers over the past several hundred years have made disparaging comments about lawyers. The source of these feelings seems to remain constant over time and appears to be two-fold.

First, the public dislikes many of those whom lawyers represent, and that dislike is transferred from the client to the lawyer. However real this cause of popular discontent with lawyers, it is not a justifiable grounds for criticizing them. We live in a political society that gives legal rights to each individual, rights that may be asserted against other individuals and against the state. For those rights to be meaningful, the individual must have a means to assert them, and that process is the legal system. A price we all pay for our freedoms is that we must tolerate others asserting their rights against us, individually and collectively, and lawyers do nothing deserving criticism when they provide needed legal assistance in that process.

A second source of public discontent with lawyers is more pertinent

to our discussion of ethics. Members of the public think lawyers do things when representing clients that are inconsistent with the average person's view of how an ethical person should act. This perceived conflict between common ethical standards and what lawyers refer to as "ethics" usually arises when, in the course of representing a client, a lawyer is seen as working against a just result, or assisting in concealing the truth, or engaging in various sharp practices. Now a lawyer so criticized will usually reply that he or she is behaving ethically "for a lawyer," which raises the question, why do lawyers have ethical rules that differ from those that bind other mortals?

Let us first define our terms. What the nonlawyer refers to as "ethics" can be described as standards of right conduct: how one human being *qua* human being ought to act toward another. But the lawyer means something entirely different. "Legal ethics" are more accurately described as the established rules of conduct that one must follow when acting as a lawyer for a client within the legal system. To avoid confusion, when I refer to "ethics" in this essay, I mean personal ethics rather than the professional standards of lawyers.

Moving beyond terminology, there seem to be two categories of things lawyers do in the name of their clients that disturb the average person and that lawyers often justify by reference to their unique role in the legal system. First, on occasion lawyers *must* do things under the command of their professional standards that create a direct and seemingly irreconcilable conflict between their duties as lawyers and their duties as ethical humans. I suspect that these are relatively rare occurrences and do not play a large contributing role in the public's dissatisfaction with lawyers' ethics, although these situations do present some very poignant moral dilemmas.

A second far more common and, in my opinion, legitimate source for the public's criticism is lawyers engaging in conduct that they rather easily assume is required by their role in the legal system but that, in fact, cannot be justified by the standards of professional conduct. I suggest that the principal cause of lawyers' tendency to engage in such conduct is a gradual silencing of their personal ethical voices as a result of lessons learned in law school and in practice. I also suggest that the ethical problems caused by excessive identification with the roles assigned individuals by institutions is not unique to lawyers but is pervasive in society. Although they are not unique, the lawyers' problems provide a useful vehicle for all of us to address the less dramatic but no less important ethical dilemmas each of us faces daily.

Returning to the lawyer's dilemma, and to focus more carefully our thoughts, I would like us to keep the two situations I mentioned earlier in mind. The first is where a lawyer is commanded to do something by the

rules of professional conduct that is ethically questionable. The second is where the lawyer's conduct is not required by the rules but is consistent with what the lawyer understands his or her role to be within the legal system.

Let us start with the first situation: A lawyer is required to do something under the clear command of professional standards that creates seemingly irreconcilable conflict between his duty as a lawyer and his duty as an ethical human. Although I said that this is relatively rare, an example can assist us in understanding the general problem of role-defined behavior. This example is a favorite of mine. It is taken from a reported case that arose in Minnesota in 1962 *(Spaulding v. Zimmerman,* 116 N.W.2d 704 [1962]).

A youth named Spaulding was badly injured in an automobile accident. He sued the driver of the car in which he was riding for damages. The driver's lawyer had a doctor examine Spaulding. The doctor discovered a life-threatening aortic aneurysm, a bulging of the wall of the large artery coming out of the heart, which carries a substantial risk of rupture and sudden death. This aneurysm was apparently caused by the accident. Spaulding's own doctor had not discovered the problem.

Spaulding offered to settle the case for $6,500. The driver's lawyer apparently realized that if Spaulding knew of the aneurysm, he would have demanded much more. The driver's lawyer did not reveal the existence of the aneurysm. The case was settled for $6,500. The driver's lawyer never told Spaulding of the aneurysm, even after the settlement was consummated.

You may be surprised to know that when the driver's lawyer declined to reveal the aneurysm to Spaulding before the case was settled, he was acting properly within his role as an advocate. According to the Minnesota Supreme Court, the lawyer had no professional duty to disclose the existence of the aneurysm, either before or after the settlement, because Spaulding and the driver of the car, the lawyer's client, were adversaries in a lawsuit. This is still true today. Under the current rules of professional conduct, as drafted by the American Bar Association, the lawyer is absolutely obligated "not to reveal information relating to representation of a client," unless his client authorizes its release. In the absence of such authorization, the driver's lawyer could never reveal the existence of the aneurysm.

The *Spaulding* case is quite troubling. It is difficult enough to accept the fact that the driver's lawyer was professionally correct when he did not tell Spaulding of the aneurysm before the settlement. But I suspect for virtually everyone, it is morally inexcusable that the lawyer remained silent after the case had settled, leaving Spaulding's life at serious risk.

We may ask, what possible justification can there be for standards of

professional conduct that permit, indeed command, such silence in the face of a life-threatening condition? And we may further wonder, even if the legal profession's standards mandate such silence, how could the lawyer, as a person, ignore his or her own moral voice, especially after the case was settled, and not contrive a way to inform Spaulding of his condition? The answer to both questions is found in the premises of the adversary system, premises that establish the lawyer's role and that underlie the very detailed rules of professional conduct that the driver's lawyer was found not to have violated.

At the risk of being pedantic, let me describe the conflict resolution model we use in the American judicial system and its assumptions. The model we use—I will term it the "adversary system model"—was taken from the English. This is how, in theory, it is to work.

A dispute arises between two parties. One claims to be legally entitled to some relief against the other. Each party hires a lawyer, because only a lawyer is familiar with the detailed rules that govern court procedures. The lawyer's job is to become the *alter ego* of the client for purposes of the litigation. The lawyer for each side investigates the facts, gathers the evidence favorable to his or her client, and presents it to a neutral third party—either a judge or jury. In so doing, each lawyer strives to persuade the judge or jury that her client's version of the facts is true, that the law favors the client's position, and that the client is entitled to the relief sought.

This is a winner-takes-all system. There is no place in the lawyer's role for the middle ground, although the system may produce such a result. The lawyer's role is limited to being an instrument of the client, and the lawyer's efforts to win are limited only by the bounds of the law and by the standards of professional conduct. Those standards of professional conduct, the same standards at issue in the *Spaulding* case, are written to assure that the fight is fair, that the integrity of the truth-finding process is protected, and that the lawyer zealously serves the interests of the client.

The general position of the profession is that a lawyer is not accountable for acts done within the limits of this role. As summarized by renowned law professor Murray Schwartz, "[W]hen acting as an advocate for a client ... a lawyer is neither legally, professionally, nor morally accountable for the means used or the ends achieved."[1] This lack of moral accountability is grounded on the claim that the adversary system itself is morally good, so those serving it may assume that if they fulfill their individual roles according to the rules, the system will produce moral results.

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1. Schwartz, "The Professionalism and Accountability of Lawyers," *California Law Review* 66 (1978): 673.

The scholarly defenders of the system would tell you that the lawyer must advocate his client's ends and not be a judge of their rightness. The argument runs as follows: It is not up to the lawyer to determine if the client should be unsuccessful. If the client is to lose, it should be because the court has found the facts or law against him or her; it should not be because the lawyer declined to press the cause vigorously on grounds that the client's position was morally offensive to that particular lawyer. Individual lawyers, by virtue of their expertise in the law and its procedures, are the gatekeepers to the courts. Their duty is to keep those gates open to all, not to bar from entry those of whom they personally disapprove.

In general outline, this is the adversary system model. It is by this model that the individual lawyer's role in the system is defined. And once we understand this model, it becomes plain why many of the things lawyers must do in their role as advocates may appear hard to understand from an ethics viewpoint.

Let us return to the *Spaulding* case. As I stated, the lawyer for the defendant driver was acting within the requirements of the rules of professional conduct when he declined to reveal the aneurysm to Spaulding. The particular rule in question, which ensures the client of the confidentiality of what the lawyer finds out in the course of the representation, is designed to encourage the client to reveal information to the lawyer and to preserve the lawyer's loyalty to the client. Under the adversary system model, the driver's lawyer owed his duty to his client, not to Spaulding. It was not his fault that Spaulding's doctor failed to discover the aneurysm.

I suspect that even after the explanation of the adversary system model, this answer is not satisfying to many of us. As humans, we still ask why, despite the rules of professional conduct, the lawyer kept the life-threatening information secret when he knew that Spaulding's own doctor and lawyer had not discovered the aneurysm. It seems likely that if that lawyer came upon the same information outside his role as an advocate, he would have felt a moral responsibility to disclose it. What silenced that ethical voice in him? Why did he allow something as abstract as his professional duties to his client to override his personal ethics when death was a possible result? And, at a minimum, once the case settled, why did the lawyer not use all means at his command to get his client to authorize disclosure to Spaulding? Why did he rest on the command of the rules to remain silent?

The answer presents lessons that reach beyond the law. I suggest that the driver's counsel had become so accustomed to the role assigned by the adversary system model that he consciously or, more likely, unconsciously let his role provide him an excuse for amoral inaction, for not

confronting a tough ethical choice between his personal and his professional standards of right conduct.

I hope most lawyers would have made a different choice when faced with the life-and-death issues presented by the *Spaulding* case, that they would be alert to the dramatic conflict between their professional role and their personal morality, and would have found a way to see that Spaulding was told of his aneurysm, either by persuading the client to release the information or by ignoring the rule.

The *Spaulding* case presents the conflict between the lawyer's institutional role as amoral advocate and the broader role as ethical human being in sharp focus. Indeed, it requires the lawyer to honor one at the expense of the other. It is a dramatic situation in which few could miss the difficult choice.

But there are many other, far more common situations that arise in day-to-day law practice where the formal rules of professional conduct are silent as to what a lawyer should do. Here the lure of the adversary system excuse is powerful. The ethic of the lawyer as an amoral instrumentality of the client fits quite comfortably over the shoulders of those faced with the difficult issues and heavy pressures of practice. Often lawyers succumb to these pressures without ever thinking that any larger ethical problems are presented by the situations they face. Soon the lawyer is behaving as an amoral technician in situations where conventional ethical judgments are really called for, situations in which the adversary system excuse is not legitimately available.

A few examples:

* After a loss in the trial court, the lawyer takes an appeal on a non-meritorious point for the purpose of pressuring the successful party to settle for less than the jury award rather than await the outcome of a lengthy appeals process.
* The lawyer receives an interrogatory that he can tell is intended to determine the existence of a damaging piece of evidence the lawyer knows is in his client's possession, evidence that will certainly result in the loss of the case. However, the language of the interrogatory is not drafted with the greatest of care. The lawyer gives it a rather twisted, but arguably legitimate construction, and does not reveal the evidence. The lawyer wins the case.
* The lawyer refuses to stipulate to an extension of time purely for the purpose of forcing the other side to make a motion and run up the costs of the litigation.
* The lawyer browbeats and intimidates another lawyer in hope that she will be cowed into settling a case rather than having to continue to deal with the obnoxious lawyer.

In each of these situations, the adversary system model does not authorize the conduct undertaken. There is nothing in the model that contemplates such behavior. Yet these are common examples of conduct lawyers engage in daily and that, if asked, I am sure they would defend as merely part of the adversary system process and morally justifiable for that reason. I would say that their conduct is only the product of a dulled ethical sensitivity.

What is it that makes the adversary system excuse[2] for amoral conduct so inviting? What leads lawyers to rely on it almost unthinkingly, even where it is not legitimately available under the adversary system model? I suggest that this tendency is a result of subtle pressures that begin in law school and continue throughout a lawyer's career. Let me describe a few sources of these pressures.

First, there is legal education. Law school is designed to make one "think like a lawyer," to, in essence, separate analysis of legal issues from questions of personal values. This is necessary if one is to think coldly and clearly about a client's legal problems and possible legal solutions to those problems. It can, however, leave a graduate with a sense that her personal ethical self was left at the door of the law school, that there is little place for personal ethics in lawyering.

Second, once in practice, the pressures are great, both from clients and from peers. An easy way to avoid the nagging ethical questions that arise from representing some clients is to recite the rhetoric of the adversary system model—the lawyer is only fulfilling a role in the system, the system is morally responsible for the role and the outcome, not the lawyer. This sort of mantra of amorality is a comfortable way to avoid ethical responsibility. It also fits well with the ethical schizophrenia that may have first developed in law school, the split between the legal way of looking at problems and the personal ethical way. Before long, such a way of thinking can become second nature for a practicing lawyer.

There is no easy solution to this conflict between personal ethics and the advocates' assigned role. To a large degree, the adversary system itself requires that those who act as lawyers learn to live with constant ethical conflict. But I do think that the worst manifestations of the adversary system excuse for amoral conduct can be guarded against. To do so requires that law schools and the profession bring forcefully to the attention of students and lawyers the limits of the moral justification for amoral conduct. This adversary system excuse is properly claimable only to the degree it is actually mandated by the adversary system model.

It is heartening to note that this question has been receiving in-

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2. I take this term, and the underlying concept, from the fine work of David Luban, "The Adversary System Excuse," in D. Luban, ed., *The Good Lawyer, Lawyers' Roles and Lawyers' Ethics* (Rowman & Littlefield, 1983).

creased attention in law schools, and that this concern has begun to trickle out to the profession at large. The post-Watergate rules of professional conduct contain language recognizing the limits of the adversary system excuse. They state: "The rules do not ... exhaust the moral and ethical considerations that should inform a lawyer, for no worthwhile human activity can be completely defined by legal rules. The rules simply provide a framework for the ethical practice of law." I suggest that increased attention to this subject within law schools and the profession is the only way to avoid the sort of ethical numbness that produced the result in *Spaulding* and, probably more importantly, the far more pervasive practices of the type I noted earlier.

Let me shift the focus. I commented earlier that the ethical conflicts that constantly confront lawyers contain a lesson for those outside the law. By virtue of the premises of the adversary system, lawyers are required to set aside their personal views of the desirability or morality of a client's position. But this subordination of personal ethical standards to the values of a larger institution is not unique to lawyers. The human environment is full of similar situations, even if the ethical conflicts are not always so obviously and rigidly institutionalized as they are for lawyers. Wherever this mandated subordination of personal values to institutional ends occurs, it presents a similar potential for inducing ethical insensitivity that soon overreaches its legitimate justification. And, perhaps more insidiously, while the individual lawyer must personally confront these issues, in a large institution an individual can often escape the perception of personal ethical responsibility because of the dispersed decision-making authority and lack of clear institutional standards.

For example, in the business world there is no code of professional conduct agreed to by any governing body that is analogous to the rules that govern lawyers. For that reason, it is often said that as long as one does not engage in activities that are illegal, anything done to maximize profits is ethically proper. In other words, the free market system, like the adversary system, assigns competitors a role they can fulfill without ethical worry. It takes little imagination to see how such thinking can be used by officers or employees of companies to justify suspending their personal ethical judgments about how to go about their jobs. And the results can certainly be just as troubling as anything we see with lawyers.

Let me give some concrete examples that match the *Spaulding* case for ethical insensitivity, situations in which it appears that someone has made a calculation that profits are to come first and has not thought very hard about how far the profit justification runs.

Recently the chief executive officers of all of the major tobacco companies testified before Congress that nicotine is not an addictive drug and that cigarette smoking does not cause cancer. At the same time,

many of the tobacco companies launched a publicity campaign to paint cigarette smoking as a matter of choice. Yet, in stark contrast to the assertions of the tobacco executives, there is almost universal scientific agreement that cigarettes contribute to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Americans each year. In fact, a recent article in the *Salt Lake Tribune* indicated that by the year 2010, 10 million lives per year would be lost worldwide to tobacco. None of the tobacco executives seem to feel any personal moral responsibility for these lost lives, nor did they see any necessity to confront the medical evidence. The tobacco executives' role as profit producers seems to have provided them with an ethical excuse from the ordinary rules of right conduct toward other human beings.

Another example of such an excuse in action is the decision of Ford Motor Company in the 1970s not to recall Pintos that Ford knew were subject to explosion upon rear-end collision. Although the modifications necessary to make the gas tanks more crash worthy cost in the range of $6.65 per car, Ford calculated that it would be less costly to compensate the families of the victims rather than correct the problem. Again the institutional role of profit maker prevailed over personal morality.

Other examples of an institutional excuse for amoral conduct at work are plentiful, even where the profit motive does not seem to be the driving force behind the conduct. Virtually any institution or structure invites excessive identification with its values and offers a tempting refuge within that identification from difficult ethical choices. The media, the so-called fourth branch of government, is an example.

The first amendment to the Constitution exalts freedom of speech. To further this value, the Supreme Court has held that the media is not liable for misstatements or inaccuracies unless a very high level of malice can be shown. The reason given for this protection from libel actions is that ready exposure to such suits would stifle the free flow of opinion and information.

Moving from this justification for protecting media from easy suit, we encounter the reality of the media's use of this protection. It is not uncommon for reporters or the media institutions they work for, when criticized for some poorly researched story or some biased presentation, to defend by citing the first amendment status the media enjoys. The pious claim is made that the media is only fulfilling its constitutional role when it publishes something that is erroneous or biased, but is not so egregious as to actually expose the media to liability. The public has "a right to know." Thus, within the institution of the media, there has developed what we might refer to as the "First Amendment excuse" for what the rest of us would consider unethical reporting—sloppy, inaccurate, biased coverage that unfairly characterizes persons and positions and that has tremendous potential for mischief. This "First Amendment excuse" ap-

parently permits the one using it to ignore ethical restraints and to do anything for which the law will not find you liable.

I do not suggest that this is the aspirational standard set by reporters or the media in general, any more than the sharp practices in which some lawyers engage is the standard by which lawyers want to be judged. But I do suggest that the institutional values of the media do dull the sensitivities of many and lead them to behave in ways that cannot be justified ethically. The media's First Amendment rights, which are indeed expansive, are not necessarily coextensive with the media's moral obligation to report the news in a fair and accurate fashion.

For instance, in the media frenzy surrounding the O. J. Simpson affair, several news organizations "bought up" the stories of potential witnesses, thereby compromising the credibility of those witnesses in the trial. Many of those same news organizations converted the pre-trial process into a media circus, compromising its basic integrity. In response, many members of the media no doubt exclaim that they are just doing what their job demands. I suggest that, like lawyers or businesspersons, reporters should question whether the institutional role they play really excuses this silencing of their personal ethical voices.

These are dramatic examples. There are any number of others, where individuals permit the values of their institutions, or at least extrapolations of the values of their institutions, to silence their personal ethical voices. Indeed, these are not just examples of individuals silencing their ethical voices, but of individuals seeking refuge from difficult ethical choices in institutional justifications. Perhaps the area that comes most readily to mind, and needs the least explanation of the divergence between the legitimate aims of the institution and the amoral conduct that seeks the institution's justification, is politics. The sins committed in the name of getting elected or remaining in power are countless. And the deep public dissatisfaction with the conduct of elections and elected officials suggests that the institutional justifications offered for such conduct are fundamentally unsatisfactory and unconvincing. Machiavelli may be the father of political action, but those following his counsel are unable to maintain the confidence of those who put them in power, almost certainly because some reference to fundamental moral principles is necessary to maintain that confidence. Hence, the pervasiveness of hypocrisy in politics. After all, hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue.

In all walks of life, countless acts are done every day in every institution that reflect decisions made by people who, to one degree or another, permit an institutional value to silence their personal ethical voices. I do not suggest that these institutional standards should be wholly rejected, any more than I suggest that the adversary system should be abandoned and lawyers told to represent their clients only to the extent that they

agree with their clients' ends. However, I do suggest that in any setting where institutional values are dominant, there is a need to systematically encourage ethical alertness, to call into question actions and decisions that are contrary to fundamental human values.

Some may argue that if my suggestions were followed, it would weaken institutions that are essential to society. I would reply that even if enhanced ethical awareness resulted in more people refusing to accept the amoral roles that their institutions' values assign them, that would not be a bad thing. Reforms have occurred in the legal system when a significant number of those concerned agrees that the stated institutional values—the premises of the adversary system model—fail to reflect the reality of how the justice system works. For example, in recent years legal services have been provided to the poor for some purposes in recognition that, without a lawyer, there is not meaningful access to the courts. Currently, efforts are underway to improve the quality of counsel assigned to those facing the death penalty, again, in recognition that, absent effective counsel, the adversary system cannot produce defensible results. Finally, the growth of alternative dispute resolution programs nationwide amounts to recognition that the adversary system model has been found to operate in a fashion that does not satisfy many of its users. Similarly, reforms in other institutions of society occur only when it becomes apparent that the stated values of those institutions do not conform to reality or are socially (read ethically) unacceptable. We should applaud such heightened awareness of the weaknesses of our institutions, because reform lies down that path.

As I noted at the beginning, I claim no special expertise in ethics. Nothing I have written here is particularly original, but I hope it will help us better understand lawyers and the legal system. I also hope we will recognize that the characteristics of lawyers that people often dislike are only heightened manifestations of pervasive problems that we are all subject to in our roles as members of institutions, institutions that may not force our ethical conflicts into the open as often as does the legal system. Our escape is the same as that I prescribed for lawyers: confront conflicts between personal ethics and institutional values and roles and work them through, rather than avert our eyes and blindly trust in the institution.

One of the reasons many lawyers may become numbed to the ethical conflicts presented by their roles is that their education and training place primary emphasis on the acquisition of skills and not enough emphasis on the legitimate ethical limits on their use. The same is true for all people in all fields of endeavor. We spend much time on skills and little on ethics. Each of us needs a heightened awareness of this most fundamental concern—ethics—a concern that reaches across all disciplines and

all courses of study. Each of us should acknowledge that this is not a matter of concern only to those interested in abstract questions, or to those with unusually delicate sensibilities. Rather it is an issue of critical importance to each of us in every aspect of our lives.

Finally, for those who may be wondering, Spaulding did survive. A doctor discovered the aneurysm while Spaulding was undergoing an induction physical and it was surgically treated.

Long Distance

Linda Sillitoe

So now you sit with a black eye
by a glass wall on the sixteenth floor.
Already I see our talk in paragraphs
I can't read, topics in the margin,
one clear sentence about clutter.

You didn't warrant the bruised eye
that gazes out the glass wall.
Through it loom the fortresses
of the world's only true church,
remarkably outside your north window.

The west window reaches the silver lake,
the mountains, and planes plotting
their patterns like a squadron of gulls.
My hand rose to encircle as you cross-
examined a poem, a lawyer knowing the answers.

Later, alone, I find it again in my hand:
here, the black eye and the head-on shot
no one can dodge; over there, horizon,
open as a hand curled around a moment;
only a breath beyond glass, the sky.

Not Law, Not Spirit

Sarah Smith

EXCEPT FOR STILL BEING AN OFFICIAL MEMBER of record, I severed all links with the LDS church in 1982. No residual attachments did I cultivate—no LDS-related literature, forums, alliances, or associations.

One reason for my disaffiliation is the existence of human tragedy. For the life of me, I cannot comprehend the kind of human tragedy that is antithetical to a God who epitomizes love and mercy—degenerative multiple sclerosis that sculpts a macabre twisted, nonfunctioning body; quadriplegic from a spinal cord injury due to a freak accident; diabetes resulting in blindness among other debilitating symptoms; a mental deficiency that maintains the developmental age of three years old throughout a lifetime; the death of a daughter or son from a skiing accident.

Considering that human nature is flawed, and having learned some head-banging lessons about human nature through my profession of counseling others, little surprises me of what people think and do. Consequently, and this may sound grotesque, I believe that I am better able to understand whence come tragedies inflicted by humans onto others, however heinous, monstrous, depraved, and unforgivable, whether it be a group of soldiers raping, pillaging, and ravaging a village, or a father shaking, beating, and throwing his infant baby against a wall, causing permanent brain damage, or a couple of drug addicts robbing French artist Hugues de Montalembert at knife-point while forcing him to strip and throwing acid onto his face, permanently blinding him.[1]

But senseless, apocalyptically senseless, to me are other tragedies, more related to the very physicalness and fragility of having mortal bodies or living in a world of inflexible natural laws, tragedies not altogether caused by human behavior, that I cannot spiritually or intellectually understand or reconcile.

The bottom-line confession, though, is that I agonize about pain and suffering of many kinds, regardless of cause.

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1. See Hugues de Montalembert, *Eclipse: A Nightmare* (New York: Viking Penguin Inc., 1985).

Many will think, You don't know what you're talking about, so naive, idealistic: this is what life is for—to suffer, part of the whole experiential credo of living. Possibly so, for I have had more than a brimming portion.

I am no expert, but I have studied some of the dynamics of suffering, and in my profession I counsel clients who have suffered unspeakably. Of course, I realize the cause-and-effect of suffering is muddled, no clear, precise delineation between human-made and other-induced, and I have read religious literature on suffering which is usually more concerned about defending God's honor and purposes, giving so-called logical evidence that tragedy is good and necessary.

Yet the perpetual thought I extrapolate from such tragedy is, if almighty God is indeed omniscient and omnipotent, the very God who created this earth with wide expanses of ocean, land, and sky, and other worlds more numerous than the sands of a sea, surely he can prevent a child from being born with stubs for arms and legs or a diving accident that produces a quadriplegic unable to feed, dress, or use a bathroom. None of us is immune—such tragedy and suffering is no respecter of persons.

Surely an omnipotent God could have saved Andre Dubus, who stopped one night in July 1986 to help a stranded motorist but in the process was hit by an oncoming car that resulted in one amputated leg and the other damaged beyond use so that he is permanently confined in a wheelchair.[2] Surely an omnipotent God could have prevented the son of Harold Kushner and his wife from being born with progeria, where he would not grow beyond three feet, have no hair on his head or body, look like an old man while still a child, and die in his early teens.[3] Surely he could have saved the lives of those killed in the recent floods in the Midwest or those lives lost in the TWA flight 800 crash, cause still unknown. Where is God who has forsaken these innocent people, many who lived non-parasitic, contributive, rich lives?

What good, or evil, person "deserves" or "needs" to be fed every single bite wearing catheter bags for urine and feces changed at regular intervals? People give me an encyclopedia of opinions and explanations whereupon I say, Be a quadriplegic for a year and then come back. Or blindfold yourself for another year and tell me you didn't starve for plump, juicy colors, or die a little each time you couldn't clip your own toenails or squirt just the right amount of catsup onto your burger.

If God is loving and merciful, I cannot see testimony of that in these wrenching tragedies. Thus one reason for my inactivity in the church—ir-

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2. See Andre Dubus, *Broken Vessels* (Boston: David R. Godine Publisher, 1991).

3. See Harold Kushner, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People* (New York: Schocken Books, 1981).

reconcilable differences between the two seeming dichotomies. I cannot comprehend the existence of such uncompromising suffering when I believe God has the power to yea or nay it; such irrevocable, consummate suffering flays my spirit and wails a bottomless dirge. I cannot worship a God who "allows" such shattering, skull-spiking suffering that never ends but goes on and on and on, surely as bones can break and dead flesh decays, a God who has chosen to stay his hand.

However, I believe with unflinching certainty that the values and principles taught by Christ and the prophets are true: love, truth, beauty, goodness, integrity, freedom, justice.

One link I have maintained with the church is I attend all my sons' official church events, which includes participating in their missionary farewell sacrament meetings. Only that in the case of my youngest son, his bishop would not allow me to speak. As a result of the anguish, injustice, and helplessness I and my son felt from this bishop's decision, I wrote the following letter to President Gordon B. Hinckley.

Feeling like a prairie dog whose burrow has been flooded, I curse through gritted teeth at having to leave a safe place to stand by the principles I value.

Before any thought of publication, I had written solely for President Hinckley, with copies for the parties involved. Normally modest, I felt I needed to "toot my own horn" since I was a stranger convincing the president of the church that I had done nothing against the church to warrant this bishop's decision. I apologize if parts of the letter sound like a paean for self. (After completing the letter, I learned that my son's bishop and others in his stake presidency hold powerful positions at Brigham Young University and are prominent members of the community.)

Dear President Gordon B. Hinckley,

I am writing to you because I think that with your compassion and understanding concerning the scope of worldwide missionary work, the Church's growth by leaps and bounds, particularly by people of color, and the importance of accepting and working with differences within and without the Church, you may appreciate my perspective on the following situation. At least I believe you will read this with an open heart.

*I write to express my thoughts about what Bishop ****** * ******, who resides on ********** in Orem, Utah, advised my son, David Jonathan Smith. David has been called to serve a mission in Japan, and will be giving his "farewell" talk on April 27, 1997. When David went for his interview to apply for a mission call, Bishop ****** told David he does not want me to speak at his "farewell," that the stake presidency told him when I spoke previously at my second son's farewell, my talk "detracted from the spirit." It seems that Bishop ******

implied to David that his request to exclude me was the stake presidency's decision. I participated at my other two sons' "farewells."

*With all due respect, I and others believe Bishop ******'s and the stake presidency's reasons for this decision are ambiguous, arbitrary, and prejudicial. I have copies of the talk I gave at my second son's "farewell" and invite anyone, Bishop ****** and the stake presidency, to assess how it "detracted from the spirit." The thesis was "love one another as I have loved you," and accept people despite their differences.*

*It appears that Bishop ****** and the stake presidency may harbor prejudice and discrimination against inactive members, divorced members, and/or ethnic minority members, all of which I am—the same status as when I spoke at my other two sons' "farewells." My first son's farewell was under a different bishop, but my second son was with Bishop ******. Not being in his ward or stake and his not knowing who I was, my conjecture is Bishop ****** "allowed" me to speak at my second son's farewell because it was too late to change the program when he discovered the "detractions."*

*When I called David's stake president on April 1, 1997, to inquire whether it was a church policy to not allow inactive members to speak at sacrament meetings, President *** ******* said it was not a church policy but that it was every bishop's prerogative to decide for his ward what he would allow or not allow. He said, "This is Bishop ******'s call and I support his decision and I won't call him to change it." President ******* did not invite me to meet with him to discuss my feelings, nor did he say he would talk to Bishop ****** for further information and clarification.*

*In addition, not once did President ******* say anything to the effect of, "this stake presidency decided that it was best not to include you ..." or "we discussed this and advised the bishop to ..." or "it was the consensus of the stake presidency that we advise the bishop to tell David ..." or "this was our decision to ..." or "we feel it best to advise Bishop ****** to ..." In other words, there was no declaration or implication from President ******* that Bishop ******'s decision was a result of the "stake presidency's decision." In our conversation, President ******* repeatedly said the decision to exclude me was the bishop's call, that bishops know what is best for their wards, that sacrament meetings are entirely the bishop's call on how to organize them, and that he supports all the bishop's decisions.*

*President ******* also informed me that no ward "needs to have farewells," that missionaries and their parents "do not have to speak at all," that there is no requirement to have "missionary farewells at all." Nevertheless, after I gathered information from several members of his ward, they believe that during Bishop ******'s tenure as bishop thus far, all missionaries and their parents have participated in "farewells." It appears Bishop ****** and the stake presidency did not exclude any other parent.*

David is feeling torn and confused about his bishop's request. He desires

both his parents to speak, not understanding the rationale behind my exclusion. We all feel great distress that David is suffering unfairly due to a bishop's and stake presidency's seeming personal vendetta and prejudices.

*I am not writing to change Bishop ******'s decision or to seek intervention. In fact, this letter may only produce apathy and indifference. Or it may produce repugnant, vengeful, and hurtful consequences for my family and me—from you, the stake presidency, and/or Bishop ******. By mere expression, we realize I tread dangerous ground loaded with land mines.*

*I am writing to express my hurt and frustration about Bishop ******'s arbitrary decision. Whatever his reasons and concerns, it seems appropriate and fair that he could at least have made an effort to meet with me to express them, clarify questions he might have, and obtain feedback from me. If he was concerned about what my talk would be, he could have asked me. If he thought my talk at my second son's farewell was inappropriate, he could have told me and advised changes I could make. If Bishop ****** had doubts of any kind, he could have met with me to discuss them.*

*But instead of any attempt to meet with me, to get to know and understand me, Bishop ****** and the stake presidency made a decision that pains David, my other sons, my friends, and me. In all honesty, David sees no justification for the decision to exclude me. I wonder if Bishop ****** and the stake presidency understands that this decision influences irrevocably one of David's most important days of his life. Like most missionaries, David desires both his parents to participate—the two most influential people in his life, the two people who bore, raised, and loved him. At this writing, David informed his father that he didn't want one parent to speak and not the other—to spare further anguish for me. His father kindly consented. Therefore, at this writing, the speakers planned are his two brothers and half-sister. However, I encourage David to ask his father to speak—David should at least have one parent speak at his "missionary farewell," at what may be the most important sacrament meeting of his life. Why should David have to suffer due to his church leaders' unjustifiable prejudices against me?*

*It seems to me, and others, that Bishop ******'s and the stake presidency's attitude and behavior is not Christlike, charitable, empathic, or missionary-like. If they were at all concerned about those who have left the fold, or if they were truly concerned about me as a "child of God," they would have been more effective missionaries and servants of God had they acted with kindness, understanding, and compassion. Instead, they chose to turn me away without getting acquainted with me, without inquiring about my spiritual welfare, without asking what my thoughts and feelings are about the church, and in short, ignoring an important missionary, teaching, and pastoral opportunity to maybe make a difference in another soul's life.*

An apropos illustration of Christlike behavior was presented by a talk you presented during the priesthood session of General Conference on April 6, 1997.

My oldest son told me the story of your lifelong fellowshipping of an inactive member from England, and of your devotion despite his never becoming active again before his death. The story moved me, and I am reminded of the scripture, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40, Mosiah 2:17, D&C 42:38).

*I ask Bishop ****** and the stake presidency: where is charity for one soul who happens to be different, who may be questioning and searching? Where is "judge not that ye be not judged"? Where is "lengthening your stride" and "going the extra mile" to understand and appreciate another human being who is different from yourself? If this is the attitude and behavior of men like Bishop ****** and men of this stake presidency, I hate to think how many inactive, different, or non-members they may lose by not acting more Christlike, forgiving, accepting, and compassionate. I hate to think how men who act like Bishop ****** and the stake presidency can affect people's salvation and their eternal welfare through insensitivity, unrighteous judgment, and conditional acceptance. Imagine the magnitude of their influence for good—or evil. One never knows the breadth and depth one's actions can indelibly affect—a kind word here, an unkind word there, good or poor judgment, reaching out, closing down. Like a stone thrown in water, people's attitudes and actions ripple. Like bells in a cathedral, they reverberate.*

*I ask Bishop ****** and the stake presidency: where is the practice of the counsel you gave at the April General Conference in 1995: "We are becoming a great global society. But our interest and concern must always be with the individual. Every member of this Church is a man or woman, boy or girl. Our great responsibility is to see that each is 'remembered and nourished by the good word of God' (Moroni 6:4) ... The organization can grow and multiply in numbers, as it surely will. This gospel must be taken to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people ... But with all of this there must continue to be an intimate pastoral relationship of every member with a wise and caring bishop or branch president. These are the shepherds of the flock whose responsibility is to look after the people in relatively small numbers so that none is forgotten, overlooked, or neglected."*

James said in James 2:8-9, "If ye fulfill the royal law according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well: But if ye have respect to persons [i.e., respecter of persons means to feel or show deferential regard for—opposite of "God is no respecter of persons"], ye commit sin ... For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

To my knowledge, I have not given any bishop or any other Church authority official cause to turn against me. I am still an official member of the Church, and have not been cited by the Church for any inappropriate behavior to warrant a change of status.

I have never participated in any anti-Mormon movement or function; I have never written or published anything anti-Church, anti-Christ, anti-Mormon. Using Boyd K. Packer's admonition against the following—I am not a homosex-

ual, Mormon feminist, or Mormon intellectual. In fact, I support the teachings and tenets of the Church, and how they lead people to live more honest, responsible, moral, and humanitarian lives. I tell my sons that if I had more children, I would raise them in the Church. Is there any higher support and praise for the Church than to raise your own precious children in the Church?

Like many mothers, I have a close relationship with my sons. If you ask them, they will tell you that I love them, care about them, and have assisted in their spiritual and moral growth and development, both by word and by example. My sons will tell you that I played a critical role in helping them become strong, devoted members of the Church. In their formative years, it was I who organized weekly family home evenings. I taught and read to them the scriptures and stories about the Gospel. I helped them with their prayers every night. Like many mothers, I taught them to love Jesus, act with kindness and fairness, love the music of the Church as much as I did, love going to all Church meetings, which I did, obey the "word of wisdom," keep the Sabbath day holy, look forward to being missionaries, and marry worthily in the temple. Whenever they participated in Sunday school services, sacrament meetings, Primary, or seminary, I was there. During the entire four years when my first two sons were on their missions, I faithfully wrote every week, sent them gifts during special occasions, and provided other needs.

Like many mothers who day by day and week by week build their children's character brick by brick, my architectural blueprint included plans like limiting their television watching to an hour a day, not allowing any rude words or swearing, not even "shut up," teaching them the importance of being on time and to call when they are going to be late, and "dragging" them to art museums, concerts, and the mountains to help them appreciate "the more abundant life." I can hear them whisper, "Don't tell mom about that trailhead we just saw or we're going to have to hike it." I taught my sons good manners; they say, "Thank you," "Please," and "Excuse me." I taught them to value trustworthiness—to keep their word and follow through, to not lie or cheat, to be scrupulously honest. As they grew older, they have chosen good friends. They do not single-date, they only group-date. They do not watch R-rated movies or explicit TV shows. They are honest, responsible, polite boys. They are clean and pure. I remember teachers fighting to have them in their classes.

I have also encouraged their academic and intellectual development, both by word and example. I, myself, completed a graduate degree, I constantly read and learn from literature, other publications, and the arts, I write fiction and nonfiction, I play violin. Before they were four years old, I taught each of them to read and complete simple math calculations. In elementary grades, my oldest son was double-promoted, and my other two sons were invited to enroll in gifted classes. Two of them have four-year academic scholarships to BYU, and one has a one-year scholarship at BYU.

What I say about my parenting may sound like puffed-up pride and brag-

ging. The truth is I don't feel prideful or proud—because I am not a perfect parent, because I make mistakes. What I feel is inadequacy and imperfection fulfilling the role of mother. What I feel is great humility at having the opportunity to be the parent of such fine, young men. What I feel is I have taken seriously and responsibly the stewardship of parent and have worked hard to magnify the calling; this I can unequivocally say, though I may fall short.

Throughout their lives thus far, I continuously encourage my sons in all their pursuits and interests, encourage them to fulfill their potential, praise them for worthwhile achievements, console them when they feel sad or hurt, build their self-esteem and self-worth in every way I know how, give them wise counsel and wisdom, help them know they are wholly and unconditionally loved by me, and engrave upon their souls that they are choice, valiant sons of God. These young men are truly extraordinary, and I stand in awe of their goodness and purity, their intellect and spirit. I truly feel blessed and privileged to have been a part of their lives.

You, of all people, President Hinckley, understand the worldwide magnitude of the Church's growth and development and the need to be accepting of people's differences—whether they are member or non-member, active or inactive, single or divorced, Russian or Chinese, black or white. Instead of working against differences, I know you would work with them. The following quotes confirm what you already admonish. Elder John K. Carmack in his book, Tolerance: Principles, Practices, Obstacles, Limits, *published in 1993 by Bookcraft, wrote: "We do not believe that any nation, race, or culture is a lesser breed or inferior in God's eyes. Those who believe or teach such doctrine have no authority from either the Lord or his authorized servants."*

Elder Bruce R. McConkie, in an address given after the 1978 revelation to give the black race the priesthood, quoted the passage 2 Nephi 26:33 about all being alike unto God and said, "Many of us never imagined or supposed that these passages had the extensive and broad meaning that they do have" (from "All Are Alike unto God," speech delivered, 18 Aug. 1978, in Charge to Religious Educators *[Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1982], 152).*

President Howard W. Hunter said, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ transcends nationality and color, crosses cultural lines, and blends distinctiveness into a common brotherhood ... All men are invited to come unto him and all are alike unto him. Race makes no difference; color makes no difference; nationality makes no difference ... As members of the Lord's church, we need to lift our vision beyond personal prejudices. We need to discover the supreme truth that indeed our Father is no respecter of persons" (from "All Are Alike unto God," Ensign *9 [June 1979]: 72, 74).*

I appreciate your taking the time to read this letter. Thank you.

Sincerely and respectfully,

*cc: President *** *****, Area President*
*President *** *******, Stake President*
*Bishop ****** ******, Bishop*

Whether to attend David's farewell was a roller-coaster struggle—one minute, yes, the next, no, it's too painful, I'm too humiliated, what will the ward who knew me back more than fifteen years ago think? What will my former husband's family think, *all* active, my sons' grandparents, now Provo temple president and matron? Everyone will wonder why the mother of David is not speaking, and no one will know the story behind the why.

Above all, though, I mourned that I would not be on the stand sitting beside the three good-looking, righteous young lads whom I bore and raised, proclaiming in public through my presence and participation my love and support for all of them, particularly for David on his special day for which he had meticulously planned since childhood. Could I bear to see them all up there with their father, without me, picture-imperfect? In the end, for David, I went and wept. The bishop wasn't even there—out of town, someone said. The stake president was there but didn't speak to me. At the traditional open house held at my former husband's home, the family members were all kind and friendly, as they usually are—I needn't have worried about them.

My former husband's family, his parents, his siblings and their spouses and children, is an extraordinary family overstocked with righteous and outstanding accomplishments for a family of fifty-eight people, at last count—all active, every jot and tittle along the iron rod, soldered families with soldered family values—missions, temple marriages, college educations, upstanding careers, the kids all bright and moral, like our kids. It must partially be that good old Smith line going back to Asael Smith, Joseph Smith's grandfather, good old-fashioned pioneer stock. I love this family, one legacy my sons say they feel blessed to have.

I'm the only "black sheep," in more than one offense.

Since on my side of the family I was the sole once-active, now-inactive member of the church for generations going farther back than Joseph Smith's birth date, part of my lone LDS-like legacy is that my sons have had to accept and live with differences in a homogenous society, one being an atypical, non-conforming, single parent not of the dominant race nor for all practical purposes of the dominant religion. From me, they have learned more acutely, more pointedly like nails jabbing the underbelly of their conscience, about exercising the spirit of the law when it is the higher law, which translated often means practicing the second great commandment. They have learned that there is a time and season for everything under heaven—a time for law and a time for spirit.

I am delighted and grateful that my sons, including David, believe that the bishop's and his stake presidency's behavior was not based on law or spirit, that their behavior was unfair, undeserving, and unChrist-like.

When a month passed by and then another without hearing from President Hinckley, I gave up hope. Not even a form letter. Then out of the blue I received a phone call from a member of the stake presidency presiding in my area. I discovered that President Hinckley finally did read my letter and had instructed the area president to contact the stake presidency of the region I live in. This stake presidency, with whom I was not acquainted, contacted me on 6 July 1997 to ask for a meeting, which was held 13 July. Each member of this stake presidency had read a copy of my letter. As instructed, they met with me to personally hear my thoughts and feelings about what had occurred, with the intent of reporting back to the area president.

In our meeting this stake presidency was a regalia of handshakes, smiles, and nods. In the spirit of fellowshipping, their demeanor and countenances suggested that the bishop's behavior might be questionable and, when pressed, agreed that if it were they who had any concerns about my speaking in church, it seemed reasonable and fair to arrange a meeting to express their thoughts. In addition, they asked for a copy of the talk that "detracted from the spirit," given 31 July 1994. So later that week I gave the stake president a copy of my talk, and in a letter to him I brazenly requested that he ask the area president for a formal apology from the bishop and his stake presidency on these points.

1. Their attitude and behavior hurt my family and me not only because of their *decision* but also by the manner in which they conducted this procedure. When the bishop informed David at his missionary interview that he didn't want me to speak, he fully expected David to inform me of his decision rather than assuming the responsibility of informing me himself. He and the stake presidency left this responsibility to an impressionable young man, desirous to respect church authority yet also loving his mother, to inform her of a very hurtful decision. Indeed, David couldn't bear to tell me; his brother did.

2. They *never* gave me a chance, if their decision was truly about my talk "detracting from the spirit," to first write my talk for everyone to proofread and revise until it met unanimous approval.

3. Not one of them contacted me in any way after receiving a copy of the letter to President Hinckley. Even if they thought their reasons were legitimate, they did not express remorse, regret, or humanity for the pain they caused me. Naturally I do not expect an apology from the bishop or any of the stake presidency. If anything, I am prepared for apathy, anger, excuses, criticism, non-culpability—*I* misunderstood, misconstrued, mis-

interpreted, *I* was mistaken, am wrong.

All I dare hope for at this point is they do nothing to hurt my sons, overtly or covertly. People warn me that by publishing this essay, I risk retaliation for myself and my family for which we can only hope and pray that a higher law and a higher spirit will preside. Like I said, little surprises me about people's behavior regardless of status, education, or economic level, career, genealogy, religion.

Not based on law or spirit, the effect of the bishop's and his stake presidency's attitude and action leaves me feeling like a worthless, faceless anomaly not good or important enough to treat with respect and dignity. What's more, it is demoralizing to realize that men who abuse their authority in the name of performing the Lord's work feel justified, even blessed for exercising their power thusly. If not, how else could they rationalize such behavior in good conscience, unless they have no consciences.

An event took place that strengthens our belief that the bishop's decision may have been prejudice-based, whether racial or other. Two weeks after my son's farewell, another mother in the bishop's ward, also inactive, separated from her husband, and, known by the ward and the bishop for cultivating "interesting ideas," spoke at her son's farewell. Obviously the bishop did not request that she not speak. When I discovered this, I felt even more powerless. If the bishop's decision were based on prejudice of race and ethnicity, he or any other member of the church would never openly admit such a bias so diametrically opposite is prejudice to the first and second commandments upon which "hang all the law and the prophets" (Matt. 22:37-40).

I now know better, but at the time I expected "my" stake president to support me in his report to the area president. Rather than say what was expressed to me in our meeting or that he had "found nothing offensive" in my talk, as he had informed me, he was noncommittal in the report. Not only did he not write one word of support, nothing about the inappropriateness of the bishop's actions or that I and my family deserve an apology, he implied that the copy of my talk I gave him might be contrived. He wrote, "She provided me with a copy of her text of the talk to review which I have also done. Of course, not having been present in the meeting, which was held in another ward in a different stake, I cannot speak with authority or knowledge about that."

After receiving a copy of the disheartening report, I called a counselor in this stake presidency to see what exactly his instructions were from President Hinckley. As he understood them, he told me they were to verify that what I had written to President Hinckley was valid and justifiable and to "make things right" with me. I informed him that the report failed on both counts. Not only did the stake president not write that he had

found nothing offensive in my talk, which would have verified that my concern to President Hinckley was valid and justifiable, but I also feel pained by his implication that the copy of my talk was questionable. As a result, I now have even less faith, respect, or trust in ecclesiastical justice and no faith, respect, and trust in this stake president, who lacked integrity and honor in this matter.

Nothing was made right, as President Hinckley had instructed. If anything, the cowardly hypocrisy is vinegar added to salt already searing an open wound. Since I am not knowledgeable in these matters, maybe this is normal protocol, the way the church takes care of people's petty problems. To me, the report reeks of "the old boys' club." Why should this stake president stick his neck out for me, a "nobody?" As long as everyone "made a show of making things right" to placate and pacify me, they did their dirty deed and duty.

I realize that what happened to me is relatively minor compared to what others have suffered, particularly those who have been excommunicated or terminated from employment in the church system. At the same time, my case possibly represents the more "normal" kinds of injustices and abuses that can occur in the church.

Quoting from the talk I gave at my second son's farewell, the one that "detracted from the spirit," I had expressed concern regarding my first son, who was serving a mission in Hong Kong at the time and who was

> experiencing hardship in getting baptisms of his own. Like all missionaries going through this non-event, he gets discouraged, but like a supportive parent, I tell him that the most important work he could do there or anywhere is to love the people like himself. If he exercises this principle, the turn of events will follow its natural course like a river or stream. He will do his best work, the kind of performance the Lord expects of him, if he follows the course of loving others as he loves himself.
>
> I reiterate this same admonishment to Daniel [my second son], and all emissaries of the gospel, that the guiding star to the people in the Philippines [his mission] is to love them as he loves himself, baptisms or no baptisms. If Daniel embraces this principle, it will be as if Christ were leading him by the hand, helping him choose the right, keeping him on the straight and narrow. "Love one another as I have loved you" will take the discouragement out of referrals not panning out, it will take the sting out of investigators not passing their interview, it will take the disappointment of someone deciding the night before that they do not want to be baptized.

Except for the quintessential "example and exemplar" of how Christ lived his life, this is the human person I want my sons to emulate. I close with the beautiful, inspired words of Lowell Bennion, who understood perfectly that he could not live the first great commandment without living the second great commandment—the way he conducted his life is a

beating and breathing testimony of his love for God and for humankind. He could not have left a worthier, more holier legacy.

> The Church is an essential part of the religious life. There we are taught the gospel, make sacred covenants, and have opportunities to serve one another. But the Church is not the end of the religious life. We are not here to serve the Church but rather to serve people through the Church. Men and women are not made for the Church, but the Church, like the Sabbath, is made for them. We do not teach lessons but people. Ultimately nothing matters in a class, a meeting, an interview, or a church activity except what people take away—ideally, increased hope, faith, knowledge, desire to serve, or resolution to live the teachings of Jesus.[4]

4. "Reflections on the Restoration," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 18 (Autumn 1985): 160-67.

Allelujah

Joy K. Young

> *Is it not strange*
> *that sheep's guts hale souls*
> *out of men's bodies?*
> —*William Shakespeare, "Much Ado About Nothing"*

When the semicircle is complete,
each pedestal placed aesthetically
on stage, the girls enter.
Thirty earnest seraphs
bend to elaborate benches,
tilting their harps until
they lean into one shoulder.
A shower of sound pours from the curved neck,
each narrow stream stretched
to the soundbox like an enclosed
reception fountain, splashing our faces
with drops of tickling tones.
Dilated hands spider the strings,
plucking ornate banisters of arpeggios,
circling the staircase of a topless tower.
Is it any wonder artists
fasten wings to their backs?

When I was young
I begged to play the harp,
never knowing soft fingertips
picked and bleeding like a quilter's
were the price to pay.
Hands poised, I could become
true elegance—making melodies
attached to a pillar
from yards of silken glissando.
I imagined myself in a gossamer gown,
shining hair brushing freckled shoulders,
hands worshipping in string-sandwiched prayer.

Jesus Christ in the New Testament: Part Two: Various Images of Jesus in the Books of the New Testament

John P. Meier

I. INTRODUCTION

MY PREVIOUS ESSAY ON THE HISTORICAL JESUS in the winter 1997 issue began with the famous cry of Hebrews 13:8 ("Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever!") and proceeded to focus on the primordial "yesterday" of the historical Jesus. In the spirit of the Beatles, this present essay continues to sing of "yesterday," but now we are moving from the yesterday of the historical Jesus during his public ministry to the yesterday of the various interpretations of Jesus by different Christian communities and authors in the first two or three generations after his death.

Sometimes the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith are played off against each other as mutually exclusive ways of looking at Jesus.[1] But this is a simplistic and inaccurate dichotomy. On the one hand, the Jesus of history had devoted disciples who followed him literally, physically, at great personal sacrifice precisely because they believed in him during

1. This dichotomy may be traced back to eighteenth-century rationalist Hermann Samuel Reimarus, whose *Fragments* were published posthumously. They are available in English translation in *Reimarus: Fragments* (Philadelphia: Fortress, 1970). This dichotomy was reflected—in very different ways—in the nineteenth century by the works of David Friedrich Strauss (see his *The Christ of Faith and the Jesus of History* [Philadelphia: Fortress, 1977]) and Martin Kähler (see his *The So-Called Historical Jesus and the Historic Biblical Christ* [Philadelphia: Fortress, 1964]). The great twentieth-century proponent of the dichotomy was Rudolf Bultmann (see, e.g., his *Jesus and the Word* [London: Collins/Fontana, 1934]). The dichotomy is prolonged today in much of the literature that emanates from the Jesus Seminar; see, e.g., Burton L. Mack's *A Myth of Innocence* (Philadelphia: Fortress, 1988).

his public ministry. The Jesus of history was in some sense an object of faith—granted, not Christian faith—during his own lifetime. On the other hand, there is no one homogenized Christ of faith in the pages of the New Testament. There are various images and interpretations of Jesus, various christologies, in different books of the New Testament. Indeed one could speak of four different christologies in the four Gospels.[2]

Since I do not have space in this one essay to examine in detail all the Christs of faith the New Testament offers—the offbeat Epistle to the Hebrews would require an essay of its own—I will focus on the major ways in which Jesus was imaged in three key strata of first-century Christian tradition: in the oral tradition before Paul, in Paul's own theology, and in each of the four Gospels.

II. The Pre-Pauline Tradition

Paul the Apostle wrote his epistles in the 50s of the first century, before any of the four Gospels was composed. Hence it might seem natural to start with Paul.[3] Yet this is to commit the common error of supposing that all Christian theology—or even Christianity itself—began with Paul. It did not. Paul joined an already existing group of Jews for Jesus. In the 30s and 40s of the first century, this group was already developing creedal formulas, liturgical texts, and hymns that described Christ's status and saving work. Thanks to form and tradition criticism, we can excavate these primitive oral formulas from Paul's epistles. Five of these formulas are especially important:

1. *1 Corinthians 15:3-5.*[4] Not surprisingly, in the wake of Good Friday and Easter, the death and resurrection of Jesus were at the heart of any Christian description of who Jesus was and what he had done for believers. One of the earliest creedal formulas we can isolate is cited by Paul in

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2. Among the many studies, see, e.g., Oscar Cullmann, *The Christology of the New Testament* (Philadelphia: Westminster, 1959); Reginald H. Fuller, *The Foundations of New Testament Christology* (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1965); Ferdinand Hahn, *The Titles of Jesus in Christology* (London: Lutterworth, 1969); Eduard Schweizer, *Jesus* (London: SCM, 1971); James D. G. Dunn, *Christology in the Making* (Philadelphia: Westminster, 1980); Edward Schillebeeckx, *Christ. The Experience of Jesus as Lord* (New York: Seabury, 1980); M. de Jonge, *Christology in Context. The Earliest Christian Response to Jesus* (Philadelphia: Westminster, 1988); Rudolf Schnackenburg, *Jesus in the Gospels. A Biblical Christology* (Louisville: Westminster/John Knox, 1995).

3. See Lucien Cerfaux, *Christ in the Theology of St. Paul* (New York: Herder and Herder, 1966); Joseph A. Fitzmyer, "Pauline Theology," *The New Jerome Biblical Commentary*, ed. R. E. Brown, J. A. Fitzmyer, and R. E. Murphy (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1988), 1382-1416.

4. See Joachim Jeremias, *The Eucharistic Words of Jesus* (London: SCM, 1966), 101-103; Karl Lehmann, *Auferweckt am dritten Tag nach der Schrift*, 2d ed. (Freiburg: Herder, 1969), 17-157.

1 Corinthians 15:3-5 as he disputes with some Corinthian converts who doubt the general resurrection of the dead. Paul tells us that he himself learned this creedal formula when he became a Christian in the early 30s.

> Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures;
> and he was buried;
> and he was raised on the third day according to the Scriptures;
> and he appeared to Cephas [= Simon Peter] and then to the Twelve.

Without pressing this formula for hidden meanings, certain things are obvious. For Christian Jews of the 30s and 40s, Jesus is so totally identified with the hoped-for Messiah that the Greek form of Messiah, *christos*, "Christ," has become practically his second name. Yet, contrary to all traditional expectations, Jesus has proven his messiahship by dying a sacrificial death for our sins as prophesied, it is claimed, in the scriptures. The reality of his death was confirmed by his burial. But, then, on the third day, again in fulfillment of the scriptures—though we are not told *which* scriptures—Christ was raised from the dead (namely, by God the Father). And, just as Christ's burial confirmed the reality of his death, so his appearance to Peter, the leader of his twelve disciples, confirmed the reality of his resurrection. So did a subsequent appearance to the full circle of the Twelve, who represented the twelve tribes of Israel. The death and resurrection of Jesus the Messiah thus stood at the heart of the earliest Jewish-Christian profession of faith in Jesus.

2. *Romans 4:25.*[5] The centrality of death and resurrection is confirmed by another creedal or liturgical formula quoted by Paul in Romans 4:25:

> [He] was handed over for our trespasses,
> and raised for our justification.

Here Jesus' death is described as "being handed over" to death, with God the Father understood once again as the prime agent in the drama. Some scholars think that the image of being handed over to death refers to the suffering servant described in the prophet Isaiah (52:13-53:12), while other scholars hear an echo of the story of Abraham handing over his son Isaac to a sacrificial death (Gen. 22:1-19). What is most striking is that this primitive formula already assigns different functions to Jesus' death and resurrection. The negative reality of his death is correlated

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5. See David Michael Stanley, *Christ's Resurrection in Pauline Soteriology* (Rome: Biblical Institute, 1961), 171-73.

with the negative reality of our sins: he was handed over to wipe away our trespasses. The positive event of his resurrection is correlated with the positive event of our justification; that is to say, Jesus' resurrection puts us into a right relationship with God. Notice how very early on it is the resurrection of Jesus that is the saving event *par excellence.*

3. *Romans 3:24-25.*[6] But the pre-Pauline tradition was just as capable of focusing on Jesus' death as the great saving event, as we see in a liturgical formula cited in Romans 3:24-25:

> [We are] freely justified by the redemption [found]
> in Christ Jesus,
> whom God publicly displayed as the mercy seat [sprinkled]
> with his own blood,
> to show forth his justice by remitting previously committed
> sins in the time of God's forbearance.

Our justification, our "being put right with God," is now seen as effected by Christ's death. As in 1 Corinthians 15, his death is interpreted as a sacrifice for sin. Indeed there seems to be an allusion to the great atoning sacrifice of Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement), when, according to the Book of Leviticus (16:1-34), the Jewish high priest would sprinkle the blood of the sacrificial victim on the golden covering of the ark of the covenant, called in Hebrew the *kapporet,* in Greek the *hilastērion,* and in a popular but hardly literal modern translation "the mercy seat." This formula proclaims that in like manner the blood of the Messiah Jesus has been sprinkled on the cross on Good Friday, the ultimate Yom Kippur, achieving definitive cleansing from all sin. This is a bold and unusual image, one that would have come naturally to mind only in the case of Jews who saw in Jesus the fulfillment of all the hopes and rituals of the Jewish scriptures. Indeed, in all these pre-Pauline creedal formulas, we should notice how thoroughly Jewish, how steeped in the language and imagery of the Old Testament, these statements are. Not surprisingly, the bold imagery of the Yom Kippur sacrifice was developed at length later on in the thoroughly Jewish document known as the Epistle to the Hebrews.

4. *Romans 1:3-4.*[7] Jesus' death and resurrection are celebrated in an-

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6. See Leon Morris, "The Meaning of *hilastērion* in Romans 3:25," *New Testament Studies* 2 (1955-56): 33-43; Ernst Käsemann, "Zum Verständnis von Römer 3, 24-26," *Exegetische Versuche und Besinnungen. Band I* (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1960), 96-100; John Reumann, "The Gospel of the Righteousness of God," *Interpretation* 20 (1966): 432-52.

7. Eduard Schweizer, "Röm 1, 3f und der Gegensatz von Fleisch und Geist vor und bei Paulus," *Neotestamentica* (Zurich/Stuttgart: Zwingli, 1963), 180-89; D. Duling, "The Promises to David and Their Entrance into Christianity—Nailing Down a Likely Hypothesis," *New Testament Studies* 20 (1973-74): 55-77.

other creedal formula quoted by Paul in Romans 1:3-4, but here the focus broadens out to include the whole of Jesus' earthly life:

(1) [He] was born of the seed of David according to the flesh,
(2) constituted Son of God according to a spirit of holiness
at the resurrection of the dead.

Unlike the three previous formulas, this creed connects specific descriptions or titles to specific stages of Jesus' existence. From birth on, and by virtue of his birth, Jesus was a son of David, in some sense the Davidic Messiah during his whole earthly life, not just at his death. But it was only at his resurrection from the dead, understood as a royal enthronement exalting him from earth to heaven, that Jesus became Son of God in a new spiritual plane of existence.

One should note immediately that titles like Son of David and Son of God are used in this and other formulas in a *functional*, not a *metaphysical*, sense. That is to say, they are descriptions of a function a person is performing in the history of salvation; they are not meant as definitions of the person's inner essence or nature. In fact, this is true of most of the christologies in the New Testament; they remain largely functional, since they usually describe how God acts through Jesus to achieve salvation. In the New Testament, *christology* (who Jesus is) is inextricably bound up with *soteriology* (what sort of salvation he brings and how he brings it). Occasionally, though, these formulas that tell the story of salvation in dynamic fashion do move somewhat in the direction of describing Christ's person or nature. Nevertheless, it is only in the patristic period, especially in the first four general (or "ecumenical") councils (from Nicea [325 A.D.] to Chalcedon [451 A.D.]), that these titles are used in an explicitly metaphysical or philosophical sense, focusing on abstract questions of person and nature.

5. *Philippians 2:6-11.*[8] A slight foreshadowing of this later development can be found in at least one pre-Pauline formula, the ancient hymn Paul cites in Philippians 2:6-11. This hymn widens the focus of the story of Jesus in an astonishing way. The beginning of the hymn encompasses not only Christ's birth but also his preexistence in heaven, while the end of the hymn presents Christ being worshipped by all creation after his enthronement back in heaven. The hymn starts off with Christ existing "in the form of God" but deciding not to cling to equality with God. Rather Christ empties himself, taking on the form of a slave, in other words, being born as a human being. This initial humiliation is followed

8. Ralph P. Martin, *Carmen Christi* (revised ed.; Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1983); Joseph A. Fitzmyer, "The Aramaic Background of Philippians 2:6-11," *Catholic Biblical Quarterly* 50 (1988): 470-83.

by the extreme humiliation of death on the cross. But God reverses this downward movement in the hymn by exalting Jesus above all creation, a creation that now acclaims Christ with the title of Lord, *kyrios*, probably understood as the unpronounceable sacred name of God, the tetragrammaton ("Yahweh").

As the German scholar Martin Hengel points out,[9] there is something astounding here, simply from the viewpoint of the history of religions. A specific historical individual known as Jesus of Nazareth, with whom a large number of disciples and other Palestinian Jews were acquainted for a few years at the end of the 20s in the first century, was crucified publicly around the year 30. Within some ten or twenty years after his ignominious and ghastly death, some of his followers proclaimed in this hymn his preexistence and equality with God, his incarnation as man, his humiliating death, and his subsequent exaltation in heaven as Lord of the whole cosmos. There is really no precise parallel in the history of religions for such a high evaluation of a concrete historical human being one or two decades after his gruesome death.

Just as the other primitive formulas we have seen foreshadow the theology of Paul, the Synoptic Gospels, or the Epistle to the Hebrews, so this hymn from Philippians foreshadows the high christology of the Gospel of John, written toward the end of the first century. In other words, this hymn foreshadows how lofty estimations of Christ's actions could lead at times to quasi-metaphysical statements about his person. At a certain point, functional christology began to spill over into metaphysical christology, and the Philippians hymn shows us how early the spillage began.

To sum up, then, our survey of these primitive formulas: Paul and the four evangelists were all creative theologians, but they did not create out of nothing. They built on the various primitive christologies already circulating among Christian Jews in the first two decades after Jesus' crucifixion. While these formulas focused especially on Jesus' death and resurrection, at times they broadened their focus to include his earthly life, his birth, or even his preexistence.

III. The Image of Jesus in Paul's Epistles

Let us now turn to the specific way in which Paul the Apostle appropriated and developed these early Jewish-Christian traditions preserved in his epistles, epistles he wrote in the 50s. We have seen how these pre-Pauline traditions focused on Jesus' death and resurrection, and Paul's own personal experience only tended to reinforce this focus. As far as we

9. Martin Hengel, *The Son of God* (Philadelphia: Fortress, 1976), 1-2.

know, Paul had not met Jesus during the latter's public ministry, and so not surprisingly the public ministry plays no significant part in Paul's proclamation of Christ. Paul's experience of Jesus was rather an encounter with the risen Jesus (dramatized later on in St. Luke's narrative of Paul's vision of Christ on the road to Damascus). Death and resurrection were necessarily Paul's starting point, and Paul decided to make a virtue of necessity by emphasizing the shocking paradox that was the great obstacle to faith: that God had fulfilled his promises to Israel and had brought salvation to the whole world through a crucified and risen Messiah.

Paul extends this basic story into the present moment by stressing that the risen Jesus is now enthroned in heaven as Son of God and Lord of the world. All who believe in Christ receive even now the end-time gift of his Holy Spirit, who makes believers adopted children of God, coheirs with the Son, and members of God's holy people. This Spirit likewise energizes believers to undertake a mission to the whole world, Jew and gentile alike, without the traditional barriers of circumcision and the Mosaic Law. This mission is urgent, since the Son of God will soon come in glory to save believers from the destruction that threatens the rest of sinful humanity. Paul calls this coming of the Son at the end of time the *Parousia.* On the last day the Son will judge the world and will bring God's victory over sin and death, begun at Easter, to completion, when all believers are raised to eternal life.

This story of Christ, extending to the end of time, is also broadened out by Paul on the other end when he states that God sent his Son into the world—thus intimating rather than emphasizing the preexistence of the Son. But for Paul, unlike John, preexistence and incarnation are not a major part of the story. For Paul, the basic story runs from cross and resurrection through Christ's present reign and gift of the Spirit to his coming in glory to hold the last judgment.

This is not to say that Paul knew nothing of Jesus' earthly life. From stray bits of tradition Paul cites, we see that he knows that Jesus was of Davidic lineage (Rom. 1:3), that Jesus aimed his earthly mission at his fellow Jews, not at gentiles (Rom. 15:8; compare 15:15-16), that he sent out his followers on a mission (1 Cor. 9:14), that he forbade divorce (1 Cor. 7:10-11), and that he held a final supper with his disciples on the night before he died, during which he identified bread with his body and wine with the new covenant sealed by his blood (1 Cor. 11:23-25). He was then crucified and buried (1 Cor. 15:3-4).

Quite probably Paul could have told much more of the story of the earthly Jesus, but that would not have served his main purpose in writing his epistles. After all, we must remember that in his epistles Paul is not giving initial instruction about Jesus to nonbelievers but rather spe-

cific and developed teaching to answer concrete problems that have arisen in his churches. In contrast, one may reasonably suppose that, when Paul started preaching Christ in a new pagan locale, he would have had to explain to prospective gentile converts who this Jew named Jesus was who wound up being crucified by the Romans and who, contrary to all appearances, was the savior these gentiles should embrace in faith.

Yet even in his initial proclamation, Paul probably made Christ's death and resurrection the center of the saving story, thus holding fast to the primitive creedal formulas he had learned. He might use various titles such as Christ, Son of God, Lord, and Savior to describe the Jesus proclaimed in this story, but ultimately it was the story that gave meaning to these titles, and not vice versa. Indeed that is true of the titles used of Jesus throughout the New Testament. It is the story of Jesus propounded by an individual author that gives content to the titles. To survey New Testament christology simply by listing and defining titles is to miss the point—the point being a whole story that moved people to believe in Jesus.

It is this story-centered nature of the Christian message that naturally resulted in the full-blown retellings of the story that we call Gospels. We will examine first the three Gospels that were composed from common sources and that narrate to some degree a common story: Mark, Matthew, and Luke, dubbed by scholars the Synoptic Gospels. We will then compare them with the very different Gospel of John.

IV. The Four Gospels

The proclamation of Jesus' saving death and resurrection obviously retained its key position when the four Gospels came to be written in the second Christian generation. Indeed, to adapt what the German scholar Martin Kähler said of all the Gospels, one could say with some exaggeration that Mark's Gospel is a Passion Narrative with an extended introduction.[10] In fact, death and resurrection form the climax of each evangelist's story. But, as the four evangelists composed their works throughout the second Christian generation, there was a natural and increasing movement backward from the climax to what led up to it. In this sense each Gospel was written backwards, from end to beginning.

Mark moves the beginning of the story of Jesus back to the baptism of the adult Jesus by John the Baptist just before the public ministry begins. Matthew and Luke both move the beginning of the story back to Jesus' virginal conception and birth. John completes this thrust by push-

10. Kähler, *The So-Called Historical Jesus*, 80n11.

ing back to the eternal Word who became flesh in Jesus Christ. Entranced by this tendency, some scholars have tried to portray this development as a neat chronological line, the Gospels pushing back farther than Paul and each Gospel pushing back farther than the Gospel before it. But, as so often happens in history, developments tend to be messy rather than neat. They fail to follow a tidy chronological progression. While most scholars think that Mark was the earliest of the Gospels to be written, it is harder to determine the exact chronological relations among Matthew, Luke, and John. In any case, the development from low to high christology does not seem to follow a neat, progressive time line. Luke, one of the latest Gospels to be written, has at times a notably low christology. And, as we have already seen, John, with his high christology of preexistence and incarnation, does not create this view out of thin air, but rather picks up themes already present in early Christian formulas like the Philippians hymn cited by Paul.

Theological development is always more contorted than theologians would like. Instead of a neat chronological progression of christology in the first century, we would do better to adopt the position that in the beginning was the grab bag. In the explosive aftermath of Calvary and Easter, the earliest Jewish-Christian believers applied all sorts of Old Testament images, prophecies, and titles to Jesus. Some of these images and titles *we* would classify today as indicating high christology, others low. The earliest Christian Jews may not have perceived all the fine differences and distinctions we would make with two thousand years of hindsight, and they might have been surprised at the tensions or contradictions we see in the juxtaposition of high and low designations like Son of God and servant of God. For them both were true, and they were not overly concerned about how both could be true at the same time.

In the beginning was the grab bag. The books of the New Testament and indeed the patristic period tell the story of how early believers tried to sort out the grab bag in various ways. Of all the attempts in the New Testament apart from Paul, the four Gospels are the most famous and influential examples of this sorting. They posed many of the problems and provided some of the solutions with which the patristic period would have to grapple as it went about its own sorting. It is to the four images of Jesus, the four sortings in the four Gospels, that we now turn our attention.

1. Mark's Gospel was probably the first to be written, somewhere around 70 A.D. Stark, dark, laconic Mark, the Gospel of mystery, has left exegetes scratching their heads down through the ages just as it apparently left Matthew and Luke scratching their heads later on in the first century. Like a Baroque chiaroscuro painting, Mark delights in sharp, puzzling juxtapositions of light and dark, high and low, divine and hu-

man, in his portrait of Jesus. One minute Jesus cannot work miracles because of people's unbelief (6:5), the next minute he is bestriding the waves of the Sea of Galilee and asserting the divine claim "It is I!" just like God bestriding the waters of chaos in the Old Testament (vv. 45-52).

All this makes for a bewildering sense of mystery that confuses friend and foe alike in Mark's Gospel. The very first words of the Gospel assert that Jesus is the Messiah and Son of God, the object of Old Testament prophecy. Yet only God, the demons, and Mark's readers know that truth. For most of the Gospel, the human actors in the drama are woefully ignorant of Jesus' identity. The two parts of Mark's Gospel gradually unfold the two-fold messianic secret of Jesus as Messiah and Son of God. Half way through the Gospel, at Caesarea Philippi, Peter finally sees that Jesus is the Messiah—but that is all he sees: a powerful, miracle-working Messiah (8:27-30).

Jesus must immediately counter this dangerous half-truth with the other, darker side of the coin: he is also the Son of Man who must suffer, die, and rise from the dead (8:31-33). In Mark's mind only when these apparently contradictory truths are held together is the identity of Jesus understood. And so it is only after Jesus has died on the cross that paradoxically the veil of mystery is ripped away and a centurion, one of Jesus' executioners, sees the dead criminal for what he was all along (15:39): "Truly this man [that is, this condemned, tortured, crucified, dead man] was God's Son." This unbearable paradox, this contradiction of all human expectations, is nevertheless confirmed on Easter Sunday morning when Jesus' female followers find his tomb empty and are told by a mysterious young man that the crucified Jesus has been raised from the dead. Only now, at the end of the story, do we begin to sense what Messiah, Son of Man, and Son of God mean for Mark. Instead of neat definitions we are left with a puzzling, open-ended story that unites stark contradictions running through the ministry of Jesus and culminating in the ultimate contradiction of a crucified and risen Christ.

2. Matthew's Gospel, written somewhere between 80 and 90 A.D., is the closest of the other Gospels to Mark. In a sense one might think of Matthew as the new, improved Mark or the first interpretation of Mark. At times, though, the improvements and interpretations are massive. Matthew does not like Mark's jarring juxtapositions. While Matthew keeps Mark's christological titles, the rewritten story produces a smoother, more coherent, and a definitely higher christology. Jesus is Messiah and Son of God from the virginal conception onwards (1:18-25). Indeed, thanks to the virginal conception, Matthew dares to apply to Jesus the title Emmanuel: he is "God with us" (v. 23). As Matthew multiplies the occurrences of the key titles Son of God and Son of Man throughout his Gospel, he likewise softens or eliminates Mark's more

shocking elements. Indications of Jesus' ignorance or powerlessness are deftly omitted.

Since Matthew is addressing a local church with strong Jewish roots, he joins his high christology with a high view of God's people, the church, in other words, with a high ecclesiology. In fact, Matthew is the only Gospel in which the word "church" (*ekklēsia*) appears (16:18; 18:17). For Matthew a Messiah makes sense only as the leader of a messianic people of the end time, namely, the church. One can see Matthew's high christology wedded to his high ecclesiology in the changes he makes in Peter's confession of faith at Caesarea Philippi (16:16-19), a scene he takes over from Mark. Instead of Mark's laconic "You are the Messiah," in Matthew Peter proclaims, "You are the Messiah, the Son of the living God." Only in Matthew does Jesus reply to this high christology with his own high ecclesiology: "You are Peter (the Rock), and on this rock I will build my church."

To this high christology and high ecclesiology Matthew adds a third emphasis, namely, detailed moral teaching. It is not by accident that Jesus continues his charge to Peter by giving him the keys of the kingdom so that he can bind and loose, that is to say, teach authoritatively the moral instruction he has learned from Jesus. This emphasis on moral exhortation is built into the very architecture of Matthew's Gospel, supported as it is by the five great discourses of Jesus distributed throughout the Gospel like five massive pillars holding up the structure (sermon on the mount, chaps. 5-7; missionary discourse, chap. 10; parables discourse, chap. 13; discourse on church life, chap. 18; eschatological discourse, chaps. 24-25). For Matthew Jesus is indeed Messiah, Son of God, and Son of Man, but he is also very much the final, definitive teacher of God's will, the one greater than Moses. Matthew's concern to unite christology, ecclesiology, and morality is summed up perfectly at the end of his Gospel, when, in the final scene (28:16-20), the risen Jesus, coming in full power as the Son of Man, commands his followers to make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to observe all that he, Jesus, has commanded. At this point Matthew's christology is high indeed, the highest of the three Synoptics.

3. Things are somewhat different with Luke, despite the fact that he used many of the same sources as Matthew and, like Matthew, probably wrote his Gospel somewhere in the 80s or 90s of the first century. However, Luke wrote for a church that was largely gentile in origin and stood in the tradition of Paul. Since Luke has to explain how an increasingly gentile Christian church emerged from a Jewish Messiah seeking to convince his fellow Jews, Luke naturally adapts and builds upon Mark in ways different from Matthew.

In Luke's mind the surprising developments after Jesus' resurrection demand such detailed explanation that Luke complements his Gospel with a new kind of work, the Acts of the Apostles. Faced with the reality that Jesus the Jewish Messiah was accepted by many gentiles while he was rejected by most Jews, Luke struggles throughout his two volumes to create a line of continuity in salvation history amid all the discontinuity. Only thus can he hope to give legitimacy to a largely gentile church as the true people of God.

To create this sense of continuity, Luke draws up a detailed outline of salvation history: the time of the Old Testament (with its promises and prophecies), the time of Jesus (the fulfiller of God's promises to Israel), and the time of the church (with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit by the risen Jesus, enabling a universal mission that extends the promise of salvation from Israel to all the nations).

Jesus thus belongs to the midpoint of time. As Messiah, he fulfills all the promises to Israel, as crucified and risen Lord he opens up these promises to the gentiles. While Messiah and Lord, along with Son of God and Son of Man, are key titles for Luke, his christology is perhaps the most eclectic and uneven of the four Gospels. The grab bag is most evident here. Sometimes Jesus seems to be a really nice guy, or a wise teacher, or a compassionate miracle worker, or a courageous prophet and martyr, while at other times he is clearly the Messiah, the Son of God who was virginally conceived, the Lord of all, the Savior—though Luke does not parallel Matthew in tentatively applying the title "God" to Jesus, even in the form of "God with us."

This unevenness in Luke's christology is due not to his lack of intellectual power but rather to the fact that Luke simply has other theological fish to fry, such as continuity in salvation history and the spread of the mission to the gentiles. So intent is he on his own theological agenda that he can state his purpose in great detail in the first four verses of his Gospel without even mentioning Jesus Christ (1:1-4). This is all the more startling when we remember that Luke's Gospel was probably one of the last to be written. We are reminded once again that mere chronological succession does not guarantee an ever higher christology. Still, most readers are more than willing to put up with Luke's unsystematic approach to christology for the sake of the moving portrait he paints of the merciful, compassionate, gentle Jesus, the very embodiment as well as the teacher of the typically Lucan parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son (10:25-37; 15:11-32).

4. One could hardly imagine a New Testament christology more different from Luke's than John's. From the vantage point of christology, one readily sees why Mark, Matthew, and Luke are grouped together as the Synoptic Gospels, while John stands apart as to both sources and

christology. Indeed, John's is the highest christology in the New Testament. Fittingly, in the beginning of the Gospel, the Prologue (1:1-18), we are brought back beyond the beginning of creation to eternity—to the eternal Word who, in a marvelous dialectic, is with God and is God (v. 1). That is to say, the Word exists from all eternity with God the Father and yet, in some sense, is also the one God. As if this were not complicated enough, the eternal Word, the agent of all creation, finally becomes a part of his own creation by becoming flesh (v. 14), that is, a concrete human being, Jesus Christ. With great care, though, John does not mention the name Jesus until the incarnation is announced (compare v. 14 with v. 17); Jesus is the name of the particular first-century Jew that the eternal Word has become.

It is in this concrete humanity that the Word, alias the Son, reveals God the Father to other humans (1:18). Thus, as John's christology is radically different, so too is his theory of how we are saved, his soteriology. We are saved by having the sinful darkness of our minds dispelled by the light of the truth that the Incarnate Word shines on us. "The Word became flesh ... and we saw his *glory*"—the blazing light of God's truth. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (8:32). In other words, the Word made flesh brings salvation through revelation: God's life is communicated by God's light (8:12). His truth sets us free from the dark prison-house of our willful ignorance, from the big lie of our self-sufficiency that envelops our lives and alienates us from God.

Because Jesus *is* the Word made flesh, the divine Light that has come into the darkened world, he is not to be thought of simply as the messenger, the conveyer, or the instrument of this revelation. He is himself this revelation and salvation, made fleshy and palpable for us fleshy recipients. That is why he can utter those majestic "I am" statements: "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (14:6), "I am the light of the world" (8:12), "I am the resurrection and the life" (11:25)—I and I *alone*. There is a strong polemical tone in these claims: whatever the Old Testament said about the Mosaic Law, divine Wisdom, or the Word of God, I *am* all that, and no one else is. If you believe me, you will share in what I am. In brief, in John we have a christological implosion that creates a tremendous christological concentration. Any and every image or means of salvation collapses into the person of Jesus Christ (the christological implosion), thus creating an incredibly dense christology (the christological concentration).

This christological concentration, this dense christology of preexistence, incarnation, and salvation through revelation in no way annuls the importance of the cross at the end of the story. To be sure, the light of revelation begins to shine through the flesh of Jesus from the incarnation onwards. To be sure, that light grows ever brighter in the signs, the mira-

cles Jesus performs during his ministry (see 2:11; 11:40). But it shines out fully only when Jesus is exalted on the throne of the cross as King and is fully glorified (12:27-36; 17:1-5). Only when the light of the world is lifted high on the candelabrum of the cross can the whole world see and believe and be saved.

Now this is a highly speculative christology, woven together against the background of Old Testament statements about the Wisdom of God, against the background of Jewish-Hellenistic speculation about the Word of God, and against the background of speculation about saving knowledge circulating in Greco-Roman paganism. It might seem to be totally cut off from any concern about the historical Jesus. In fact, many questers for the historical Jesus completely ignore John's Gospel and examine only the Synoptics.

That is a mistake. Paradoxically, in the midst of John's high christology, we find many bits and pieces of primitive Jewish-Palestinian tradition going back to Jesus: for example, Jesus' close association with John the Baptist and his disciples (1:19-51); Jesus' adoption of John's practice of baptizing (3:22-4:2, with some rivalry resulting from the imitation); the very idea that Jesus' ministry lasted a couple of years, with a number of trips to Jerusalem; a more plausible chronology of the final days of Jesus' life; the view that the Last Supper was not a Passover meal, Jesus instead dying just before the Passover meal would begin (18:28; 19:14); and finally the absence of a full-blown trial of Jesus by the Jewish authorities before the Roman trial by Pilate (18:19-42). Thus, quite fittingly, the word of John's high christology is enfleshed in concrete data about the historical Jesus, and modern questers ignore John's Gospel to their peril.

To be sure, the polemical emphasis in the Fourth Gospel is on the divine element. But, contrary to later gnostic interpreters, the human element is not forgotten or denigrated. Hence John's Gospel does point forward to the trinitarian and christological controversies of the patristic period. It provided controversial grist for the theological mill and yet contributed in no small way to the "orthodox" solution. In the year 451 the church Council of Chalcedon enunciated in carefully balanced, abstract philosophical formulas what John had proclaimed in a more diffuse manner within the narrative framework and functional christology of a New Testament Gospel: Jesus Christ is truly divine and truly human. More than in the other three Gospels, christology in John begins to move toward the metaphysical christology of the later patristic period.[11]

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11. See Aloys Grillmeier, *Christ in Christian Tradition* (London: Mowbray, 1965); John Macquarrie, *Jesus Christ in Modern Thought* (London: SCM, 1990); William P. Loewe, *The College Student's Introduction to Christology* (Collegeville, MN: Liturgical Press, 1996).

V. Conclusion

I suppose the natural thing would be to conclude this essay with a stirring peroration. But the history of christology has been bedeviled by more than enough stirring and at times obfuscating rhetoric. I would prefer to conclude by repeating a warning I have sounded more than once in this essay. The theological achievement of John might tempt us to draw a neat, evolutionary, ascending line in New Testament christology: from primitive Mark, stressing Jesus' humanity, to speculative John, stressing his divinity—from low to high christology. But such a neat line would be simplistic for a number of reasons: (1) Mark is better described in terms of a stark, unexplained juxtaposition of high and low, divine and human, in Jesus. (2) Luke, a later Gospel, has in some ways the lowest—or at least the most eclectic—christology. (3) Various early hymns, such as the one in Philippians, show that elements of a high christology of preexistence and incarnation circulated in the first decades of Christianity. No, in the beginning was the grab bag. The New Testament documents sorted it out in a number of different ways, as did the patristic, medieval, and modern church. My two essays on Jesus Christ in the New Testament have simply continued the sorting and invited the reader to do the same.

Mormontage

Addie Lacoe

baptism—
separation anxiety
immergency

ex-marine,
deacons quorum advisor—
synchronized right-face

home from the temple
regal robes left behind—
shabby disguise

missionary
coming home to changed faces
with familiar names

on my knees
waiting for revelation—
dreamless sleep, instead

wrinkled linen,
discarded napkin
and shroud

ensignosis

FICTION

Reading Between the Sheets

Karen Rosenbaum

YOU KNOW, WHAT CONSTIPATES HER, REALLY, is all those folks peering over her shoulder, not only looking for their names or themselves on her Mac screen or on the pages between the grainy covers of the books, but searching for *her* secrets as well. Looking for the Definitive, Unexpurgated Autobiography of Noreen Lucile de Camp. They have to wonder about her, the oldest de Camp sister, the tall, unmarried one, the one who at thirty-three moved to California where she spies on families for the Department of Social Services by day and writes and lives lurid, they hear tell, romances by night.

Last week cousin Wesley bought one of her books in St. George. At least he *thought* it was one of her books—the author's name was Nancy Latour de Coeur, note those initials, and the title was a giveaway too: *Raspberry Hill Rendezvous*. Wasn't that where they went for all those family reunions way back when Grandma was alive, Raspberry Hill, up in Utah County? So Wesley read part of the book, it was trash, but he felt obligated, and though he couldn't tell that *this* Raspberry Hill was the one with the nettles and the broken picnic tables, he noticed that his own car, an ancient brown Studebaker, appeared on page 73 and that the heroine's older sister had an illegitimate daughter named Delphinia, and wasn't that an obvious enough reference to *his* daughter, Delpha? He wrote to Noreen's mother in Fairview that if Noreen insisted on dragging the family's reputation through the cow dung, he'd appreciate it if *his* branch was left out. Also Noreen had better be careful—had anyone mentioned the possibility of a bishop's court? A person doesn't write things like this without some *experience*. Noreen's mother had put Wesley's whole letter, envelope and all and a sigh of her own, into a bigger envelope and sent it off to Sacramento.

Noreen laughs a little and tosses the letter in the wastebasket beside the desk, but the letter slides off the mound of cellophane cinnamon bear wrappers and wadded Kleenexes onto the floor. She retrieves it, unfolds it again, and holds it up in front of the computer screen.

Of course, Noreen has never written under the name Nancy Latour

de Coeur, but she likes the idea of the old Raspberry Hill picnic place, so she scrolls back to the last romantic tryst, adds a little nettle, and calls the place Boysenberry Basin. She'll stick cousin Wesley in too—there is always room in a novel for one more obstacle to the heroine's happiness. Uncle—she'll christen him Uncle Ame. Even if Wesley *does* pick up this book, he probably won't recognize his self-righteous self. Delpha now, Delpha is a little retarded, and she feels guilty about using Delpha. But Delpha will fit in, rather nicely too, as the minister's simple daughter, Amanda, she'll call her, in the next chapter. Noreen always has Protestant ministers in her books, never Mormon bishops. Mormon bishops take too much explaining. The working title of the new book is *Polkadot Pillows*. The previous one was *Under the Sheets*.

Noreen doesn't know Nancy Latour de Coeur. She's met other romance writers at the Affairs of the Heart convention, and they address each other by their pseudonyms. For two years now Noreen has been Marigold McCann. She doesn't regard the name as one of her better creations, but Darla likes it, and so does Gwen, and a number of readers apparently have no serious objections. Darla is her agent and Gwen her editor. Before Darla, Noreen wrote under the name Laurel Birch, but Darla had scoffed at that, and Noreen had to admit that the only time she saw a Laurel Birch book at a bookstore of any kind was in the 25-cent bin at Chandler's. Marigold hasn't made any really big sales, but she's had enough medium-sized ones so that her second bedroom (a.k.a. her office), her postage, paper, and maybe even her new computer are, this year, tax-deductible. Darla keeps suggesting that Noreen give up the social work and churn out romances full time, but Noreen isn't ready yet. She's not optimistic about her own romances, especially the one that might lead to jobless security—health benefits and mortgage insurance. Marriage.

"I'm not brave enough to quit," she said when Darla phoned last week. "I'd eat at the computer all day. I'd be size 18 before summer. Besides, I need my sources." She had met Darla at her first Affairs of the Heart convention, and though most of her subsequent contact with Darla had been on the telephone, she always pictured Darla the way she was when they first met—a smashing, substantial blond woman in a crimson, silky pantsuit and strawberry earrings. Darla lived in Los Angeles, Malibu really, the setting of some modern American romances. Noreen prefers to set her romances in the South—not the south of California, but in cities with wonderful names like Charlotte and Marietta. She's never been to Marietta or Charlotte—in fact, she's only been east of Laramie twice, once when she rewarded herself for graduating cum laude with a trip to Washington and once when she flew to New York to meet Gwen. And she's never bought herself a silky pantsuit. Everything she wears is

washable except her shoes.

"What do you mean, your sources?" asked Darla last week. "You aren't writing about your clients." She paused for Noreen's confirmation and, when she didn't get it, went on. "And even if you were, you could remember enough about the ones you've already met to last a lifetime."

Noreen is still trying to figure out how to work Darla into a novel without Darla suspecting. Darla's face, wrinkles removed, has already appeared on Noreen's next-to-last heroine, Babs Bremington—and Darla hasn't noticed that. Noreen would like to do something with Darla's life—left by her husband with four little girls, she had started writing true confessions and had progressed to agenting romances. Darla wouldn't be the main character, of course. Maybe the main character's mother. In the book she could sell real estate instead of romances and her husband could die of brain cancer instead of running off with another man. "Men!" Darla had said, and Noreen had echoed, "Men!" as if she really knew some.

The lives of other people almost always have what Darla calls pen-life possibilities. Only Noreen's own life is sterile, like the spade-stumping soil in the Utah desert. "We made it bloom," Uncle Uban crowed at family reunions, "just like Brigham said." And Noreen makes her barren plains bloom too. She doesn't fool herself into thinking her books are roses. Turnips maybe. But turnips have a purpose. "They make me purty," Gramp used to say when Grandma would bring out her casserole of turnips in soup sauce. They didn't make Noreen purty.

Some of Noreen's relatives—her brothers, for example—know the name she writes under, and their wives read her books when their kids are down for naps or off at school, and they buzz among themselves at Christmas about any people or places they think they can recognize, never themselves or their husbands or children, Noreen would never to do that to *them*. What they want to know is how can Noreen write this kind of stuff if she doesn't have a boyfriend? "Who says she doesn't have a boyfriend?" Patty might say. "Just because she didn't have one in Fairview doesn't mean she doesn't have one out there in California."

"But all the sex and stuff," Marvina answers. "I mean it's not described in any great detail, but wouldn't she have to have some experience to do that?"

"So maybe she has some experience." Lucy Rae pulls the darning needle through the sock.

Noreen knows all this because Marvina, her favorite sister-in-law, her friend since junior high school, has confided in her. Noreen can't confide in Marvina though. Not since Marvina married Ed, and that's been eight years. Noreen has been itching to put Marvina's name at least in a story, but she doesn't dare. Last Christmas Marvina asked her point

blank how she could live all alone in a big old house (Noreen had sent a picture of herself on the porch). *Was* she living, she'd narrowed her eyes, with a man? Noreen felt the familiar revulsion at the probing, the shame of her celibacy even in a house where sex outside of marriage was a sin. Somehow it was important that Marvina wonder. "You'll be the first to know if I have anything to announce," she said and patted Marvina on the baby that was strapped to her chest.

Marvina was persistent. "You still go to church?"

"Sometimes." Noreen had pulled on her down jacket, mouthed a kiss at the baby, and slipped outside. Sometimes she *does* go to church—sometimes she feels the need. She makes a few unpredictable appearances each year, so no one there can look very familiar and so she won't look familiar to them. She isn't shocking, she thinks sourly. She's not brave enough to shock them. The fantasies that she writes about aren't even her own fantasies.

Church almost always gives her some new story ideas. It's a place to go *back* to. That's one reason she tries to make Christmas each year at Gramp's Sanpete County place, divided up, since Gramp is gone, by two of Noreen's brothers and her brother-in-law and unofficially designated as the de Camp holiday meeting place. It's nice to have something to come back to. She has to field the personal questions, of course, and ignore the exchanged looks, but she's gotten better at that, and she likes to sit around with the children—they don't mumble about how she's getting along in years and getting set in her ways—and she likes to imagine her fans are like Marvina reading on the old plaid couch, nursing the current baby, and sipping Ovaltine. It's kind of comforting.

Most of her South Sacramento clients don't know what she does in her spare time, and most don't care. They just care that she doesn't cut any of their welfare payments. Not one of them has ever inquired about her ... well, libidinal experience. They make certain assumptions about men in her life, and she discourages none of the conjectures. Some of the women do read romances though, and once she saw one of her own books lying face down and open on a coffee table. When the woman, Dee, spilled her Pepsi, Noreen grabbed the book before the brown liquid could seep onto the pages, and then after Dee sopped up the mess, she handed the book to her. "I'm afraid I lost your place," she said. "Is it any good?"

Dee shrugged. "It's better than *my* life," she said.

It's better than her own life too. She folds up Wesley's letter and slips it back into its envelope. Two Christmases ago cousin Wesley came to Sanpete County, and he took off his shirt and pulled aside his underwear so that they could all see his bypass surgery scar. Noreen had been as revolted as her sisters-in-law, but she made herself look. You can never tell

when you'll need to know what a bypass surgery scar looks like.

Her neighbors, now, know the answers to the questions Wesley and Lucy Rae would like to ask, the questions Marvina *does* ask. They know the ludicrousness of her clients' speculations. The houses on this block are close together, and especially when it isn't cold enough for the furnace or hot enough for the air conditioning or fans, they all leave their windows open. She absorbs all the sounds—Maria screaming at her kids to stop screaming, Raymond stumbling over beer cans on his back porch, Dorothy listening to *Perry Mason* reruns. They know that no one, man or woman, ever comes to the house with the big porch. And *they* can hear *her* tap tap tapping away on her keyboard. Ernesto, who is five and fascinated by the computer and printer, drops over every weekend and many week nights. He stands, his brown elbow on her chair arm, and watches the screen as if it were Saturday morning cartoons. When he asks her if she is a nun, she gets up and reaches him a Popsicle out of the freezer and sends him home.

"Is that my name?" he asked once, and she swallowed and looked. It wasn't. He'd spotted the name Eugene, but she *had* used Ernesto's name in another chapter and in fact had used several manifestations of Ernesto himself.

She is sitting at her computer now, and nothing at all is coming out. She has jotted down on Wesley's envelope some details about Dee's daughter, and she has made several attempts to start the story in which Darla, cleverly disguised, appears as mother of the bride-to-be. A name has even grown out of Marvina's name. She'll bestow it on a baby—the only way she gets to name babies, she often thinks—Merveilleuse.

The phone rings. It's 9 a.m. in Fairview. It's not easy for Mom to wait till 9 a.m. to call, Saturdays or any other day. By 9 a.m. she has probably done two batches of laundry, weeded her tomatoes, and made soup for every widow on the block. She gets mixed up on the time zones and always thinks it is 10 a.m. in Sacramento. She thinks she should let Noreen sleep in on Saturdays. Maybe she had a hot date the night before. Noreen doesn't answer the phone Friday nights so they will think that.

"Hi, Mom," she says into the receiver.

"How'd you know it was me?"

"Lucky guess. How's everybody?"

"Everybody's fine. Well. Except Adam." Adam is Patty's youngest. "He's got asthma or something. They got him one of them inhalers. And Dad's fussing about them cherries. Hail ruined 'em."

"Aw," says Noreen sympathetically. "Aw" is a safe response to almost anything Mom says. She just changes her intonation slightly. Neither one mentions cousin Wesley or his letter.

"I'll send Adam a book," Noreen says when it's almost time to hang

up. Mom sets an oven timer for fifteen minutes when she calls. "A book with dragons."

Back at the computer, Noreen sighs. Something wants to come out. Something deep down is banging against her inside walls. She stuffs cousin Wesley's letter into the wastebasket under the cellophane and Kleenex. Should she be writing about *their* secrets? If she were a photographer, she muses as she unwraps a cinnamon bear and bites off its feet, she would take pictures of those around her and wouldn't feel she was using them, compromising them. If she were a painter, she would use models. But, of course, she might do self-portraits too.

She clicks closed her document, opens a new one. A fresh, clean screen. The right place for a self-portrait. Is that the ultimate betrayal? Can she write about herself? Ah, the secret would be out. But what is the secret? She is not even sure herself. She laughs at the family fears, the dark male things that bump in the bed. They would be more afraid if they suspected what she suspects. The books she has read, the movies she has seen, the tears they evoked—when has she seen herself in the place of that fragile or robust or constant or restless or virginal or voluptuous romantic heroine? They were none of them right. But to open herself up to—some part of her screams against it.

Can she write then about herself, her own nightmares, her own dreams? Can she disguise herself, give herself a nose job, put herself on a diet, and use herself as the maid-of-dishonor? She rests her chin in her cupped palms—she's made of herself a kind of tripod. A kind of easel.

She can do it. But she can't put to use the old formula. This will have to be a story that Darla and Gwen will never see, that Marvina and Patty will never read. She doesn't have to use her real name. She starts typing, experimenting. How about Nadine? The name looks right on the gray screen. Nadine LaRue de Carlo.

She closes her eyes so she can see inside. There the screen is deliciously, terrifyingly empty and waiting. What will she discover as she writes? She is at last ready to begin.

David K. Daltridge: Servant of God

Brian Evenson

I

THEY LEFT THAT MORNING WITHOUT BEING TOLD where they were going. Daltridge was surprised when, instead of flying high and north toward Hanoi, they stayed level and curved west. As the flight commander offered the target coordinates, he wrote them down, then looked over at a stunned Thompson.

"Jesus," said Thompson, without remembering to cover his mouthpiece. "That's Cambodia."

Daltridge did not answer. He listened to the commander lecture Thompson that officially they had no targets in Cambodia, that they were not going to Cambodia, that once they returned they had never been to Cambodia. Anybody who could not live with that should let him know right away so he could arrange for a court martial.

"Yessir," said Thompson. "Yessir, yessir."

Daltridge leaned toward the porthole, loosening the shoulder straps until he could see out and down. Below was jungle. There seemed no way to determine where Vietnam stopped and Cambodia began, the vegetation thick enough it was simple for the Viet Cong to pass from one country to the other with impunity.

"Should we be doing this?" asked Thompson.

Daltridge smiled. He leaned forward to avoid having to answer.

"Two minutes to target," said the commander.

Lowering his face to the sight, Daltridge watched the crosshairs flick through vegetation.

"What am I looking for, sir?" he asked.

"Routine," said the commander.

He saw jungle and then, near the river, a small grouping of huts. His heart began to beat louder and he started a prayer in his head. He blinked once. When his eye flashed open again, he saw coming into his

sight the outer contours of a town.

"Drop," he yelled. "Drop!"

He watched the town spread out briefly below him and then gather into the jungle again. He heard the faint blows far below as the bombs struck. The plane labored heavily upward, turned home.

He spent the night awake, praying for comfort. He could not sleep. It seemed to him that his prayers accumulated around him, pushing the air from the room.

Throwing off the blanket, he sat up on the edge of his bed. He stared at the dark lump of his duffle bag.

"What's wrong?" asked Thompson.

"Can't sleep."

"Thinking about the run?"

"Yes."

"I mean, Cambodia," said Thompson.

"If they want to drop there, they probably have a good reason."

"Man, I don't know."

"That's not what bothers me," said Daltridge.

"What bothers you?"

"I don't know," said Daltridge.

Lying down, he pretended to be asleep.

The second run was smoother for him, the third smoother still, though he still had difficulty sleeping. He could not understand why the runs into Cambodia made it difficult for him to sleep while the Vietnam runs did not. Though his discomfort decreased slightly, it stayed with him. Thompson, though, after the first run, stepped into the routine.

Daltridge boarded and strapped in, waited to see if the plane would turn west or fly north. It broke west. He heard Thompson talking to him, but not what the man was saying. Nodding, he leaned forward and stared through the sight.

He kept like that, his back hunched, until they crossed above the river. Then he straightened momentarily and looked at Thompson, who was looking in the other direction. Passing his hands over his eyes, he leaned forward again.

"Target approaching," said the flight commander.

He put his head down and looked, saw pass below a dark scar where a bomb must have struck on an earlier run. Saw as well pocks of smoke rising from the vegetation. He watched the jungle flood past.

He felt something strike the plane, then air rushing all around him. His head was batted about, the wind deafening. Looking over, he saw the metal eaten away beside Thompson's shoulder, the man's head smoothly gone.

"We've been hit, sir!" he shouted. "Thompson's dead, sir!"

He heard one of the others scream something over the radio as it shorted out, felt the plane engines struggle, the plane pulling too quickly upwards. Then the plane flashed all around him and he found himself and his seat spinning out into empty air.

He cut himself free from the parachute and dropped to the ground. He began to push his way deeper into the jungle. Behind him, he could hear the short, sharp shocks of gunfire.

He kept running until he heard voices sound close to him, then abandoned the trail he had crushed and picked his way with care. He climbed into a tree and waited for nightfall, examining the slight cuts down his hands and arms. On his chest was a long gash, the lips glittering with shrapnel. He removed his canteen and poured water over the wound, saw it loosen and begin to bleed feebly.

Leaning his head against the bole of the tree, he tried to sleep.

He awoke near dusk, his hands sore, the cut along his chest puffy and swollen. Climbing down from the tree, he took his bearings, began to run.

He watched the moon rise, splintered and low through the vegetation. He stumbled forward until he could smell the blood coming out of himself, then slowed again, his breath slipping raggedly from him.

His chest hurt. The jungle thickened. His feet grew damp in his boots and were rubbed raw. He punched his way forward, stopping only to read his compass by the dim moonlight.

It was like that for a few hours, his exposed skin jumpy until, without warning, he pushed into open space.

He could see huts before him, beyond them a weak spartle of light off the river. Keeping to the underbrush, he came toward the river. He listened to the low sound of its wash. He saw, near him, a shape in the water. Crawling forward, he made it out as a shallow boat.

Standing, he untied it, pushed it into the water, and stepped in. The boat rocked and swayed. He settled himself at the near end and groped along the floor for an oar, reaching forward until he touched an odd wedge which, under his cautious prodding, became a human foot.

He jumped. The man he had touched gave a stifled cry and sat up, his features inscrutable.

"Don't move," said Daltridge, and shook his pistol at the man. "No noise."

The man began to move backward and Daltridge shook his gun again. The man stopped moving. As he felt the boat begin to turn slowly in the current, he shook the gun again. The man lifted his hands.

The boat turned. He saw the man's face clearly an instant in the

moonlight, perhaps Cambodian, perhaps Vietnamese, and then shadows flooded over it. He wondered if the man could see his face as well. The moonlight wavered briefly on the bottom of the boat and he thought he saw an oar or a pole. He shook his gun. The man raised his hands higher.

The boat turned again and he saw at its bottom a makeshift oar, a bent metal blade bound to a bamboo pole. He saw the man's clothing briefly, enough to know he was not wearing a uniform. He tried to reach for the oar while staying on his seat and keeping the gun fixed on the man, found it out of reach.

"Cover your eyes," he said to the man.

The man made a strangled noise. Daltridge shook his gun. "Cover your eyes," he said again, then lifted his free hand to cover one of his own eyes. The man watched him. Daltridge repeated the gesture, until the man slowly lowered his hands to cover his face.

"That's right," said Daltridge, smiling though the man couldn't see him. "Good."

He came crouched off the bench and slid slowly forward, aiming the gun, until he could get his fingers around the oar's shaft. He scraped the oar carefully along the bottom of the boat toward him. He slid his gun to his other hand. Lifting the oar, he grasped it farther down the shaft and swung, bringing the edge of the blade down into the man's head.

The man's hands fell and he slid to the bottom of the boat. Daltridge brought the oar down again, then a third time. He kept bringing it down until the boat turned and the moonlight showed a damp pulpy hatching stretched across the man's face. The boat prodded the edge of the river, leaves from overhanging branches brushing across the boat and over his face, too. It struck into the roots and branches, stopped.

He stripped away the leaves against his face. Setting down the oar, he turned and felt, over the side, the tangled roots. He pushed off against them, felt the boat disengage slightly until he could no longer touch them. Instead of drifting into open current, the boat slowly slid back.

He heard the man groan in the dark. Sliding free his knife, he crawled along the bottom of the boat until he touched the man's bare feet. Throwing his body atop the man, the boat rocking, he pushed his knife into the man's face and chest.

When he was satisfied, he rolled the man out of the boat. The body tilted over, splashed, then caught onto something just below the surface. It hung suspended and pale, just visible, as if floating upon the surface of the water. He tried to push it down, but it would not go.

Taking the oar, he pushed out, rowed toward home.

II

At nights sometimes he would wake up in a cold sweat and think still of dropping the bombs, the jungle passing below him as he stared through the sights. He thought of his first and solitary vision of Thompson dead and then, the moment after, the plane missing from around him and he falling with his parachute open. He had no memory of having opened it and chalked the credit up to God. God, too, he told others, had been with him through the jungle, and had given him a boat to cross the river, and had lifted him clear of all traps and menaces. God had brought him crawling out of the jungle and back into the camp where nobody could believe he was still alive. Everyone he told said it was a miracle. He took their word for it, though he could not feel any sort of spiritual confirmation.

When he reasoned it all through, he saw no purpose to his waking in a sweat in the middle of the night. God had been with him every step of the way, or nearly, and what he did was to thank God in his prayers and lean over against his wife's body and try to fall asleep against her, and mainly he could.

But sometimes he woke up screaming, his wife beside him and shaking him and asking what it was. When he calmed down, he would tell her it was Vietnam, because that was easier than telling her he was back in Cambodia. He had not told her about Cambodia, nor had he told anybody except the men who had debriefed him, and they had raised the issue first. He knew his duty.

But when he lay in bed after he was no longer screaming and his wife was asleep again, he would think about what had frightened him. Sometimes he realized that what he was screaming about was not just Cambodia and trying to escape it, but two meager things about getting out—the sound of the oar's blade as he chopped it down through the man's head, the sound of the knife being plunged into the man's face.

In the morning he ate his wife's breakfast and kissed her and got off to the printing house. He would come home smelling of ink, and on Sundays they went to church together and he gained a certain amount of authority in the local ward. As a war hero, somebody who had proved his love for his country, he was respected by many. He found himself accepting callings and serving in the ward until, three years after his marriage and a few weeks before the birth of his second child, he was appointed a counselor in the bishopric.

He had always believed the bishopric to be inspired and in constant communication with God, though he himself had not felt God's spirit since before Cambodia, and even doubted ever to have felt it at all. He served in some confusion, waiting for inspiration to strike him. It did not. He had a second child. He had profound doubts which he revealed to no

one, not even his wife, and continued to serve, methodically and without personal comfort. His efficiency and faithfulness were noticed and he was made bishop.

He had four more children, in rapid and furious succession. He began to find satisfaction in the order of things, the way in which the *General Handbook of Instructions* delineated the bishop's principles and actions clearly enough that one was hardly in need of daily inspiration. There were rules to guide him, and he could live by these and be sure that others lived by them as well. Obedience was the principle upon which the gospel was predicated, and thus the superior law. He did his duty, cleaned up the ward. He learned to speak in a fashion that seemed to lend his words authority and which made others feel the spirit, even if he did not feel it himself. They made him stake president, which was proof of God's approval and enough to make the nightmares stop. He stopped thinking about Cambodia. He felt at peace with himself.

When the revelations came out about the secret bombings and the press began to criticize the military, he felt indignation. Cambodia was none of the public's affair. He had done what was necessary for the preservation of democracy. He had been following orders, and the orders had been good ones.

Still, when his wife asked him if he knew anything about the bombings, he told her he did not, without being quite certain what he was hiding or why. He repeated the lie to his children once they were older. He began to believe the lie himself, and no longer thought of the war at all.

His obedience was so perfect that the leaders of the church began to look on him with favor, and soon he found himself in their full employ, the church his only profession and master.

III

Years later, as a general authority, he found himself on assignment for the church in Asia, reorganizing the church divisions of Korea. He stood before a crowd spread through the park, there being no church large enough to hold them all. The church had grown enormously, and this he felt was clear proof of its truth. He spoke words of hope and faith to the people in single sentences, waiting as the man beside him translated all he said.

He had not thought of Vietnam in years. Even when he first arrived in Korea, he did not think of it. But there was something about the interpreter's cadence, the attitude of his body as he spoke, that suddenly drew him back. When he looked out again over the top of his glasses at the sea of faces, they seemed to him alien, perhaps hostile.

He faltered, fell short. He saw the crowd before him remain attentive

for some time and then slowly, ever so slightly, begin to move their eyes, incline their heads to whisper one to the other.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" asked the interpreter.

He shook his head. "Thank you," he said. But when he tried to begin again, he could not remember what he had been talking about.

"Where was I?" he whispered.

"... Jesus, who is Jehovah, the God of the Covenant," said the interpreter.

He tried again to remember, but could not. He waited a long moment, again became conscious of the force of the eyes staring at him.

"Sir?" asked the interpreter.

"I want to say a few things about the war," he said. "I was over here for the war, you know."

He began to speak, about Vietnam, about flying in a bomber, supporting the cause of freedom. How he had come to liberate the people and how, if he and his fellows had only been given the chance, there would now be a united, democratic, free Vietnam. He spoke for quite some time before realizing that the interpreter was staring fixedly at him.

"What's wrong?" asked Daltridge. "Am I speaking too quickly?"

"I will not translate this," the man said. "The people shall not be forced to tolerate it."

"Are you joking?"

The interpreter folded his arms. "You are here to speak about the church."

"Listen," said Daltridge. "I command you as a servant of God to translate this for me."

"No," said the interpreter. "I shall not."

They stood staring at one another, the sweat running off Daltridge's face, until he stumbled forward, collapsed.

He awoke to a crowd of faces all around him and over him too, and thought himself again in Vietnam. He sat up and the crowd rumbled back a few inches and he found he recognized beside him the interpreter, tugging at his arm now and trying to draw him to his feet.

He shook the man's hand off him, slowly shifted to his knees. The interpreter began to shout in Korean and the crowd around him rippled briefly back before beginning again to creep forward.

Swaying, he began to stand. When he started to fall, he found the interpreter there again under him, bearing him up. Stumbling their way through the crowd, they reached the car, and he was pushed in.

The interpreter was beside him in the seat and leaning forward, addressing the driver. Daltridge leaned his head back against the seat, listening to his heart harrow his chest. The car jerked forward, the driver

beckoning and chattering out the open window.

"Where are we going?" asked Daltridge.

"The hospital," said the interpreter.

"I don't need a hospital," said Daltridge. "Take me to the hotel."

The interpreter did not answer.

"Did you hear me?" asked Daltridge.

"We are going to the hospital."

Daltridge struggled off the seat. "Stay," he said to the driver. "Stop." The interpreter said something in Korean. The driver continued forward without hesitation.

"What did you tell him?" shouted Daltridge. "What?"

And then he found his cheek beside the interpreter's shoes, the interpreter shouting loudly above him and trying to drag him back onto the seat.

He awoke on a high bed, tubes up his nose, a Korean nurse beside him.

"What is it?" he asked.

She smiled and bowed her head repeatedly. She stood and left, the door squeaking as it closed.

He regarded the closed door. He turned from it and examined the monitors beside him, the dim blips. He pulled down the sheets, examined his pale, blotched chest. Closing his eyes, he tried to sleep.

The door squeaked open. He opened his eyes, saw enter a hunched and twisted Asian man, his head bowed to the floor. The man shuffled to the chair beside the bed, sat, then lifted his head.

He was missing an eye, and the other eye, bloated, was oddly rotated. His face and forehead were a ruin, the bones lumped beneath the skin, the flesh cicatrized and uneven, all symmetry absent.

The man twisted his face sideways, brought his single eye to bear on Daltridge.

"Nurse!" called Daltridge. "Nurse!"

The man raised his finger to the remains of his lip. "No move," he said. The man reached out slowly to touch Daltridge's cheek. His hand was rough, dry.

"Talk, you," said the man, his accent poor.

"What do you want me to say?"

The man put his hand behind his ear, pulled the ear's remaining cartilage into a cup.

"Talk, you," he said again.

"What shall I say?" asked Daltridge.

The man waited with his partial ear cradled, his single eye open.

"Who are you?" asked Daltridge.

"Yes," said the man. "Such a voice. It is the one."

"What?" said Daltridge.

"I am in this church, and you are in it as well," the man said. "I have forgiven you."

"Forgiven me?" asked Daltridge. "What must I be forgiven of?"

The man shook his head. "I do not speak. I do not tell them. But you push your knife into my face."

"I didn't do anything wrong," said Daltridge. "I don't even know what you are talking about."

The man turned his head, brought his bloated eye to bear.

"I have forgiven you," he said.

"There's nothing to forgive!" shouted Daltridge. "I am guilty of nothing."

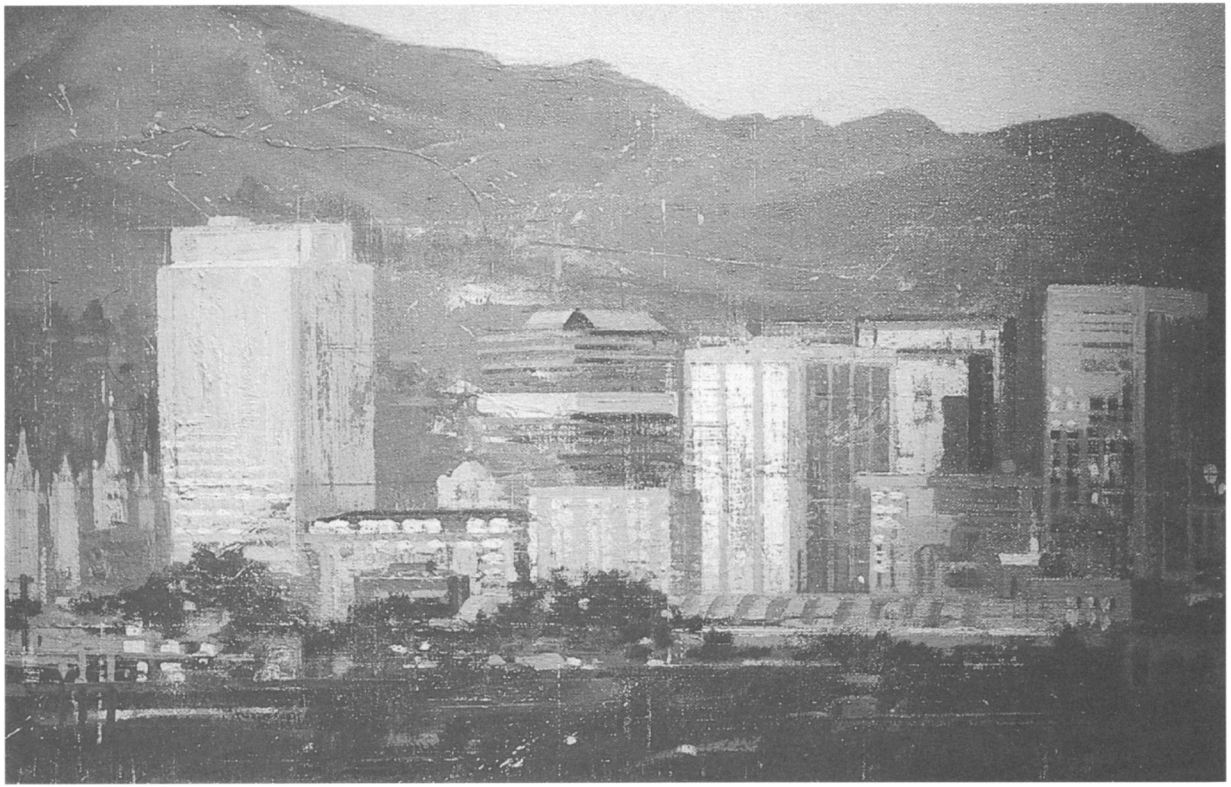
"Die," the man said. "I have forgiven you."

Daltridge began to shout and struggled to climb out of the bed. He found the nurse holding him down, pushing down upon his shoulders, and speaking quickly into his ear in a language he could not comprehend. There was a nurse on the other side as well. He looked for the crippled man, but did not find him nor any sign the man had ever been there.

He felt his head fall back onto the pillow. Something was covering his face. He felt something striking his chest, felt himself being strapped down, the bed below him moving, lights flicking past on the ceiling, the nurse running beside. The bed burst through the doors into open sunlight and he was lifted, the bed and he on it slid into the back of an emergency vehicle of some sort.

He heard the engine start. He closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he saw faces running beside the car and slowly dropping away, replaced by people on the street turned in every direction and unaware of his existence, the car speeding forward as the faces faded into an anonymous and impersonal mass.

He could not think of where he was. He could not think of what place was left where he could possibly go.



Zion-building: Pondering a Paradigm

Working Toward Zion: Principles of the United Order for the Modern World. By James W. Lucas and Warner P. Woodworth (Salt Lake City: Aspen Books, 1996).

Reviewed by T. Allen Lambert, Ithaca, New York.

ZION-BUILDING AS THE FORMATION of social institutions based on principles purportedly underlying Mormon United Orders has repeatedly captured the attention of scholars, reformers, practitioners, and church leaders over the past 150 years. The variety of interpretations seems to exceed the diversity of implementation. In some ways the debate over the nature of and relationships between Consecration and Stewardship, United Order, capitalism, and modern economy resembles that of Book of Mormon geography: there are more proposed "mappings" than plausible ones. Part of the problem is paradigm, and the Lucas-Woodworth book epitomizes how good intent can go astray when perception is based on faulty assumptions, ideologically dominated analysis, uncritical self-consciousness, etc.

What Mormon Zionist would not be attracted to *Working Toward Zion* by building on Hugh Nibley's *Approaching Zion* (as the authors assert and as Nibley himself implies in his foreword)? What great expectations are raised at the prospect of nearly 500 pages devoted to "Principles of the United Order for the Modern World"? Indeed, what greater goal than to "seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion" (D&C 6:6) through more fully implementing our temple covenant of Consecration and Stewardship? This review aims to analyze the degree to which achievement approaches aspiration.

In preparation for illustrating various principles and practices which they consider Zion-like in our modern economy, the authors wander through lengthy stage setting ("Zion and ..., Saints in ..., Challenge of ..., Restoration ... in the Modern World"); world history ("From Adam's Fall to Adam Smith" and "The Industrial Revolution ..."); contemporary conditions of productivity and labor ("Wealth and Poverty ..., Ownership, Management, and Labor ..., Finance ..., Capitalism, Socialism, and the United Order ... in the Modern World"); some principles of the United Order and practices for individuals, families, other groups and nations, and church ("Celestial Inheritance," "Upright Citizens in an Ideal Society," "More Nations than One,"); and management consulting ("Talent of Men of Business," "Stewardship Management in Modern Business," "True Energetic Life-giving Principle," "Cooperatives"). Finally the book "ends" with twelve pages of appendix, sixty-five pages of notes, twenty-nine pages of bibliography,

and an index, which, together with the main text of twenty-one chapters, table of contents, foreword, and acknowledgements, add up to about 497 total pages.

I

The main message and principal contribution of the book are found in the second half, beginning with chapter 10, and will be considered first. The first half of the book, which has little relevance to the theme, will be considered second.

Appendix B is a useful and lengthy but incomplete list of LDS and non-LDS "charitable organizations" which are engaged in one or another form of aid to peoples in distress around the world. Addresses, phone numbers, and brief descriptions are included for those who may be interested. A second edition of the book might modernize this list by including e-mail addresses and web sites. And the authors could establish a web site to list these and others, together with examples of successes and failures.

Parts of chapters 12-14 offer summaries of numerous types of efforts from around the world as examples of how individuals can contribute more to Zion-building through church service, personal initiatives, group involvements, institution formation (e.g., producer, consumer, and credit cooperatives), etc., at home or abroad. (But let us not forget that development efforts and interventions often do more harm than good despite the best of intentions.)

Chapter 17 emphasizes cooperatives and worker/employee ownership, with illustrations ranging from Israeli kibbutzim to Moroni Feed in Utah with some European retailers in between. There is a brief review and reminder of the roots of LDS cooperatives begun in the nineteenth century.

Chapter 19 provides the most elaborate description of the development and operation of a more Christian form of modern economic organization. This story of the Mondragon cooperatives among the Basques of northern Spain has sufficient detail and relevance to be especially worthy of study, analysis, and emulation in certain settings.

Less clearly useful are a few inadequately detailed examples of corporate contributions and outreach identified in chapter 15. Being familiar with more of the story of some of these than offered in the book, I wonder about their portrayal and whether the authors are not sometimes stretching to find more goodness and hope than reality warrants. Suffice it to say that in most of the corporate cases there are competing descriptions and interpretations. Superficial allusions to alleged (but uncertain) good deeds can lead to myth-making and cynicism.

Chapter 10 provides a simple summary of what Lucas-Woodworth call "The Principles of the United Order" which presumably served as a screen for selection of examples and filter for relevance of material in other chapters. These are: "care of the poor," "work and self-reliance," "equality," "consecration," "stewardship," "storehouse," and "moral motivation." There is also some discussion of the questions of whether the nineteenth-century LDS United Order was a failure as well as of its future. None of this is elaborated, and alternative formulations are not considered. For example, there is no discussion of

"justice" as a principle of Consecration and Stewardship. Nor is there consideration of the arguments that many individual United Orders did not "fail," but rather were sold and privatized in order to escape federal government confiscation / expropriation and that much "failure" was a function of larger capitalist, political, economic forces, including government interference.

Chapter 18 is perplexing with its grandiose but undeveloped concept of "united order principles inspired enterprises" as the "True Energetic Lifegiving Principle." Nor could I discover much sense in such sub-headings as "Cults and Accounting" and "Stewardship, Self-reliance, and Alienation." And under "Morality and Enterprise," we get treated to the platitude "In the end it is human motivation that makes an economy operate," and to the following unexplained astonishing assertion: "It can be fairly argued that much of Nevada's prosperity in recent years can be attributed to the adoption of a Utah-like family orientation to its economy, and the influence of its large LDS communities." Does not Nevada's prosperity depend primarily on gambling which is mostly an offspring of organized crime and non-Mormon corporate greed in a degrading form of exploitation of human weakness? Does Mormonism desire credit for that evil enterprise, and do Lucas and Woodworth really mean to hold that up as an "ensign" to Zion-building?

Is this what they mean by "LDS Corporate Cultures" in chapter 16? While it is hard to disagree with such ideas as "fair pay," "valuing human resources," "employee dignity," "family-friendly policies," and "industrial democracy," they were not developed by LDS-led corporations and are not especially common in modern Mormon economy. Such Utah businesses as Novell, WordPerfect, and several older industrial and financial institutions are no longer owned and managed by Mormons or even locally based. Nu-Skin as an example of righteous business ownership and organization? Not many Utah-born enterprises would be farther from some of the principles preached by Nibley in *Approaching Zion.*

Chapter 20 poses a fundamental and vitally important question: "Could an economy or economic sector which was based on the principles of the United Order be made to work in the modern world?" But no real answer is entertained. Nor does critical analysis of whether we ought to try to apply United Order principles within or to the modern world economy occur. However, the authors do assume the centrality of financial capital in the modern economy and suggest an alternative banking system in the form of a "storehouse treasury," which is essentially communally owned and governed, and they explore how such might operate and be managed in a manner more consistent with principles of Consecration and Stewardship.

The final chapter meanders through ideas about "Zion and the New Millennium" with references to (alleged benefits of) NAFTA (about which controversies are ignored), to Andrew Carnegie as "one of the great heros of the free enterprise system" (despite his mistreatment of labor), to Friedrich Hayek, Karl Marx, and many others, and to socialism, capitalism, and zionism, but without any clear goal, theme, or conclusion.

II

Because *Working Toward Zion* promotes Zion-building and does so with practical examples for here and now, I recommend perusal of the second half for inspiration and ideas. But the first half presents barriers to getting to the meat. Chapters 1-9 were, for me, an obstacle both because the length and irrelevance got in the way and because there was so much which I found annoying and open to criticism. But let me start this more scholarly-oriented critique at the end.

The twenty-nine-page bibliography is both excessive and incomplete, and it seems indiscriminate. Selectivity would have been helpful to most readers unfamiliar with the debates and who might be seeking guidance for a little additional reading. Also helpful in a second edition would be an annotated bibliography. As for scholars, there is much dross and some significant lacunae.

For example, Hyrum L. Andrus, *Doctrines of the Kingdom* (Bookcraft, 1973) is missing despite its being the most systematically developed theology and principles of Mormon economics and which no serious discussion of the matter ought to ignore. How could they omit the official 1939 Melchizedek priesthood study course, *Priesthood and Church Welfare*, issued in hardback by the First Presidency and Quorum of Twelve? Or the MIA General Board's 1935-36 senior manual, *The Community High-Road to Better Things*? Or the 1886 Logan temple lectures on "Political Economy" by Presiding Bishop Charles Nibley? Or B. H. Roberts's "Economics of the New Age" and "The Doctrine of Consecration and Stewardship in the Light of the Modern World's Economic and Industrial Breakdown" in *Last Seven Discourses* (Deseret Book, 1948)? How about Dale Mouritsen, *A Defense and a Refuge: Priesthood Correlation and the Establishment of Zion* (BYU, 1972); William Dyer, *Catching the Vision: Working Together to Create a* Millennial Ward (Bookcraft, 1993); Genevieve DeHoyos, *Stewardship—The Divine Order* (Horizon, 1982); Alma Burton, *Toward the New Jerusalem* (Deseret Book, 1985)? Should Ogden Kraut's *The United Order* (Pioneer Press, 1983) be ignored? Neither is any reference made to Ruth and Reginald Wright Kauffman's *The Latter Day Saints: A Study of the Mormons in the Light of Economic Conditions* (University of Illinois Press, 1994 [1912]), especially in discussing the (larger political economic context of) failure of United Orders in Utah, nor to A. Maass and R. Anderson, "... *Desert Shall Rejoice": Conflict, Growth, and Justice in Arid Environments*, (MIT, 1978).

And while Gordon Wagner's paper given at the 1990 "Plotting Zion" conference is listed (but without including any of his principles and models of success), none of the papers by others—e.g., Orson Scott Card, "Living in Zion," or by Gordon Thomasson and myself given there and elsewhere (and copies of which the authors had)—are listed. Here are just a few examples of more than a dozen relevant papers and presentations over the past twenty years which they ignore: Gordon C. Thomasson, "Zion as a Refuge and the Refugee in Zion" and "Unique Potential Strengths, Roles, and Contributions of the Contemporary Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to Development in Poor Nations and Communities"; T. Allen Lambert,

"Consecration and Stewardship: Concepts, Principles, Institutions," "Preparedness for and Principles of Zion-building," "Philosophy and Planning for Relief and Development by the Mormon Church," and "Capitalism vs Christianity: A Critique and Counter-Proposal"; also T. Allen Lambert, Gordon C. Thomasson, and Gordon E. Wagner, "Mormon Economics: A Socially Efficient System of Justice." (These and other papers are available through me.)

This leads to questions about Lucas and Woodworth's notes. Once again the authors' references are lengthy but sometimes of questionable relevance, accuracy, worth, or completeness. For example, even though they refer to Gordon Wagner's exceptional work in Africa, they do not provide description or details of any of his successes as examples or models alongside others they describe. And while they list Wagner's Cornell Ph.D. dissertation in economics ("Consecration and Stewardship: A Socially Efficient System of Justice" [1977]), they do not actually discuss this very important work in any of the relevant places in their book. And in their longest note (chap. 7, n20), in which they discuss issues of organization, leadership, and management, there is no reference to the most systematic treatment of those issues in this context: T. Allen Lambert, "Priesthood Leadership vs Organizational Administration" (Willard Richards Education Week, 1971, lengthy paper in 1972, and summarized in 1985 as "Principles vs. Practice in Church Organization" at a Sunstone Symposium [and copies widely distributed]) and "Bureaucracy, Development, and Mormonism" (Cornell Industrial & Labor Relations presentation, 1977). These omissions are curious given numerous interactions, exchanges of papers, and my critiques of Lucas's ideas at various Sunstone symposia.

More important are some of the problems with the first nine chapters of the book which are offered as stage setting (world population, condition, and history, modern economy, rise of states and bureaucracy, emergence of capitalism from feudalism, stories of individuals, Adam Smith's views, Andrew Carnegie's entrepreneurial success, equality, Marxism, Socialism, Social Darwinism, the wonders of industrial production, changing nature of work, the Restoration, stewardship, and numerous other topics as well as endless name-dropping). The quantity and quality of this discussion tend to get in the way of the main message found in the second half of the book; I fear that many readers may simply not get through the first half and so will not benefit from the useful stuff. As one fairly familiar with the material covered in those chapters, I failed to get a good sense of relevance and judicious selection. And some of the underlying assumptions and attitudes are quite problematic.

For example, I found it gratuitous and wrong-headed to have the book essentially worship Adam Smith and repeatedly link him to Joseph Smith as if they were of the same mind and teaching. On several occasions the book confronts the reader with unsupported or false comparisons similar to: "Joseph Smith, like Adam Smith, ..." (131). The book devotes more words to Adam Smith than any other person and treats him as some kind of True Prophet from beginning to end. At one point the book gushes, "This is the ideal of Adam Smith, a man whose name so curiously com-

bines the names of two of the mightiest men of God ..." (100).

The authors' representation of Adam Smith is highly selective and misleading. Thus their focus on free market was a very minor aspect of Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and does not really correspond closely to what is called a free market today. Smith's main theory had to with the productive benefits of specialization, division of labor, and other aspects of social organization, labor theory of value, role and use of money, etc. And if they sanctify Smith, they also demonize Marx and Engels with ad hominem comments which resemble more partisan political rhetoric than serious analysis.

In general, their review of history leaves much to be desired and contributes little, if anything, to the book; such is also my reaction to too much of their portrayal of our modern economy and society.

Curiously, Lucas and Woodworth avoid using the term "capitalism" most of the time, preferring such phrases as free enterprise, free market economy, industrial economy, and variants. Why this particular delicacy? It was not, contrary to the authors, "industrial economy" that Marx and others criticized, but capitalism as a specific political economic mode of organizing production, labor, trade/exchange, and distribution of benefits. Their failure to understand and properly use technical terms weakens their effort and argument. Despite popular ideology, capitalism is not reducible or equivalent to free enterprise or free markets, and freedom of exchange is not unique to modern capitalism, etc.

This lack of conceptual clarity helps explain the weakness of their analysis of United Order principles and how they are unique, particularly in solving what is for many a dilemma: the problem of markets and equality. As Wagner, Thomasson, and I have argued, it is possible to separate market operation in determining demand and price for common consummables from valuing fundamental (and essentially non-renewable or use-rate limited) resources like soil, air, water, and oil in which cost to future generations cannot be fairly reflected in current pricing based on production costs, etc. Furthermore, stewardships can be disaggregated into consumption and production so that all may have a common standard of living (equality in consumption stewardship based on grace) but great differences in productive responsibility (inequality in production stewardships based on talent and performance); likewise production stewardships may be separated from distribution of profits/surplus, especially if the community owns and allocates capital through, for example, a bishop's storehouse or treasury (community-owned and -operated banking system). Finally, such personal property as clothing, furniture, books, tools, transportation, etc., may be treated differently from land and other common resources for which one may be assigned either consumption or production stewardship but not ownership with the ability to privately sell/exchange title.

In sum, I think that *Working Toward Zion* makes a modest contribution to understanding possibilities for living a more Consecrated life in this world. But it is not persuasive in demonstrating the relevance of Consecration and Stewardship to, or that it can

influence, the dominant forces of our modern economy (transnational corporate capitalism). While the book provides some useful instruction on how to do better, it may not inspire as many to do so as the authors hope.

A Prayer Addressed to Lord of Death

Satyam S. Moorty

O Yama, God of Death, wield not your arrogant power!
Shield me from your wrath and dark terror.
You well know that you'll succeed.

Why then would you rush like a scared deer toward
my precious life? Let me demand of you a sacred pact:
Grant me fearlessness; allow me to yield not soon to your power.

CONTRIBUTORS

ROSS C. ANDERSON, former Democratic congressional nominee for Utah, is a Salt Lake City, Utah, trial lawyer and community activist. He has served as a volunteer with Common Cause of Utah, Planned Parenthood Association of Utah, American Civil Liberties Union, Guadalupe Schools, Corrections Education Advisory Council, and Citizens for Penal Reform.

R. A CHRISTMAS's poems have appeared in *The Southern Review, Western Humanities Review, Sunstone,* and elsewhere. He lives and works in Utah County.

MERRILL COOK currently represents Utah's Second Congressional District.

BRIAN EVENSON teaches creative writing at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater and is the author of *Altmann's Tongue.* His new novel, *Father of Lies,* is forthcoming.

STANTON HARRIS HALL lives in Seattle, Washington.

DAVID KNOWLTON, author of numerous articles on Mormonism, is an anthropologist and independent scholar. He lives in Salt Lake City, Utah.

ADDIE LACOE is an Ada Comstock Scholar at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ROGER D. LAUNIUS, chief historian for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington, D.C., is the author of *Joseph Smith III: Pragmatic Prophet.* He lives in Crofton, Maryland.

JOHN P. MEIER is Professor of New Testament in the Department of Biblical Studies, Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C. He received his License (Master's) in theology at the Gregorian University in Rome and his doctorate in sacred scriptures at the Biblical Institute in Rome. He is the author of numerous articles and books, including volumes one and two of a trilogy on the historical Jesus entitled *A Marginal Jew.*

CASUALENE MEYER received an M.A. degree from Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, and a Ph.D. degree from the University of Southern Mississippi. She lives in Purvis, Mississippi, with her husband and son.

SATYAM S. MOORTY is Professor of English at Southern Utah University in Cedar City. He was a Senior Fulbright Lecturer at Sanaa University, Republic of Yemen, from 1989 to 1990. His poems have appeared in *Etudes, Café Bellas Artes, Tailwind, Dialogue & Alliance, Weber Studies, Earthshine, Journal of Indian Writing in English, The Poet's Page,* and elsewhere.

J. TODD ORMSBEE graduated from Brigham Young University, Provo,

Utah, in 1994 and is currently a Ph.D. student in American studies at the University of Kansas in Lawrence.

DAVID G. PACE lives with his wife, Cheryl, in Brooklyn, New York, where he is a flight attendant for Delta Air Lines. He was a theater critic for ten years in Salt Lake City, Utah, and is the author of three plays. "After the (Second) Fall: A Personal Journey toward Ethnic Mormonism" was originally delivered at the Sunday Gathering, 21 August 1994, held in the First Unitarian Church, Salt Lake City.

BOYD PETERSEN is currently preparing a biography of Hugh Nibley as well as a collection of Nibley's personal papers and correspondence. He teaches English and the humanities at Utah Valley State College in Orem, Utah.

KAREN ROSENBAUM has taught close to 6,000 students and read more than 30,000 student essays, stories, and poems. In between community college terms, she writes short fiction and personal essays. She lives in the San Francisco Bay area.

TESSA MEYER SANTIAGO teaches English part time at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. She notes that "Drinking Blue Milk" was written in 1992 and that since then "God has been more than generous."

LINDA SILLITOE is the author of eight books, including *Friendly Fire: The ACLU in Utah, Secrets Keep* (a novel), *Crazy for Living* (a collection of poetry), and a history of Salt Lake County. She is currently writing a book based on a civil lawsuit tried in Salt Lake County. She lives in Meza, Arizona.

SARAH L. SMITH, a therapist in the mental health profession, works with youth at risk. She is also compiling a collection of writing that seeks to synchronize the qualities of passion in love and in the arts with passion in nature.

TERESA WHITING lives in Salt Lake City, Utah, where she currently works for the Migrant Head Start Program.

JOY K. YOUNG is a freelance writer who has published in the *Ensign, Friend, Live, Utah Sings, Computers in Healthcare,* and *Health Management Technology.* She lives with her husband, Jeffrey, and their five children in Sandy, Utah.

MICHAEL D. ZIMMERMAN is Chief Justice of the Utah Supreme Court. "Ethics in Law and Life" was originally delivered on 29 September 1994 at Utah Valley State College, Orem, upon Justice Zimmerman's receipt of the college's inaugural Excellence in Ethics Award. It appears here in slightly revised form.

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Rob Adamson was born in Bountiful, Utah. He received his BFA with emphasis in painting and drawing from the University of Utah in 1992. Some professors who influenced him there were Paul Davis and Dave Dornan. The work of Charles Hawthorn, Emile Gruppe, and LeConte Stewart have also influenced him. Rob teaches at Salt Lake Community College. He paints in his studio located near his home in Millcreek, where he lives with his wife, Sharyl, and three-year-old son, Zachary.

Lately Rob has been painting cityscapes. "Early in the spring of 1996, I was having a difficult time finding the right location to paint. After driving up and down the canyons near Salt Lake City, I gave up and began driving home. As I drove down 3300 South, I passed a McDonald's restaurant and thought to myself, 'Now there is something I haven't painted before.' I quickly set up my easel across the street and began to paint. Something magical began to happen. I was painting the unpaintable. This ordinary scene soon turned into an extraordinary one. I found myself looking at the angles and shapes of the building, and the way the afternoon light would highlight certain areas of color while hiding others in the shadows. I became more interested in the composition of the scene rather than the subject matter. I painted everything I saw — telephone poles, street lights, stop signs. I used objects like telephone poles and street lights to break up space into an interesting composition. I also used color, value, and texture to make the composition interesting.

"After my painting session that day, I realized I would not be returning to my normal routine of landscape painting. The next day I waited for the late afternoon light and painted a 7-11 convenience store.

"I realized how much the city was a part of my life. Some artists live and paint in the country with beautiful green and ochre fields, cows in the foreground, and blue-green mountains in the distance. I live in the city with fields of asphalt and cement, cars in the foreground, and gas stations and fast food restaurants in the background. There are signs of various shapes and colors everywhere. Telephone wires connect one building to another in tandem.

"Nighttime in the city is especially magical with the artificial lights bouncing off glass, metal, and wet pavement. The colors are bright and vibrant."

PAINTINGS

Cover : "Brigham Young Monument at Night," 36"x 48" oil, 1997
p. xii: "Gas Station," 8"x 12" oil, 1997
p. 36: "Capitol," 11"x 22" oil, 1997
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p. 96: "Snelgrove Icecream," 24"x 24" oil, 1996
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p. 174: "Downtown at Dusk," 18"x 30" oil, 1997

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