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Why the Sixties Generation is Losing Faith

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Constance Lieber and John Sillito

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2 Our Readers READERS FORUM

5 Nola Wallace FEATURES

10 David Knowlton A PSALM

16 J. Frederic Votos, Jr. MISSIONARIES AND TERROR: THE

33 Clayton W. Robison ASSASSINATION OF TWO ELDERS IN

23 Dennis Clark BOLIVIA

24 Rob Hollis Miller DO YOU STILL BELIEVE IN MAGIC? WHY

25 Linda Sillitoe THE SIXTIES GENERATION IS LOSING FAITH

26 Robert A. Rees A WEB OF ILLUMINATING MOMENTS

28 Orson Scott Card FANTASY AS A RESPONSE TO THE WORLD

37 Loreta Randall Sharp Mormon Poetry: Part Four

6 Elbert Eugene Peck POEM: mythical bird

7 Janet Tarjan POEM: The King's Taster

38 Peter J. Sorensen POEM: Salamander

39 Marie Cornwall POEM: Prentice Alvin and the No-good Plow

40 Marie Cornwall POEM: The Body of Christ

41 Klaus J. Hansen POEM: Watching 12N

44 Stan Christensen COLUMNS

45 Sunstone Correspondents FROM THE EDITOR

46 Our Readers Ambivalent and Ambiguous

53 News TURNING THE TIME OVER TO . . . .

54 Features Reflections on "An Address to Mothers in Zion"

55 Reviews LIGHTER MINDS

56 The Conservatives and Liberals At It Again

57 Another Voice Voice and Loyalty

58 Reviews REUNIONS HISTORIANS


60 Reviews SIXTY YEARS OF INSIGHT

61 News Do Justly and Love Mercy by Lowell Bennion

62 Reviews The Best of Lowell Bennion: Selected Writings edited by Eugene England

63 News APOSTLE BLAMES VIETNAM WAR DEFEAT ON IMMORALITY

64 News LATTER-DAY SENTINEL FOLDS

66 News PRESS COVERAGE OF LEES

67 News EXCOMMUNICATION AMBIGUOUS

68 News THE LEE LETTERS

69 News SUNSTONE CALENDAR

70 News SUNSPOTS
HOPEFUL LEE

RECENTLY, I READ of the installation of Rex E. Lee as the new president of Brigham Young University. It reminded me of an incident in my father's life.

At the time I was born (1933) my father was teaching in the Church's seminary system in Richmond, Utah. Shortly thereafter he began a Ph.D. program at the University of Chicago sponsored in part by the Church. Sometime before completing his doctorate in the humanities he paid a visit to Elder John A. Widtsoe, then the apostle in charge of the Church's education program. My father explained that he would soon complete his studies and wanted to know what job opportunities would be available in the seminary program. While waiting outside Elder Widtsoe's office afterwards, he was soon informed by an aide that he had no future in the Church's education program. The reasons given were (1) he was from convert parents, (2) he was graduating from a university teaching liberal religious philosophies, and (3) he married a descendant of John D. Lee in 1937.

Rex Lee is a great, great-grandson of John D. Lee. Dr. Lee's installation represents a positive evolution in the Church's attitude toward its membership.

PAUL A. FURR
Friendswood, Texas

RUSHDIE DEFENDED

IT DOES NOT surprise me that Orson Scott Card thinks the "Satanic Verses" is a despicable book, that Salmon Rushdie is "a bad guy," and that "Rushdie is an unworthy champion" of freedom of speech (SUNSTONE 13:2). After all, Rushdie is a critic not only of Muslims, but of Hindus and Christians. Card is just plain wrong about Rushdie writing to a Muslim audience. Rushdie writes to a secular or atheist audience. Rushdie Verses was written as an innovative educational tool to make it easy for those who do not have a background in Eastern religions to gain an introduction and start to understand the religions of India. The use of humor, satire, fiction, and a fast moving plot are devices to get free thinkers to read about religions without falling asleep.

Many thanks go to Khomeini for promoting the Satanic Verses and helping a great book to get the publicity to sell 750,000 copies instead of 50,000. Banmed books have always been best sellers.

When a Mormon like Card sides with the Ayatollah, he is envious of Muslims. Mormons cannot use an absence of separation of church and state to censor what they consider blasphemy, but Khomeini can. Freedom of speech is the point and Card does not miss the point, he would just like to get around it. Satanic Verses is well written and worth reading. It was not written for people like Card, but neither were the books of Vardis Fisher or Gore Vidal.

RICHARD MAX ANDREWS
Salt Lake City, Utah

ZION? HONESTLY!

THANKS FOR publishing Hugh Nibley's "What is Zion: A Distant View" (SUNSTONE 13:2). Nibley strikes forcefully to a matter I have often pondered ever since my mission in the Southern States, intensively in my graduate-student days at Berkeley, as a colleague of Nibley during the Great Depression, as well as teaching economic history, labor economics, and labor relations for years at Cornell, all alongside my abiding interest in Church history.

What has happened to the concepts of the "Kingdom of God" and "Zion"? Nibley's clear, refreshing and challenging presentation should alert members to the prominent theme and objective sought during the first fifty years in Utah. One should not be too hopeful, however. For example, I loaned my copy of SUNSTONE to an economic conservative Church member here who eagerly said, "I always liked Nibley." Yet, his only comment a week later was, "I've read only half; I don't understand it." I said, "You had better read it again," but to myself I thought, "You do not want to understand it."

We often hear that we are building the "Kingdom of God," and, likewise, we talk about "Zion," but both terms long since have had their meanings altered. Nibley portrays a "distant view" of them as they were and, I believe, as still they should be understood.

We have a society, especially an economic society, that is antithetical to the meaningful
concept of "Zion." Our society whose economic organization, in the words of John Maynard Keynes, "is absolutely irreligious, without union, without much public spirit, often, though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers." To this the eminent economic historian, Melvin M. Knight, one of my major professors at Berkeley, explained, borrowing in part from Richard Tawney's characterization, that the pervading spirit of our economic society was born "when Calvinism changed the medieval sin of covetousness into the modern economic principle of snatching to hoard and hoarding to snatch."

In seminars discussing ethics and moral principles with representatives of management, I ask what morals, if any, are inherent in our economic system. I think there are none inherent in it. The only morals of consequence are carried over from religious and church teachings. (I concede, however, that there is one—the necessity to be honest if one desires continuous relationships.) In researching the history of labor relations on the waterfront in the Port of New York, and in reading about gangsters and the underworlds, I find that honesty among them is also precisely at the center of their relationships. Dishonest individuals are soon liquidated. They exercise the same moral that prevails in business.

VERNON H. JENSEN
ITHACA, NEW YORK

ADRIFT AT SEA

I FEEL SORRY for Scott Kenny (STONE 13:3). I make a distinction between liberals and intellectuals—it is possible to be an intellectual without being a liberal. An intellectual is someone who enjoys thinking about ideas and issues of real importance. One need not be incessantly creative to do this. All can identify, to a degree, with Kenny's spiritual quest. All have some doubts and perplexities regarding the Church, its doctrines and practices. I am convinced that the Church has what most honest seekers are looking for. We know what we know by the Holy Ghost, and all the world's vaunted wisdom and clever sophistry cannot change that.

I was surprised by his willingness to throw off key doctrines like the atonement of Christ and vicarious work for the dead because he does not understand them as fully as he thinks necessary. Even prophets and apostles do not understand the Atonement fully. As to vicarious work for the dead, there is no better proof of God's love for each of his children than this. It may seem like a prodigious waste of time and resources to Kenny and other liberals to do temple work for the dead instead of spending the same time and resources doing good for the living, but we are the only people on earth doing temple work for the legions of the lost whereas other churches and organizations are devoting time and money to the problems of the living. The Church is doing a pretty good job of dealing with the problems of the living as well.

I was also troubled by Kenny's willingness to substitute Protestant and Catholic theologians for living prophets as his file leaders. While I agree that there is a tendency in the Church today to narrow the practice of the gospel to reading the scriptures, praying morning and night, holding family home evening, doing home and visiting teaching, doing a modicum of genealogy and temple work, and doing some good turns daily, perhaps Kenny would agree that this is about all the average member can be expected to do. The intellectual must recognize that he or she is an anomaly in a religion that is adapted to
"the weak and the weakest of those who are or can be called saints" (D&amp;C 89:3). Mormonism, if it appealed only to intellectuals, would not be able to draw into the gospel net the "worker bees" who do the bulk of the work of the kingdom. If we dwell on unanswered questions and doubts, the vitality and drive it takes to do the positive works of the kingdom are lost.

I think Larry Young discerned the crux of the problem when he pointed out the dilemma between doing what is best for the commonwealth and doing what one feels one must to maintain one's intellectual integrity. Kenney is being honest by sharing his doubts, but people should be careful about broadcasting them. A testimony can be regained through humility and patience.

Scott Kenny has great sensitivity and honesty; I hate to see him waste it on a lesser cause than the building up of the kingdom of God on earth.

**Charles Sellers**
Knoxville, Tennessee

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**SEARCHING THE SEEKERS**

I APPRECIATE THE general praise Mark Thomas gave my book in his recent review (Sunstone 13:3) but I was perplexed by some of his critical comments. I would like to respond to each of his criticisms.

First, Thomas's claim that I "occasionally overstate my thesis" is unsupported. For an example of this tendency, he refers to my argument that early Mormonism included the Puritan-Seeker concept of the visible (earthly) and invisible (heavenly) church (131-34). This argument is imbedded in a larger one which attempts to show that the Mormon church was initially organized along the Puritan-Congregational concept of church governance, which included the tenets of closed communion, excommunication, tests of faith, and common consent. This form of church discipline, for both Puritans and Mormons, was essentially a quest to create a pure church governance on earth—one which closely resembled the heavenly church (129-38). It was to be a pure church of gathered saints prepared to meet Jesus at his return (181-213).

That Mormonism included the notion of the earthly and heavenly churches cannot be denied (D&amp;C 10:52-69; 76:54; 67:107; 19). Thomas never addresses the subject of the visible/invisible church as a whole, but rather focuses his argument exclusively on the Book of Mormon. However, Thomas's accusation that I exaggerate or overstate my case is unfair since I clearly offered the interpretation as suggestive and was not dogmatic about it. Thus I introduced my discussion of the Book of Mormon with the words: "Those reading the Book of Mormon from a Seeker position could easily have interpreted the book as an endorsement of the idea that although the visible church was in the wilderness of apostasy, the invisible church, though few in number, remained" (133; see also 1 Nephi 13; 2 Nephi 28:14). Thomas ends by saying nearly the same thing when he admits that the concept is not "antagonistic to Book of Mormon theology."

Before leaving this subject, I would like to clear up another of Thomas's misrepresentations. My discussion of the visible and invisible church is misread and confused by Thomas with the notion of a spiritualized church on earth. At no time did I ever describe early Mormonism as adopting a spiritualized notion of the earthly church, as Thomas suggests. The invisible church is in heaven, consisting of both dead and living saints, as I explained (130). When I suggested that the physical church was lost in the apostasy but that the invisible church remained, I clearly did not intend a spiritualized version of church governance (like the Quakers, for example). Rather I clearly intended it to be taken in the Puritan-Seeker sense that during times of extreme apostasy there remained on earth some "invisible saints" who were members of the heavenly church.

Further, I described two types of Seekers: one awaited the restoration of a spiritualized church (many of whom became Quakers) while the other awaited the return of a physical church (10-22). I suggested that Mormonism fulfilled the expectations of the latter type of Seeker. Thus Thomas seems to have missed one of the major points in my book.

Second, Thomas believes my treatment of Calvinism and Arminianism is an example of my "historical and logical errors." He spends four paragraphs quibbling about what he calls "a few mistakes." Again, Thomas ignores the larger issues and focuses on the Book of Mor-
mon. However, I completely disagree with him on this matter.

Thomas faults me because I seem to describe Calvinism as a unitary movement. True, I did limit my discussion of Calvinism and Arminianism to classical definitions. It would have been entirely beyond my purpose to give details about variations in either theological position. Moreover, my purpose was to describe the tendency of post-Revolutionary American religion (Seekers and Mormons included) to pull away from Puritan Calvinism, so my discussion of Calvinism naturally focused on the Puritan version. To make mention of the moderate Hopkinsian version, as Thomas suggests, would have hardly been enlightening to my readers. Again, Thomas seems to have missed a major point in my book.

Thomas criticizes me for siding with Marvin Hill that there are "remnants of Calvinism" that show up in some passages in the Book of Mormon. Ether 3:2, for example, says that "because of the fall our natures have become evil continually" (see also Mosiah 3:19; Helaman 12:4, 7). This is clearly Calvinistic. Thomas, on the other hand, agrees with Catholic sociologist Thomas O'Dea's assessment that the Book of Mormon is "completely Arminian" and that the book "consistently opposes all forms of Calvinism." Thomas never adequately addresses these passages. For Thomas to refer to some "Arminians" who also held, either by design or by ignorance, some Calvinist views does not make the Book of Mormon's Calvinism any less Calvinistic.

I agree with Hill that O'Dea (and Thomas) can be included "exaggerated in concluding that the Book of Mormon is Arminian throughout" (Quest for Refuge: The Mormon Flight from American Pharism, 22). I further agree with Hill that the goal of the Book of Mormon and other matters is "mediatory." I quoted the statement of early Mormon convert Eli Gilbert that Mormonism was somewhere between "mungrel calvinism and crippled arminianism" (71). Joseph Smith himself, when commenting on the views of Presbyterians and Methodists regarding the doctrine of election, said, "they are both wrong. Truth takes a road between them both" (216).

In fairness to Thomas and O'Dea, however, I must add that although I agree with Hill that the Book of Mormon is mediatory, the balance is clearly heavier on the Arminian side (see my discussion, 69-72). Later, as Mormon theology developed, the nature of mankind becomes more exalted and transcendental, at least for the Saints (167-70; see Hill, 48-49).

Finally, Thomas complains that I seem to end my historical discussions where he would like to begin them. He gives what he thinks are two examples of this tendency. First, he rather incorrectly claims that I simply compare Seekerism and Mormonism and that I do not attempt to push my discussion beyond that task. On the contrary, I not only compare Seekerism and Mormonism but I spend a great deal of time discussing how Joseph Smith responded to the challenges of other Seekers and the instability of charismatic authority and how the concepts of authority, apostasy, restoration, church administration, doctrine, and the Millennium were developed during Mormonism's formative years within the Seeker tradition. Pat Spillman noted this aspect of my book in his review (Saints Herald, July 1989, 18). For Thomas to have missed it is most puzzling.

Second, Thomas also unjustly complains that I do not attempt to resolve the "obvious historical issues" concerning the angelic ordinations of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. He seems to want to drag me into the unresolvable Mormon/anti-Mormon debate over whether the visions actually occurred, or whether the visions had subjective or objective reality. Most historians, I'm sure, would blanch at the naiveté of this request. The metaphysical aspects of religion can be neither proved nor disproved by historical means.

However, I did not entirely skirt the issue as Thomas suggests. I included in my book a lengthy discussion of the evolution of the Mormon concept of authority as well as the introduction of lineal priesthood and the angelic ordination stories (97-128). In my conclusion, I clearly state:

"Whitmer's and McLellin's claims that angelic ordinations were late additions to Mormonism are supported by considerable circumstantial evidence. The early emphasis on charisma, the lack of a clear priesthood restoration concept in the Book of Mormon and in the 'Articles and Covenants of the Church of Christ,' the additions made to the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants concerning angelic ordinations, and statements of early leaders all demonstrate the shift to accommodate evolving notions of authority and governance (218)."

As much as can be said about the angelic ordinations, I believe I did say. I therefore believe that I ended my discussions precisely where historical discussions should end, although it might be tempting to go beyond the data. Rather than being a criticism of the book I think it is really a strength.

I hope SUNSTONE readers will not be distracted by Thomas's pseudo-critics but instead follow his advice to "become familiar with this book" because "it deserves careful study."

Dan Vogle
Westminster, California

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

PSALM

A PSALM

At Heaven's throne, I cry for wisdom.
O Father, give me your instructions.
O Mother, teach me of your laws.
Let me know You, that I may know myself.
If you are silent, then I am bereft.
Have I denied you, Mother, unaware?
Or have I heard, and yet not known your voice?
O Father, teach me of your laws.
That I may follow, whole of heart.

-NOLA WALLACE
FROM THE EDITOR

AMBIVALENT AND AMBIGUOUS

By Elbert Eugene Peck

WHAT DO YOU think about George P. Lee? I feel sad. From the first news of his excommunication to my latest reevaluation based on the newest rumored report, sadness is the ever-present emotion.

Each time I read Lee's two letters to the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve which he released to the press (reprinted in this issue) my thoughts and feelings are conflicted. I feel pain and empathy with Lee's alienation from his Brethren which perhaps is fundamentally cultural. Yet Lee's emphatic, almost fanatical, insistence on his Gentile/True Israel theology is too narrow for practical policy, too undemocratic for my American tastes, too literalistic with the scripture text and too lacking in deference to collective council. For me, Lee takes theology (not religion) too seriously and absolutely in his second culture and what it really meant when it told him that he and his people were special, chosen, God's.

I remember joyfully discussing with my mission president Elder Lee's 1975 appointment by the Lamanite Apostle now President Kimball to the First Quorum of the Seventy. The quorum had just been reorganized and now the Church was embracing ethnic diversity in its senior levels. What changes and new insights would this cultural pluralism bring? Those were hopeful days and undoubtedly Lee felt and probably was encouraged in his unwillingness to accept correction has a lot to do with it, also Roberts had ties to the hierarchy which Lee lacked. Lee's primary ties are to his people (he has now been asked to run for president of the Navajo Nation). Perhaps an illustrative fact is that Lee lived on the depressed West Side of Salt Lake Valley and not in the affluent East Bench neighborhoods where most Church leaders reside.

In my best moments, I hope this incident is just one of our many lamentable growing pains as we awkwardly step-by-step become an international church and learn to embrace other cultures. Deep down I really believe that, but in my more depressing moments I fear...
that we may be unknowingly walking step by step away from Zion; I fear that our structure is too rigid and that cosmetic institutional reforms would not change our cultural suicide. Fortunately, by nature I am optimistic, which keeps my sadness from turning into permanent pessimism. I also genuinely feel that God is sustaining this latter-day work, which when it triumphs will truly be a marvel.

In a discussion about the Church's apparent lack of success among the North American Indians in spite of its sizable investment of resources (which fact has reportedly led some General Authorities to speculate that they are not of the seed of Lehi like the supposedly more receptive South American Indians), one BYU professor replied: “That only demonstrates our glaring inability to translate Mormonism to non-American cultures. We've worked with the Indians for over a century—more than any other culture—and we still don't know how to minister to them without requiring that they recreate into our image.” The crucial lesson of the George Lee story may be the futility of trying to remake other cultures into our questionable American model and in learning how to embrace diverse cultural perspectives in all levels of the kingdom. By chance, the importance of finally learning that lesson is emphasized also in this issue in David Knowlton's report on the increasing attacks against the Church and the assassination of our missionaries in Bolivia, yet another challenging culture.

THE BODY OF CHRIST

It is not for sale: this perfection. Unlike the shroud of Turin, it withstands the handling of men. It no longer says noli me tangere, inviting all to feel its wounds for themselves. Some believe it is passed on Sunday plates, leaving a sweet taste on the tongue. Perhaps the priests are drunk with blood—enough of that cup can set anyone free. Still we pay the doctors, lawyers and preachers to protect us from evil. They profess to be members of Christ's body, and they are wanted. Who else would pay for the wood and nails?

—TIMOTHY LIU

I HAVE THOUGHT and felt a lot about President Benson's advice and admonitions to the women of the Church in the 1987 fireside for parents. I have listened to friends whose comments ranged from anger and hurt to, "Oh, I can't believe he really meant it the way he said it," to, "Well, it's okay for women to work if they have to but definitely not otherwise!"

This last reaction is the one that worries me. Who is to decide who "has to" or "doesn't have to" work? Is President Benson giving advice or issuing a commandment for women to return to the homes? Will this issue become a test of faith? Does it mean that women at home are "faithful" while women who work aren't; that "faithful" women are those who do not postpone or limit their families? What does this imply about women who do plan their families?

Unfortunately, we frequently fall into the trap of judging one another by using easily observed behaviors such as smoking, drinking, or choice of attire. Will we now use working or not working, having many children close together or having few or even no children as criteria to judge worthiness, faithfulness, or spirituality?

This talk has caused pain to a lot of women. Many feel inferior, unworthy, and confused. More upsetting is the fact that many young women will make poor marriage and career decisions based on the counsel given...
in that fireside—decisions that will be detrimental to their own development. There are bound to be painful repercussions from such decisions. Let me illustrate with examples from the lives of four LDS women I have known and have grown close to.

During the past six years I have been a private tutor and have taught math at the university and community college levels. I have met many women who have bared their souls to me. I was someone they could talk to without fear of repercussions or rejection. It is from their experiences that I have developed such strong opinions about this subject.

One woman has two children. She does child care in her home to supplement her husband’s income. She does not seem to enjoy caring for children, although she is very kind to them. Her husband works outside the home seven days a week. She has problems with depression but tries to maintain a positive outlook on life. She did not attend the 1987 parents’ fireside, but her husband did. He came home after the fireside and announced that they should have more children. She was not happy about the idea, but is now expecting her third child. She gets extremely ill during pregnancy and lost seven pounds in two weeks from an already-slender frame. She appears to be unhappy. I worry about her, and I worry about her children.

Another friend married a man in his early twenties who could not read. He was unprepared emotionally and economically to provide for a family. In five years they had five children. He gambled extensively and sometimes spent the food money at local card rooms. During the first couple of years of marriage, she supported the family, but when the third pregnancy yielded twins she gave up and they went on welfare. When the twins were a year old, the father abandoned the community college where I teach and began to see and they went on welfare. When the twins were a year old, the father abandoned the community college where I teach and began to see and they went on welfare. When the twins were a year old, the father abandoned the community college where I teach and began to see and they went on welfare. When the twins were a year old, the father abandoned the community college where I teach and began to see and they went on welfare. When the twins were a year old, the father abandoned the community college where I teach and began to see and they went on welfare.

I was eighteen when President Kimball gave the address referred to by President Benson in his remarks. I remember the message as being “live up to your potential.” Bright, witty, capable Sister Kimball was certainly an example to us. I remember that we were told to plan for careers, to learn, and to remain active. I remember the talk being inspiring and uplifting—not restrictive. Now, I wonder about the eighteen-year-olds of today who hear the message that independence is the “world’s way” for women, not the Lord’s way. Why invest in an education? Why study? Why choose interests and pursue them when life is meant to be spent making beds and feeding others? Why plan for a meaningful career when in a few short years or months motherhood will overtake all aspects of a young woman’s life? I feel that the messages “do not postpone families” and “do not limit families” are potentially dangerous. Why must a relationship be built on dependence and economic need rather than on independence and mutual respect?

Another woman was married to an alcoholic for seven years. She was anorexic with five children. One day she woke up to find herself unable to move, talk, or get out of bed and had to be carried to the doctor. Finally, a long road to recovery began. Three years later, now divorced and in school, she has gained weight and holds a temple recommend for the first time in her life, attending regularly. She is now more independent and happier than she ever dreamed possible, but the healing process has only begun.

The last woman’s husband has a severe gambling problem and has been very selfish throughout their marriage. She is now in the difficult process of divorce. Luckily, she can support herself and her young children by substitute teaching. Though still emotionally distraught, she feels in control of her future. Despite her problems, this woman has a much higher level of self-esteem than the others I’ve mentioned. She has a bright future, largely because of her education and preparation for a career.

I wonder what decisions my two daughters will make and how they will view their working mother as they become old enough to understand the messages from the pulpit. Some of the messages cause feelings of inadequacy, guilt, and defensiveness.

I think of the times in my life that I have felt these feelings. My husband, John, and I were in graduate school with many single men, some married men who had full-time wives at home, and a few single women. Once I made the comment to a fellow graduate student about poor John—“He sure puts up with a lot having me in school, too!” My friend (non-LDS) countered with a lecture about how lucky John was to be married to me and how he hoped to be in a similar situation himself some day. He explained that within his circle of friends, it was the rule rather than the exception for one’s spouse to be in school also.

While tutoring in my home I once lamented that my daughter didn’t have 100 percent of her mom’s attention every day because I tutored. The woman I was tutoring at the time let me know in no uncertain terms that she did not feel at all deprived by having had a working mother. On the contrary, she was grateful for the responsibility and independence it had taught her.

When I think of the time that some “non-working” mothers spend on crafts, shopping, watching TV, or in other activities, it helps me to feel less guilty. One friend is the mother of five children and very proud to be “at home.” She once described a typical day as sewing at home from 6 AM to 11 PM for a crafts store while the children fend for themselves. She becomes annoyed when they interrupt her projects.

However, she does not consider her activities to be “work” because it is done at home!

Much has been said of the husband’s role as a provider. The many benefits men derive from work and careers have likewise been emphasized. I feel that there are also reasons why women should work. Although in some ways I felt forced into the job market, there are three reasons I choose to work outside the home as well as unexpected payoffs.
The first reason is to satisfy my husband. While I was at home, I was viewed as not pulling my own weight. I am a delightfully fun mom, but I am not a good housekeeper or regular mealtime observer.

The second is both personal and profound. My mother and other close relatives have had severe problems with depression. I hope that by working outside of the home throughout my life, I'll be better able to keep in touch with my feelings and maintain a sense of control over my life and my future.

The third reason is to be an example. I hope my daughters will realize as they are growing up that they can do anything. I hope that they find careers they like as well as I like mine, careers inside or outside of the home. And, I hope they find husbands willing to support and encourage them as they pursue their dreams.

A big payoff of working is the unexpected boost to my self-esteem. It is thrilling to make a meaningful contribution to society. In addition to teaching valuable math skills, I am able to help improve people's attitudes toward math, toward women, and toward women in math. It is also thrilling for me to receive a paycheck and to know that my efforts are acknowledged. Now that I am contributing significantly to our family income, I have found myself choosing how to spend money without feeling indebted.

Another payoff is the establishment of my own identity. I am Janet Walker Tarjan at work. I am me. I make my mistakes and experience my successes. I am not known only as someone's wife or someone's mother.

I enjoy meeting and conversing with others at social gatherings much more. When I was a full-time homemaker, we often went to gatherings related to John's work. People were usually pleasant but after asking me how old my daughter was, conversation stopped, and they would politely excuse themselves to get more food. I was perceived solely as a homemaker with nothing interesting to say. Now, as a professional, my views are sought. In addition, when I am introduced as a math professor, lively conversations begin. People are eager to share their experiences in high school or college math classes—whether good or bad. Social events are much more enjoyable for me now.

The next payoff is extremely valuable to me. I have always been a worrier. As a housemom I worried about kidnappers, burglars, fires, broken arms, broken legs, illness, levers, husband getting hurt or abandoning us, divorce, car accidents, plane crashes, and hijackings—everything. Amazingly, after working full time for four or five months, I noticed that I hadn't been fearful for a long time. I still have concerns at a reasonable level—enough to make wise choices—but I no longer feel that unreasonable, debilitating fear. Some may suggest that I am "too busy to worry" now, but it is more than that. I am free from worry and fear and guilt because I am in control of my life. I am no longer solely at my husband's or fate's mercy.

The last payoff has more to do with the other members of my family than with me. My children relate well to their father; he is a real person to them. I leave early in the morning, and John does the early morning routine and does it well. We share the time with the children after school. Lately he has been teaching at night so many nights are mine alone with the children. They have a parent at home with them all but a few waking hours each day. Other than school time, our first-grader is only scheduled to be away from a parent about three hours a week. I am the co-leader for her Girl Scout Brownie troop. Our two-year-old spends three or four waking hours with playmates in child care daily. Admittedly we have a good situation. However, as perfect as it feels to us, it may not be acceptable by the standards presented in the parenting literature.

I do not want to suggest that all women should work outside the home. I have a friend who thinks the advice to stay at home has improved her family life 100 percent. The children are doing whole grade levels better in school. The husband/father is tired from working an extra job, but on the whole their lives have improved. I suggest that whether a woman works outside or inside the home ought to be a decision made by the people affected by the decision. Young women should be encouraged to prepare for interesting and well-paying careers. They should learn to identify their own interests and abilities at early ages. Choices such as family size, or the spacing of children, ought to be left to the parents.

I want fatherhood to be a nurturing occupation. I hope that husbands, as well as wives, will make the home a haven from the world's troubles for their families. Young men should be trained to nurture as well as to provide.

I want happiness to reign in our homes whether children are raised by one parent, two parents, or grandparents. I want happiness in the homes of single people and childless people. "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy." I have always felt that this scripture applies equally to men and women.
Andean Avalanche Strikes the Wasatch

MISSIONARIES AND TERROR: THE ASSASSINATION OF TWO ELDERS IN BOLIVIA

By David Knowlton

Late on 24 May 1989 in the lugubrious half-light and narrow, cobble-stoned streets of La Paz's cemetery district, two Anglo Mormon missionaries were smoothly and cruelly assassinated. For the first time ever guerrillas deliberately struck at representatives of the LDS church. While such an attack could have been predicted given the presence of terrorism worldwide, what could not have been known earlier was where and why.

The tragic deaths of these two missionaries have serious implications for the Church's presence in this region and elsewhere. Our presence in such countries has become politicized, despite our best efforts to appear non-political. To understand why we have become a political target requires that we explore the logic behind this act of violence and its social reality.

The assassinations in Bolivia occurred within a context of increasing violence against LDS church property in South America. Since 1983, when two Colombian LDS meeting houses were bombed eight times by the Ejercito de Liberacion Nacional (National Liberation Army)—as a sequel to its kidnapping of the brother of the Colombian president ostensibly to obtain higher wages, a price freeze, and less expensive public services—the Church has become a prime target of the militant left.

Despite brief notices in the Church News or other Salt Lake papers about an LDS chapel in some country being bombed, North American Mormons have never been afforded a comprehensive picture of the growth of attacks against the Church in Latin America. Following the missionaries' deaths a spate of articles surfaced for a time with contradictory, incomplete, and somewhat misreported information. If nothing else they indicated the seriousness of the challenge facing the Church, even if they failed to provide a thorough portrayal of the numbers of bombings, of the groups claiming responsibility, or of police and intelligence efforts to apprehend the guilty.

On 4 July 1985 six chapels were bombed in Chile, apparently by the Frente Patriótico Manuel Rodriguez, Chile's most important armed opposition to the Pinochet dictatorship. The FPMR intends to end the Pinochet dictatorship by attacking what it sees as the regime's social, ideological, and political supports in order to promote a popular uprising against it.

For some reason, the FPMR considers the LDS church an important target. In the twelve months after the 4 July bombings, FPMR members attacked thirty-one other chapels, often leaving proselyting materials in which they denounced "yankee imperialism" and accused the Church of being a "yankee church." Since then the Church in Chile has suffered continued bombings and armed attacks.

The U.S. State Department claims that since 1984 terrorists have hit LDS targets in Latin America sixty-two times: forty-six in Chile, seven in the Dominican Republic, five in Bolivia, three in Colombia, one in Argentina, and one in Venezuela.

Of all U.S.-based institutions operating in Latin America, the LDS church seems to have been targeted more often than others, including U.S. banks and industries. We face a systematic campaign of violence against the Church that will increase during the region's projected economic crisis of the 1990s.

Why have guerrilla groups across the continent decided to focus so much against the Mormons? When I posed this question to a group of Bolivian scholars gathered in a special, late-night meeting behind the thick stone walls of the National Museum of Ethnology and Folklife in La Paz, they, too, were surprised at the extent of violence against the Church. The missionaries' assassination and subsequent heavy-handed investigation by the national police made them reluctant to talk about specifics. Nonetheless they observed that the Church appeared suddenly in Bolivia in what looked like a massive, well-financed...
campaign of institutional hegemony. Almost overnight the Church constructed luxurious chapels throughout the poor neighborhoods of the city and deployed a large force of missionaries from the United States who stood out no matter how hard they tried not to. The scholars asked me if Mormon chapels in the United States are as elegant and were concerned about the relationship between this army of Mormons and the penetration of their society by multinational corporations and the U.S. government’s anti-drug squad. They mentioned that politics in their country had become sacralized and that foreign governments had used the churches, Catholic and others, to gather intelligence and to promote particular political and social lines. They argued that the Mormon church, and other proselyting churches, are perceived as part of an imperialistic conspiracy to prevent the Bolivian masses from achieving their hopes through a meaningful democracy. They pointed out that other U.S. groups, such as the Peace Corps, had been kicked out of Bolivia because of their involvement in “imperialist” efforts at population control. In sum, they argued that the sudden appearance of this obviously wealthy foreign institution with so many young “yankee” proselyting missionaries is a prima facie cause for suspicion and could account for the increasing anti-Mormon violence throughout the region.

When I posed this question to the La Paz mission president, Stephen R. Wright, he answered that the terrorist actions are anti-American, not anti-Mormon, the Church being mistakenly viewed as an arm of the U.S. government. In a press interview, he added: “We are being targeted unfairly as imperialists. . . . It’s a terrible unprovoked attack on innocent victims who have nothing to do with the philosophies of this or any other group.” Indeed, Church spokespersons generally stress the same thing, insisting that “this church is a world church and we do not represent the U.S.” While this position represents a public relations policy, it also is in agreement with the Bolivian scholars that the Church is perceived as an instrument of U.S. policy and North American penetration of other countries.

Why does this connection between the Church and “American imperialism” so consistently appear? Is it simply a misperception of some relationship between the U.S. government and the Church, or is it a broader perceived reality to which we actively, although unknowingly, contribute? It is easy to dismiss the guerrillas’ justification for their actions as distorted,
contrived, or misguided. In fact, elites under attack commonly use this same response to revolutionary writings as a means of denying legitimacy to "subversives." If subversives can simply be dismissed as fools, then elites do not have to answer their challenge.

Why is the Church being challenged? To begin answering this we must take seriously the guerrillas' social background and statements of purpose.

Immediately after the two missionaries were shot by three people in a yellow Volkswagen, a handwritten statement arrived at La Paz newspapers in which a relatively unknown group, the Frente Armada de Liberación Zárate Willka (the Zárate Willka Armed Liberation Front), claimed responsibility. Initially Bolivian and American officials claimed that the group was probably connected with drug traffickers, since it was primarily known for a failed attempt to assassinate then U.S. Secretary of State George Schultz. Although spokespeople for the U.S. Embassy in La Paz now dismiss a possible drug connection, LDS officials in Bolivia still hold to the argument. Another current of the Bolivian press reported a strong fear that the reappearance of the FAL Zárate Willka marked the eruption of the Sendero Luminoso—the Peruvian Shining Path guerrilla movement—within the country.

Although there may be a connection, FAL Zárate Willka differs from both the Shining Path and drug traffickers in that a disproportionate share of its activities centers on attacking the Mormon church and in the "Indianism" of its proclamations. Besides the assassination of the missionaries and the attack on Schultz's motorcade, FAL Zárate Willka assassinated a Peruvian military attaché who fought against the Sendero. The day after the missionaries' assassination FAL Zárate Willka exploded a bomb at the entrance to the national Legislative Palace, almost killing the president of the Chamber of Deputies. It simultaneously exploded twenty bombs at political offices in La Paz to disrupt the recent presidential elections.

Before the missionaries' assassination, FAL Zárate Willka bombed an LDS chapel in the La Paz neighborhood of Villa Victoria, severely damaging the entrance and exterior facade. According to sources in the Presiding Bishopric's office in La Paz, this was not reported to Bolivia's police. The Church preferred instead to deal with it by quietly repairing the damage. Several chapels were robbed in guerrilla actions and another in the La Paz neighborhood of Alto San Pedro had a bomb placed in it which never went off. (An early morning seminary student found it and took it home where his father immediately called the police. Miraculously, it never exploded.)

Since 1984 terrorists have hit LDS targets in Latin America sixty-two times. Of all U.S.-based institutions, the LDS church seems to have been targeted more often than others. We face a systematic campaign of violence against the Church.

Since the missionaries' deaths, FAL Zárate Willka has threatened to kill the mayor and council members of the suburban city of El Alto de La Paz if they did not drive all "gringos" out of the city and close its Mormon chapels. Subsequently they bombed a chapel in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, and have made numerous threats against LDS and Bolivian government officials. Although recently, with a new government installed in Bolivia, things have quieted, the threats and violence will probably continue against what the guerrillas consider to be symbols of the "bourgeois state."

The political connections of FAL Zárate Willka are not known, but other groups have begun targeting the Mormon church. For example, the political leadership of a densely populated region near Lake Titicaca decided to oust all American missionaries from the area on "pain of death." As a result missionaries have been withdrawn and the flourishing Aymara-speaking Indian branches left on their own. Church officials in Bolivia now fear the spreading of "copy-cat" anti-Mormon activities by groups unaffiliated with the guerrillas.

According to sources within the U.S. Embassy, FAL Zárate Willka is a tightly organized group of revolutionary cells. In its investigation, the Bolivian government has broken several cells, seizing arms, explosives, revolutionary literature and plans—which include plans for more attacks against LDS targets. They are not sure how large the organization is, nor do they know if they have intimidated its leadership. As many as 100 or more strongly committed guerrillas may remain.

Evidently, the ideological base of FAL Zárate Willka is built of two strains: varied Marxist revolutionary perspectives and the Indian revalidation movement known as Katarismo. Marxism is the language of intellectual life in much of Latin America, and a general familiarity with revolutionary theory is found among most educated people. Bolivia's Indian majority is dominated by a Hispanic minority. Since the thirties Indian frustration has been growing, flourishing in the seventies in peasant labor unions and political parties supporting Indian revitalization. Zárate Willka himself was an Indian hero at the end of the nineteenth century.

In 1985, while doing field work in Bolivia, I spent a good deal of time with young Indian intellectuals in La Paz. They freely shared with me their feelings on the need for an encounter between Indianism—a philosophy explaining their historic subordination to the country's Spanish-speaking elites—and Marxism as a revolutionary practice capable of setting a plan for action to overturn the injustice. They also expressed the terror that Christianity has wrought upon the Indian soul as it actively "massacred" indigenous deities and encouraged the rejection of ritual specialists, often by violent means. They argued that Bolivia needed to return to its
indigenous religion as part of a total package of social inversion.

Evidently around 1985 a movement was formed among these youths to actively seek revolutionary change to improve the Indian's social and political situation. The movement proselyted among university and high school students in several of Bolivia's public institutions. Out of this material they formed a tight-knit guerrilla group which over the last year or so has become active with a vengeance.

Upon claiming responsibility for the missionaries' death, FAL Zárate Willka sent a statement to La Paz newspapers warning: "The Yankee invaders who come to massacre our peasant brethren are warned, the same as their Bolivian lackeys, there remains no other path for the poor than rising up in arms. . . . Our hatred is implacable and our war is death." While the Utah press and Church spokespersons found this statement almost incomprehensible, it makes immediate sense from the perspective of leftist Latin American thought. Confusion comes from the blurring of revolutionary genres and its mixture with Indianism. Initially the phrase "massacre our peasant brethren" impeded understanding. The First Presidency wrote, "We regret that anyone would think that these representatives of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who have been sent to preach the gospel of peace would be characterized as enemies of any group." But the phrase must be understood in its full immediate sense and in its subtle reference to religious imperialism. The attack occurred during a period of struggle over the rights of small peasant holders to grow coca. The Bolivian government, under pressure from the United States, had passed legislation limiting their right to grow coca and had supported eradication efforts. The peasants of Cochabamba, with support from peasants and workers in the highlands, went on strike, demonstrating against the government's action and the intervention of foreigners—U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency agents—in Bolivian affairs. In an encounter with police, a number of peasants were reportedly killed.

Bolivians of all ideological persuasions resent foreign intervention at the same time they depend on it. Since independence, this political xenophobia has formed an important part of Bolivian public rhetoric.

Although Mormons would argue there is no connection between them and the U.S. government's actions or those of the Bolivian government, the guerrillas see it differently. To them the connection is so apparent that there is no need to explain or justify it.

Radical leftist ideology sees its struggle as against imperialist penetration of its society. Imperialism here does not mean territorial imperialism of the Roman sort. Instead, it refers to total domination based on economic exploitation and involves a whole series of political, cultural, and religious means of justifying and supporting the economic extraction of surplus value and the dominance by particular elites. For example, the Chilean guerrilla group FPVMR argues that the Pinochet dictatorship "sustains itself only by the unrestricted support it receives from imperialism and the force of arms." The radical leftist quest is to promote a national insurrection [that] consists in the paralyzation of the country through the decisive and permanent mobilization of the masses, united with the uprising of the people, in the city as well as the countryside, just as demolishing blows against the repressive forces, which taken together will lead to the political, moral, and military demoralization of the regime and permit the surprise capture by the popular masses of the principal urban centers of the country.

Thus they attempt to attack the economic and ideological base that supports a political regime, including institutions which we would define as religious. Our distinction between religion and politics does not work when one accepts the total concept of imperialism. The Church's insistence that it is not an American church, that it is not involved in politics, is as incomprehensible to millions of Latin Americans as their statements are to us.

The Latin American left has long suspected the Church, which they see as patently Yankee. To be honest, in all but official statements, we ourselves push this line with the heavy American presence among our missionaries, our American style of worship, our authoritarian style of leadership with natives on the bottom and Americans on top with all truth flowing from Salt Lake, and with the sacralization of the U.S. Constitution and American ideals. We are seen to "buy" converts through scholarships to BYU, potential trips to the United States, social services, etc. One "centrist" Bolivian anthropologist told me that Mormons attracted converts by "holding candy before babies."

In addition, the left emphasizes the institutional Church's extensive corporate holdings as well as the unilineal flow of tithes and offerings to the top as further proof that the Church is a central part of imperialism. They see our missionary work as dividing the masses, teaching them an authoritarian...
ideology of obedience and political quietism. They see us, along with fundamentalist Protestants, as exercising a central role in the master plan of imperialism. We divide the masses and pacify them with various “opiates,” thus enabling the continued domination of imperialism over their societies. Furthermore, in Bolivia, we are accused of destroying indigenous religion and culture and of replacing it with an ideology more amenable to the demands of international imperialism.

While to us this sounds like paranoia, we need to realize that within their society it is a solid and reasonable critique of the Church that for us is obscured by a language we do not understand. In their terms, it makes sense for them to direct so much of their efforts at attacking the Church an institution they see as central to the promotion of religious, political, and economic imperialism. In part, their argument is sustained by two sources: the conceptual underpinnings of their understanding and the social reality of the LDS church.

The Church occupies a different social position in Latin America than it does in the United States. In many countries it is the largest single denomination after Roman Catholicism. Although the difference in relative sizes is enormous, this fact—plus that of our lavish physical presence and our huge, easily noticed missionary force—gives us a social importance far beyond our numbers. In Bolivia, for example, our 40,000 members of record places us above the Seventh-Day Adventists and the Bahai. Our headquarters are in a new highrise in an upper-middle class neighborhood, just down the street from the Ministry of Defense, across from the headquarters of the national police, and around the corner from the U.S. ambassador’s residence. Our location has become symbolically significant as it immediately supports an association between us and the social reality of the LDS church.

In a sense we are on the front line. We directly compete with guerrillas for people dedicated to a cause. For that reason our political presence is hotly debated and viewed as critical.

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Catholics scholars are concerned about our growth there and the impact our institution will have on Bolivian society. They have formed a study group of professional sociologists, many of whom are priests, to explore the Mormon presence and that of other “non-traditional” religions in Bolivia. But they complain that we are impeneetrable and hence extremely difficult to study.

Political activists of all stripes are concerned about the impact we will have on the delicate political balance in the country. Generally we are thought to promulgate a “rightist” social and political philosophy. This is critical because we have established a strong niche among the working and increasingly frustrated poor. Unlike Seventh-Day Adventists or Bahais, whose base is primarily among the peasantry, ours is almost entirely an urban church. And it is precisely these poor but struggling social sectors that can be explosively radical. In Bolivia, Peru, and Chile, guerrillas have found their angry youth fertile ground for proselyting and building revolutionary forces. In a sense we are on the front line in not just the struggle for the hearts and minds of Latin America’s emergent urban masses, but for the social and political nature of their societies as well. We directly compete with guerrillas for people dedicated to a cause. For that reason our political presence is hotly debated and viewed as critical. Thus there is a certain distingueness when we claim to be non-political.

Religion has become involved in the political process in Latin America since the advent of the conquistadors. Frequently it enters the contest openly and as a matter of contention. In fact Protestantism entered Latin America, sponsored at times openly and at times clandestinely by anti-clerical liberal parties as a tactical weapon in their struggle with pro-clerical conservatives. As a result, denominations such as ours are inherently colored by political calculations before we ever begin proselyting. Mormons obtained official permission to enter these countries as part of a political equation, and our ongoing presence continues as part of that process.

Furthermore religion has become politicized in much of the continent, while politics have been sacralized. With the advent of a preferential option for the poor in the wake of Vatican II Catholic Church, the Catholic hierarchy ceased to actively uphold the status quo as it traditionally had. Instead, its Christian Base Communities (CBC) have been important loci of counter-government resistance in their attempts to seek a more just society. Certainly in Nicaragua, the CBC was a critical factor behind the Sandinistas’ success. Within the Catholic Church, leftist and rightist social philosophies wage an occasionally severe struggle for control over the institution. This politicization of religion generally has been further exacerbated by the apocalyptic thunderings of extremely popular fundamentalists, such as Jimmy Swaggart. In Latin America it is commonly held that fundamentalists were actively promoting the Reagan administration’s right-wing agenda within the continent.

Even though the LDS church does not officially speak to those issues, it is not enough to attempt to ignore them. Our silence tacitly supports the argument that we promote a right-wing political and social ideology. The naive American anti-Marxism spread by well-meaning missionaries worsens and deepens this impression as does our language of corporatism, hierarchy, and authority. This language has strong harmonies with the still-active fascism of much of the Latin American right. The Church’s basic conservativeness and the Republicanism of its hierarchy fit very differently into a Latin American political spectrum where there are viable Marxist and fascist parties.
as well as many positions in between. Unfortunately, because of the above and because of the social classes from which we choose our Latin American Church leadership, we lend too much credence to the notion that we are a right-wing church and hence involved implicitly in the right-wing social agenda for Latin America.

VIOLENCE against religious groups is not new. Indeed violent resistance to Protestantism is part of the history of proselytizing on the continent and forms the ideological horizon for understanding both the acceptance and rejection of Protestantism and Mormonism by the people.

In Bolivia, there is a modest history of attempted violence against LDS missionaries that as far as I know goes unreported in the press and perhaps in Church records as well. While I was a missionary there, the elders' home in the mining camp of Huanuni was blown up, killing members who were staying there. The missionaries themselves were in Oruro at the time visiting other missionaries.

 Violence, previously random, now forms a critical part of the revolutionary practice of various groups. They have singled out the LDS church from among all potential targets. As the U.S. Consul in Bolivia told me, the guerrillas could have assassinated any member of the U.S. diplomatic mission, except possibly the ambassador, had they merely desired an American target. They have not attacked other religious groups but have deliberately selected us and the Bolivian government as their targets. Across the continent other groups seem to have individually made the same strategic decision. We face a difficult challenge in Latin America now that we have become a target of sustained guerrilla activity.

Current Church efforts to reduce the risk of violence, while good in themselves, do not seem to fully comprehend the nature of the threat or its logic and history. Even native Latin missionaries and Saints are likely to become targets as "lackeys" of an imperialist church.

THERE are several things we can do:

1. Lower the profile of the Church throughout the region. In the past, a high profile has been good for proselytizing, but now it may become counterproductive. We should consider simpler and less ostentatious chapels and make missionaries less visible by nativizing the force and removing their uniform.

2. Nationalize more thoroughly the individual churches, as almost every successful Protestant group did thirty years ago. Actively work to "de-United States" the Church.

3. Attempt to remove as much Yankeeism from Church practices as possible—sacralize their countries as part of the covenant land of America—and allow for controlled syncretism, such as the recreation of Mormonism within their cultural traditions.

4. Enter into informal but public dialogue with the nonrevolutionary left; our discourse has been almost entirely with the right. We desperately need balance. Although this will not change the attitude of the extreme left, it will show sympathizers that Mormonism can accommodate many leftist as well as rightist positions.

5. Develop a meaningful response to and dialogue with liberation theology, based on traditional Mormon positions of social responsibility and activism.

6. Encourage Latin American Mormons to develop their intellectuality in discussion with their own history and trends, thus broadening the Mormon cultural domain by internationalizing it. We Anglo Mormons have too much of a stranglehold on Mormon intellectual culture. We should encourage public forums like Sunstone Symposiums to develop in each national context.

7. Most importantly, we, as a people and as an institution, must recognize that our "non-partisan" position is inherently political, and we should consciously think through what that means in each national context and whether the implications of that position are acceptable or not. It is better to have a conscious, articulated non-partisan political position than the tact, disingenuous one we currently hold.

Together these suggestions will not completely change the militant's position against the Church as a representative of imperialism, but they will remove his or her strategic relevance for attacks. No longer will guerrilla actions find an audience for violence against Mormons as they now do.

NOTES
10. The list of activities by the FAL Zacate Willka is compiled from Bolivian press reporting, clipping in my possession, and from statements by sources within the LDS Presiding Bishop's office in La Paz.
11. On Zacate Willka, see Ramiro Condivano Morales, Zacate "el tambale" Willka (La Paz, 1982).
The Mid-Life Crisis of a Sixties Mormon Male

DO YOU STILL BELIEVE IN MAGIC? WHY THE SIXTIES GENERATION IS LOSING FAITH

By J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

I RECENTLY HAD LUNCH WITH A FRIEND I HADN'T SEEN FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. THROUGHOUT OUR FRIENDSHIP BOTH OF US HAVE BEEN ACTIVE, FAITHFUL LATTER-DAY SAINTS. I DON'T RECALL EITHER OF US EVER EXPRESSING ANY INCLINATION TO LEAVE OR DRIFT AWAY FROM THE CHURCH. BUT AS WE SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE, SHE SAID, "FIRST THINGS FIRST: ARE YOU STILL IN THE CHURCH?"

ABOUT A YEAR AGO I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM A COLLEGE FRIEND I'LL CALL TIM. TIM HAS A REMARKABLE DEPTH OF DEVOTION TO THE CHURCH AND LABORS TIRELESSLY IN IT. HE WROTE, "WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT NEARLY EVERY BRIGHT, EXPANSIVE-THINKING, WELL-INFORMED SAINT OF MY OWN [GENERATION] HAS BECOME TO SOME EXTENT DISAFFECTED WITH THE CHURCH." IN FACT, HE WROTE, "IT SEEMS THAT THOSE WHO ARE REALLY WELL-INFORMED IN THE CHURCH ARE LEAVING IT.

ONE MORE. THE SUNDAY THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE 1988 SUNSTONE SYMPOSIUM APPEARED, A FRIEND APPROACHED ME; HE'S IN HIS THIRTIES, A FORMER BISHOPRIC MEMBER, ACTIVE IN THE CHURCH. "I SAW YOUR PAPER IN THE AD," HE SAID, "WHAT'S IT ABOUT?"

I GOT RIGHT TO THE POINT: "I THINK OUR GENERATION IS SUFFERING A CRISIS OF FAITH."

WITHOUT HESITATION, HE REPLIED, "THAT CERTAINLY DESCRIBES ME."

I THINK IT DESCRIBES MANY OF US. AND I'M NOT SPEAKING OF THOSE WHO SIMPLY HAVE TROUBLE WITH CHURCH STANDARDS, OR INACTIVES WHO "KNOW IT'S TRUE" BUT PLAY ON SUNDAYS, AND SO FORTH. I AM SPEAKING OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE LEADERS IN THEIR MISSIONS, WARDS, AND STAKES, WHO HAVE LED LIVES OF COMMITMENT AND SACRIFICE FOR THE CHURCH, WHO HAVE MARRIED IN THE TEMPLE, PAID TITHING, SAT THROUGH LEADERSHIP MEETINGS, AND THE LIKE. I SEE A CRISIS OF FAITH AMONG SOME OF THE MOST COMMITTED MEMBERS OF THE SIXTIES GENERATION: THOSE WHO GREW UP IN THE 1960S AND WERE IN COLLEGE IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES.

IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THE CROWD I RUN WITH IS PARTICULARLY PRONE TO GLOOMY INTROSPECTION AND MURING, BUT I DON'T THINK SO.

At least, we never used to be. In my observation, we are slipping, losing faith, leaving. What is happening?

THE AGE OF PROMISE

I CLOSE MY EYES AND I AM IN AUSTIN, TEXAS. IT'S HOT. I'M IN A BEIGE 1963 FORD FALCON WITH MY MOTHER. SHE'S ON SABBATICAL LEAVE FROM CAL POLY SAN LUIS OBISPO. SHE'S STUDYING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS. SHE'S DRIVING. I'M NOT DRIVING BECAUSE I'M ONLY THIRTEEN. SHE HANDLES THE CAR, I HANDLE THE RADIO. IT'S ON A GOOD STATION. THEY'RE PLAYING A NEW SONG, A GREAT SONG, FROM A NEW GROUP. THEY'RE SINGING:

DO YOU STILL BELIEVE IN MAGIC? IN A YOUNG GIRL'S HEART
HOW THE MUSIC CAN FREE HER, WHENEVER IT STARTS
AND IT'S LIKE MAGIC, IF THE MUSIC IS GROOVY
AND MAKES YOU FEEL HAPPY LIKE AN OLD-TIME MOVIE.

... WE'LL GO DANCIN' BABY THEN YOU'LL SEE
HOW THE MAGIC'S IN THE MUSIC AND THE MUSIC'S IN ME.

I KNOW IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, JUST READING THE LYRICS HERE ON THE PAGE, AND ESPECIALLY IF YOU WERE NEVER TUNED IN, BUT IT WAS TRUE, IN A WAY: IT SEEMED THERE WAS MAGIC IN THE MUSIC MADE BY JOHN SEBASTIAN, SIMON AND GARFUNKEL, AND, OF COURSE, ABOVE ALL, THE BEATLES.

THE BEATLES WERE THE MASTER MAGICIANS, LEADING THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR. THEY REIGNED OVER THE SIXTIES. THEIR MUSIC WAS STUNNING, A BLEND OF LYRICAL MELODIES AND POUNDING SEXUAL ENERGY. BUT THEY WERE MORE THAN MUSICIANS. THEY WERE, AS MY FRIEND PAUL TOSCANO ONCE REMARKED WITH RESENTMENT, GODS. AND, AS CLIFTON JOLLEY ADDED, "THEY WERE GOOD GODS. THEY GAVE US WHAT WE WANTED."

WHAT WE WANTED WAS THAT MAGIC THEY SPUN SO WELL. THEIR SONGS, MOVIES, AND PHOTOS SEEMED TO GIVE US GLIMPSES INTO A LIFE THAT WAS FAR MORE EXOTIC, EXALTED, FULFILLING, AND FUN THAN

J. FREDERIC VOROS, JR., IS AN ATTORNEY AND WRITER LIVING IN SALT LAKE CITY. THIS PAPER WAS PRESENTED AT THE SUNSTONE SYMPOSIUM X IN SALT LAKE CITY IN AUGUST 1988.
ours. We wanted a piece of it. In fact, some hotels where the Beatles had slept actually cut their sheets into squares and sold them, like splinters of the cross or locks of the Virgin's hair, to adoring acolytes. For my generation, the Beatles were indeed more popular than Jesus.

Their apotheosis coincided with the efflorescence of a new culture. In the late sixties and early seventies life seemed to bristle with excitement and meaning, with the promise of a new kind of idealism, a rejecting hypocritical materialism and embracing love, tolerance, justice, and poetic living. We lived in a neo-renaissance of kaleidoscopic lights, brightly colored clothing, intoxicating incense, sitar music, and social awakening.

Most of us were in high school and college and, like students of every generation, we were doing a lot of things for the first time. We experienced first hand the charms and attractions of the opposite sex. We experienced intellectual things. We were exposed to poetry, even if it was Lawrence Ferlinghetti. And we read. When I think of the sixties, my high school years, I think of Walden, John Giffin's Black Like Me, James Baldwin's The Fire Next Time, Rod McKuen's Stanyon Street and Other Sorrows, and Tolkien's The Hobbit: transcendentalism, social justice, self-indulgent introspection, and fantasy. In fact, mostly fantasy. Mostly magic.

We were going to build a better world, where young men carried flowers, not rifles; where corporate power gave way to caring; where oppression melted into an easy egalitarian brotherhood. These were the assumptions of our music, films, books—of our own culture.

A roughly parallel renaissance was quietly occurring in the Church during the sixties and seventies. My own experience as a convert to the Church may have been somewhat atypical. I joined the Church in 1968 at the age of seventeen. A student in my mother's Bible as literature class, a returned missionary named Clifton Jolley, referred the missionaries. (I trust Clifton will not be embarrassed by this revelation, but if he is, that only supports my thesis.)

Still, though my experience was different in some respects, I think it was largely similar to my peers. We prayed and received testimonies. We enjoyed seminary as a context for learning and building youthful fellowship. We read the scriptures. We were frequently moved by the Spirit at testimony meetings. We served missions and were thereby immersed in the gospel. We saw others gain testimonies, and wept with them at testimony meetings.

It was a time of idealism about the Church, its destiny, and its leaders. President McKay seemed to symbolize the love, spirituality, intellectual awareness, and even romance that fueled our idealism.

For us, the future seemed overflowing with promising possibilities. We were ready to dedicate our lives to building the kingdom of God on earth in literal fact. I remember a friend suggesting that we all go to law school together and then start our own firm, and be, as he put it, "kingdom lawyers." What great things might we do in the world or the Church? What books might we write, or what political conundrums solve?

We were, after all, a chosen generation, held back, because of our valiance, to play a vital part in the crucial struggle of these latter days. We were, apparently, more righteous than our parents and grandparents. We expected to amply fulfill the injunction to "teach your parents well." We were probably among those righteous Saints who would greet Christ as he ushered in the millennium. There was, after all, the rumor that Harold B. Lee's patriarchal blessing stated that he would preside over the Church at the Second Coming. We didn't necessarily believe that, but still, it symbolized a feeling; the Promised Land was within our grasp.

On a more personal level, we anticipated our own private Promised Lands. God would lead us to an attractive mate with whom we would enjoy the greatest and most secret promise of our youth: sex. And that would bring the satisfaction and fulfillment of parenthood.

There was no sense that we would get old, sick, or divorced. We didn't believe in the Endless Summer as much as we assumed it. I can remember as a twenty-year-old missionary sitting in the church in Yanai, Japan, staring, mesmerized, at the clock. Around, around, the second hand went, like a knife slicing moments off my life. That was the first time it had ever occurred to me that, unless I died first, I would grow old. As old as my grandfather, with white hair and bowed back. I didn't think about it again for a long time. The Endless Summer continued.

I don't mean to suggest that there was no difficulty, disappointment, loneliness, or tragedy. There were the victims of the ghettos and the victims of assassins' bullets. There were unfortunate even in the fantasy world our magicians spun around us: Eleanor Rigby, Mrs. Robinson, Romeo and Juliet. But their plights tended to be either significantly poignant or else the product of the hypocrisy, greed, and blind prejudice of our parents' generation. It was this world we intended to transform. And to do it, the Beatles assured us, "All you need is love." Even the extended tragedy of Vietnam would end, if we would only "make love not war," get in bed, and, with John and Yoko, "give peace a chance."

So there we were, moving through the mid-seventies toward the eighties, on the outskirts of the Promised Land. It was our Age of Promise, our intellectual childhood. I wonder, in retrospect, if we had any inkling that our Age of Promise was
in decline and that we were teetering on the brink of the adolescent period that I call the Age of Disillusionment.

THE AGE OF DISILLUSIONMENT

I recall a line from George Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman: "Sir: there are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it." Our tragedy was the latter. Our mistake was that we set foot in the Promised Land. We reduced all those glittering potentialities to reality.

To change the metaphor, in our youth, life was like an enormous Victorian house, full of tantalizing nooks and crannies, closets and attics. What would we discover? How would our discoveries change us? What was behind that ornate door? So we went about exploring. College. Temple. Mission. Marriage. Sex. Profession. Perhaps achievements, such as publishing, making money, performing, taking leadership roles in church and community. Finally, all the doors were opened, all the crannies explored.

And then came the terrifying realization: this is it. It was that feeling you used to have on Christmas morning, when all the presents that you ached to open were opened. But this time, Christmas would not come round again, filling you once more with excruciating anticipation.

This is it. The magic of the sixties and our college years somehow evaporated, our pageant faded. The promises of the early years now seemed hollow. The words of a twenty-year-old Simon and Garfunkel song, recently rerecorded by some new, adolescent techno-group, proved eerily prophetic:

Time, time, time, see what's become of me,
While I looked around for my possibilities.
I was so hard to please;
Look around, leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

We are feeling our mortality settling upon us. This is it. This is life on earth. From here on out, we will have joys and sorrows, but mostly it will be a lot like what has gone before, and then, as the saying goes, you die. In short, like our parents before us and their parents before them, but with a depth of disillusionment only those raised on television are capable of. We of the sixties generation suffered a mid-mortality crisis.

What of the magic of our younger years? Much of it was smoke and mirrors. For example, it turns out that the Beatles' music, as remarkable as it was and still is, was not a glimpse into some charmed and exotic lifestyle. In fact, the lovable mop-tops were light-years from Nirvana. They couldn't even get along with each other, much less usher in an Age of Love. While touring, they would pop pills and bed the groupie girls their private room service sent up. While not touring, they spent a lot of time avoiding each other. Eventually their quarrels erupted into protracted and public litigation. On the twentieth anniversary of the Sgt. Pepper album, Paul McCartney was asked whether in fact love is all you need. He replied, "is love all you need? I don't know, really. I don't know what you need. I'm just some fella."

The magic went to seed. And the same process is at work in our own lives. Many of us who majored in English, music, history, and humanities have become lawyers, computer salesmen, and investment advisors. Instead of our work being a vehicle for bringing the world into line with our ideals, it has turned out to be little more than a means of making money, and the more the better.

We're like Edward Keating, who in the sixties founded and edited the left-wing intellectual magazine Ramparts. Ramparts folded in 1974, but Keating is launching a new glossy magazine about living in the high-tech age called Silicon Valley World. His comment: "I'm not out to save the world anymore. I'm just trying to save myself from a pauper's grave."

Or we're like the leader of the sixties recording group, the Strawberry Alarm Clock, who played at my Senior Prom. I recently heard him interviewed on radio. The interviewer asked him to explicate a densely symbolic and evocative lyric from their big hit, "Incense and Peppermint." The interviewer had apparently wondered about this particular line for twenty years. The band member replied, "Oh, it doesn't mean anything. Back then we would just string a bunch of words together that sounded good. He's not into music anymore, either. He said he feels the greatest opportunities now are in the direct mail business.

Another of our great promises was the fulfillment of marriage. But after we walked from the world into the temple, we walked right back out into the world again. The Promised Land looked suspiciously like the land just the other side of the river, and we called it Wilderness. I don't mean to demean temple—or civil—marriage, or to suggest that a good marriage doesn't offer considerable satisfactions. It does. But it is not to your life what the final scene in a Shakespearean comedy is to the play. It does not resolve all the conflicts and set the world straight forever.

And for a few it is much worse than that indeed. Take for example a woman I'll call Kathy. Kathy was raised in the Church; in fact her father was a bishop. Coming up through MIA, she says, she had one message drilled into her: keep yourself clean, and one day a man will find you worthy and take you to the
temple. That was usually the end of the lesson. Anyway, she did.

She tried to be worthy of this priesthood holder who would crown her dream by taking her to the temple. And a man did take her to the temple. But afterwards he beat her. This was not the Promised Land. There was no magic there.

On the spear side, some males grapple with a different problem. Many of their notions of sexuality were shaped in part by furtive encounters with Playboy magazine. Of course, these sixties youth had mothers, sisters, girlfriends, and so on. But in the back of some male minds there lurks an ideal of womanhood to which no woman, even the ones in the pictures, can or would ever want to measure up. It is fantasy. It is pornographic in the sense that it reduces human beings to objects—toys, in fact. As a result, many men search in vain in their marriages and relationships for the thrill these images seem to promise.

Many men and women of the sixties generation are looking back with romantic nostalgia and wondering why adulthood feels so different than it looked. By now we should have arrived. We express our disappointment in ironic bumper stickers asking, “Are we having fun yet?” In other words, where is all that fun and fulfillment we were promised in our youth? This can’t be right: we were not to be among the mass of men and women leading lives of quiet desperation.

I remember, when I was seventeen years old, trying to explain to my agnostic father why I had joined the Church. This church is guided by prophets, I told him. “Really?” he responded. “What have they prophesied?” At the time I deflected the comment as merely contentious. But it is a question many active Mormons of our generation are asking, and one the Brethren themselves seem uncomfortable with.

I remember with great clarity a comment Gordon B. Hinckley made in his address to the general women’s conference in September of 1983. He approved the concept of career education for women on the rationale that, even if they married, they might at some time need to support themselves. “None of us,” he observed, “can foretell the future.” Obviously, the remark was not intended as a comment on his office. Still, it underscores what many feel: that our prophets are less likely to announce “Thus saith the Lord” than to announce an administrative reorganization; our seers less likely to see the future than to offer wise advice about the present; our revelators less likely to receive a new revelation than to repackage one Joseph received.

At the same time, new revelations from other quarters raise unsettling questions. Fawn Brodie’s psycho-history was one thing, but now we have a flood of well-researched revisionist history that clouds the clarity of the familiar accounts. New light on Joseph Smith’s practice of plural marriage and his lifelong involvement with the occult are showing him to be a far more enigmatic and multifaceted prophet than the one we were taught about in church or at BYU. And the measures that the Church is widely reported to have taken to curb certain historians have struck many believers as incompatible with our shared ideal of the search for truth.

“I joined the Church in the sixties because they told me there was a living prophet who could speak for God and answer my religious questions,” a friend told me. “But now if I ask any, I’m treated like a troublemaker.”

Books probing the so-called corporate empire of the Church are being read by active Mormons, and are having an effect. This church that conducts market surveys, hires a New York public relations firm, and applies sub rosa political pressure is not the one that the sixties generation embraced.

A friend of mine, an active member, is troubled by many of these issues. Why did the Church university “whitewash” the history of Joseph Smith, especially his plural marriages? How could he take all the Church history classes and graduate seemingly knowing less about Joseph Smith than did his nonmember father, who read only one book? Why is the Church so secretive about its financial and political dealings? “They want you to tell all,” he says, “but they won’t tell you anything.” His refrain is, “I wish I felt about the Church the way I did in high school and college.”

Again, we have become, to some extent at least, the victims of our inflated expectations. Just as real women never meet up to the image of those luscious playmates, so real men in the real Church never live up to the sometimes false ideals of apostles and prophets held by many of our generation in our youth. I think of the young man who told a friend of mine that he nearly lost his testimony when his father was called to be an apostle. The magic looks much better at a distance.

The essence of religion is contact with God. Without it, you have a social club, a philosophical society, even a theological movement, but you do not have religion. The Church was exciting in our youth and on our missions because it was a context and a catalyst for divine contact. We were immersed in the specifically spiritual aspects of the religion: prayer, service, contemplation, and scripture reading, the kinds of experiences on which personal faith is founded. We had religious questions, and they were being answered. We were deciding whether we believed in God, and what he meant to us. We thought...
about him. He seemed nearer then. We have, or he has, drifted away. My friend Tim wrote:
I see the Church as being essentially in the same position as the Roman Catholic church several generations past the apostolic fathers. We look back to an early time when the spiritual gifts were evident. Revelation has been replaced by tradition. Organization has replaced the Holy Ghost.

In a recent Dialogue article, Warner Woodworth observes that the high-rise Church Office Building is often jokingly called the "great and spacious building," a reference to the symbol of worldliness in Lehi's dream. In my experience, such jokes implying worldliness in the Church are fairly common. In fact, we now have entire books of them. I think in particular of a cartoon in Pat Bagley's Treasures of Half-Truth showing a chapel with a large sign out front sporting McDonald's-style arches and reading, "McMormons. Over 6 million saved!"

It is an anthropological commonplace that jokes are a means of channelling anger, jealousy, and other negative emotions. I believe these Mormon jokes are a way of deflecting the sense of loss many of us feel, to blunt the loneliness that lingers when the magic disappears. Joking about the "great and spacious building" is our way of expressing the wish that the temple, and its magic, still dominated the Zion skyline and our own lives.

And in addition to our changing perceptions, changes in substance are taking place. Woodworth points out a number of ways that the Church is acquiring more and more trappings of a corporate bureaucracy. As a result, he suggests, we are Saints "face similar institutional pressures—to conform, to march in lock step, to do as we are told." You would hardly expect a current president of the Church to announce, as Brigham Young did, "I am not a stereotyped Latter-day Saint, and do not believe the doctrine. . . . Away with stereotyped 'Mormons.'"

I sense that our collective worship seems to be less centered on the spiritual aspects of our inner religious lives and more on the outward behavioral and social aspects. When I was in high school, and certainly when I was at BYU, talks and lessons seemed more centered on Jesus Christ, Joseph Smith, understanding the actual content of the Book of Mormon (as opposed to its ecclesiastical significance), prayer, the Holy Ghost, faith, and learning. Now, it seems to me that they are oriented more toward obedience: to various commandments, to principles of righteous living, and to ecclesiastical authority.

The official Church's solutions seem somehow unable to reach the paradoxes we're grappling with. Recently I saw a Church film which in many respects was refreshingly well done. Church leaders sat and talked casually. Someone explained that the Church's missions had hitherto been depicted as separate circles, and that this graphic depiction failed to show these separate missions as an integrated whole. A new graphic was unveiled which presented, not separate circles, but pie-shaped pieces which interlocked to form a complete circle, symbolizing the unity of the Church's missions. What did this mean, I thought, when friends of mine were losing faith, dying on the vine, abandoning religion altogether, or searching for a more sustaining religion elsewhere?

In our private religious lives, many of the promises of our youth seem broken. So many of our prayers seem to have gone unanswered, especially as we have prayed for the dreams of our youth to come true. I think of Woody Allen's remark that there should be a day set aside when we gather and commemorate all God's broken promises. The bittersweet humor in this quip lies in the fact that we still believe in God, and remember those promises. It is he who seems to have forgotten us.

In sum, the promises of youth seem to have withered on the vine. Many of us are unemployed, underemployed, or unhappily employed. Our marriages are as much challenge as fulfillment. We haven't become somebody. On the religious front, we are not walking into Zion, Christ is not about to come, we are not righteous; we are not growing in love and tolerance, we never weep in testimony meeting, our prayers are not answered.

We are in a sense experiencing grief. We are grieving for the loss of the romance, the magic, the life, the Church, the world that we once knew. We long to regain the sense of meaning, hope, and promise. We want to be virgins again. We want the magic back.

What can be done for those of us struggling in the Age of Disillusionment?

THE AGE OF REJECTION

The third stage of our growth is being written now, by each of us. Here our generational path forks.

For those who cannot reconcile the promises of childhood with the disillusionment of adolescence, the Third Age is an Age of Rejection, of Denial, or of Despair.

Some continue to cling to the promises of youth and insist that a realm of true meaning, enjoyment, and fulfillment exists, but somewhere else. A man I know couldn't deal with the gulf between the plainness of real marriage and the images of romantic and sexual fulfillment that he had harbored since youth. Although he had a charming and attractive wife, his life with her didn't live up to his expectations. He had to go for it. So
he did—he abandoned his family in his quest to fulfill his sexual fantasies.

Others reject the Church, feeling that the true magic is elsewhere. A few expand their families by a wife or two and retreat into the stern consistency of fundamentalism. More venture into one of the evangelical protestant churches, where Jesus may be hiding. Take Kathy, whose husband beat her. She finally left him. She also left the Church, which she says set her up to be taken advantage of by him. She says that she now attends “a Christian Church—you know, one where they talk about Christ on Sunday.”

Some in our generation are seeking the lost magic in drugs, hoping to escalate the thrill until satisfaction is achieved. Others seek the magic in increasingly strong sexual stimulants in a grim quest for physical fulfillment.

Still others resolve the contradiction between the promise and the reality by denying the realities as well as the illusions of the Age of Promise. For them, it was all bunk. We only thought our prayers were answered; we only thought we tasted the Spirit with the scriptures, in the temple, or in testimony meeting. They may cash in the ideals of youth in favor of a reactionary cynicism in business or personal life.

And of course, many more, unable to bear the contradiction, slip quietly to the margin of faith, tacitly rejecting the Church and perhaps even God. They may, as Julia Flyte says in Evelyn Waugh’s Brideshead Revisited, set up their own good in place of God’s.

So far those unable to reconcile the Age of Promise with the Age of Disillusionment, this age is the Age of Rejection.

THE AGE OF RECONCILIATION

For many other members of the sixties generation, the present age is an Age of Reconciliation, of Recognition, of Maturity. They recognize the Age of Promise for what it was.

Much of the magic that settled around us then was in our eyes, not in our world. It was a function of our childhood. We cannot recreate the feelings we had then because we are no longer children. There is only one first kiss.

To this extent, our grief is not for the loss of a greater meaning or reality, but simply the loss of our own innocence. When, as a college student, I first read Gerard Manley Hopkins’s poem “Spring and Fall: to a young child,” I was entranced by its beauty and sentiment, but I didn’t know then that I had not yet left childhood myself. It now speaks not only to me, but of me:

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?

There is beauty in the faith of a child, but it is one with no reasons to disbelieve. Adult faith may lack showy foliage, but its roots have run deep in search of water in dry times. It believes in the face of tribulations and private failures.

Leaves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow’s springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.
This sense of loss is a blight, as Hopkins says. We are right to grieve. And yet, we must not surrender to grief.

Growing up requires that we reconcile within ourselves the paradox of the Age of Promise and the Age of Disillusionment. It requires that we neither idolize nor execrate the experiences and promises of our childhood. It requires that we neither curse the Promised Land nor seek elsewhere for it, but settle it, cultivate it, rejoice in it.

We cannot continue to pine for something that never was and never will be. We cannot, like aging screen idols, loiter around the gates of Eden waiting for a chance to slip back into some magical preserve where, of all places on earth, life matters.

If we do, we will fail to snatch the meaning that is passing by. God intended us to find pleasure in his creations, in each which he has crowned the lilies of the field if our eyes are ever humble it may be, and in him. We cannot see the beauty with which he has crowned the lilies of the field if our eyes are ever on the horizon, searching for the distant cloud that signals the arrival of the army of Zion.

We must be able to say, paraphrasing G.K. Chesterton, “Is life all dust? What a beautiful thing dust is though.” We must embrace the paradox.

To do so requires adult faith. There is beauty in the undiluted faith of a child, but it is the faith of one with no reasons to disbelieve. The more useful faith is adult faith. It may lack showy foliage, but its roots have run deep in search of water in dry times. Adult faith believes in the face of tribulations, disappointments, and private failures. Adult faith is the faith of one who “looks round upon a universe from which every trace of [God] seems to have vanished, and asks why he has been forsaken, and still obeys.”

Adult faith prays to accept and endure rather than to achieve. Some time ago a friend of mine remarked, “The grace of Christ should be enough for us . . . but it isn’t.” Nor is anything else. We seem to have been born with desires that can never be fulfilled. We want more but nothing seems to satisfy. Nothing lives up to its billing. No Church calling, no fortune, no Academy
Award, no Venus or Adonis, will ultimately satisfy. There is nothing which, if only we had it, we would be happy. At least, nothing in this world. For this hunger that we now experience is heaven-hunger. And the pleasures and satisfactions of this world are mere appetizers, never intended to satisfy. For the promise of God is that in him, in his glory, we will find rest. Let us by all means change, build, and comfort where we can. Let us improve and reform the Promised Land. But ultimately our present role is to embrace the goodness in our marriages, our children, our spouses, our church, our jobs, and ourselves, without insisting that any of them live up to our childhood expectations. We must, if it is our lot, reconcile ourselves to working in the direct mail business. Is that so much worse than singing lyrics that sound good, but mean little or nothing? Is the meaning of day-to-day reality really worse than the illusion of meaning?

Finally, I must confess that I still believe in magic. Despite what I know about the life of Joseph Smith, or perhaps because of it, I am still saddened by the face that Eleanor Rigby leaves in the jar by the door and delighted by the Brandenburg-inspired trumpet obbligato in "Penny Lane." And despite what I know about the life of Joseph Smith, or perhaps because of it, I believe he saw things in magical stones, saw angels, and conversed with God. In fact, Joseph the magician/prophet is to me a more interesting and credible figure than the innocent boy prophet of Sunday School. If we don't think he acted the prophet, perhaps we don't yet know what a prophet is.

There is also magic in the Church. No, it's not the kingdom of God we dreamt for, and yes, I wish it were. Film today's Church and you would have a movie less like Charleton Heston's Ten Commandments than Robert Duvall's Tender Mercies. The kingdom lives in individual lives and in pockets of Christian community. That is where the meaning lies: in charity, in forgiveness, and in personal faith in Jesus Christ: faith that he came, that he suffered for us, faith even that he will come again.

For us who saw so much light, and thought we saw so much more, ours is a dark age. But it is in the darkness we best learn to walk by faith, and hope, and charity. Without these, we will have been, as Paul Toscano has written, "Too blind in youth to see the coming darkness, / Too blind in age to see the coming light."

This present age is the Age of Reconciliation for those who, seeing the rough edges of the Church and of mortality, maintain their conviction of the core truth-claims of the gospel of Jesus Christ and of the Church. To again quote Tim: I am reminded of Thomas More, who, while he brightly perceived the failings of the Roman Church, remained faithful to it. What alternative was there? What alternative do we have? I assume that we have all received witnesses from the Spirit in times past (if not present) confirming the veracity of the Restoration. . . . [what choice do we have but to remain steadfast? I believe there is still magic in the Word of God, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and that it proceeds from him throughout his creations, including the gods and creeds of all nations. It is what we seek. It is him we seek.

Rather than the integrated pie shapes, I prefer the cross as the symbol of the Church. The Book of Mormon defines the righteous as "they who have believed in the Holy One of Israel, they who have endured the crosses of the world and despised the shame of it" (2 Nephi 9:18). The cross is a haunting, challenging, and ultimately comforting symbol. It is a symbol both of death and of victory—of victory through death. It marks our way: we will come to reconciliation, I believe, only when we nail upon it our false expectations of life and of victory—of victory through death. It marks our way: we will come to reconciliation, I believe, only when we nail upon it our false expectations of God, of his kingdom, of each other, and of ourselves; when we crucify our own expectations of what life should be, and let him replace them with what he will.

NOTES
Mormon Poetry Now! Part 4

FANTASY AS A RESPONSE TO THE WORLD

By Dennis Clark

...
mythical bird
the hollering and
beating of bushes by
the older scouts decreases
and finally ceases
the Tenderfoot
crouches holding
a paper bag
his thighs
ache slight
wind rustling of branches
and something
a leaf or
mouse maybe
nibbling along the ground
dont impinge on the
silence
enclosing him
the stars
bright as newly created
flashes in his eyes
scurry like birds
across the
dark grass
in a half hour
(yuga)
he realizes
there is
no
such thing as a snipe
and he will have
to make his way
back
to the campfire
alone afraid
of the night
he doesn't think to leave the empty bag
the snipe oblivious to ritual
goes on year after
year
mating, rearing young, nesting
pecking around scurrying out of the way
oblivious to evolution

— Rob Hollis Miller

do not mean to taste the poisoned soup.

For his poem "Salamander," Robert Rees turns from the world of his contemporaries to the origins of Mormonism. The element of fantasy in that world is Joseph Smith's story. Rees writes that

like most Mormons, when I first read reports of the now infamous Salamander letter, I was intrigued. When I read the text of the letter in the Church News (28 April 1985) it seemed authentic. What really interested me about the letter was the insight it seemed to give into young Joseph's mind—his way of thinking, his use of language. . . . Believing that we can usually get closer to an experience through images and symbols, I was particularly interested in the allusion to the white salamander. Here, I thought, was a concrete image with poetic possibilities for trying to understand young Joseph's experience.

Reading about salamanders, Rees discovered a large cluster of imagery associated with them:
The richest of these was fire, a central, archetypal symbol that has ambiguous and paradoxical associative possibilities. Anciently the salamander was a mythical lizard-like creature that was able to live in fire. . . . Through various sources I discovered that salamanders are associated with: fire, prophets, revelation, the Holy Ghost, angels, the voice of God, the atonement, the resurrection, purification, soldiers, locks, etc.

Inspired by studying the elements of folk magic in the Euro-American culture of Joseph's day, both Rees and Orson Scott Card have written poems taking seriously the idea that Joseph Smith would know and be part of a fantasy world—or what we now regard, embarrassed by our science, as fantasy. Given the ferment occasioned recently by these ideas, you might wonder if either writer is drunk on them. Sing the poems and see.

Rees takes a more contemporary approach to his verse than Card (whose poem follows this article). He begins with a loose line, three or four stresses, no overriding rhythm, while Card works with iambic pentameter in a formal stanza akin to that of Spenser's Faerie Queen. On the other hand, Card works throughout Prentice Alvin and the No-Good Plow in one voice; Rees alternates short, colloquial stanzas in two different voices. One he shares with Card, a rural Appalachian speech. It is the tongue that begins and ends "Salamander," that of a boy introduced to the fantastic in the midst of a very mundane world of sweat, fever, and death. The second voice is that of a prophet, refined by fire, molded by the words of prophets who taught him to stand before God.

This Joseph tells a story different from the official version, one closer to the feelings a young farm boy might have had at being torched by the Spirit. This mixture of fiction and history doesn't require footnotes, because it doesn't present itself as fact. But the strongest element in the poem, the contrast between voices, echoes the tension between the story we learn from Primary on, and the elements of Joseph's life which have
taken on more significance in the light of recent historical research. "Salamander" presents us a series of events which read as a conflagration raging among the pages of history. Instead of wondering what Rees's sources for each event are, read the poem as entirely made-up. That's what fiction is, elegant lies intended to complement grubby history. Rees has tried to re-create the mind of the young, unlettered farm-boy who was given the task, in turn, of re-creating a vanished world from records in a dead language on buried leaves - for a people whose world was rapidly shearing away from all of past history, culture, and thought. Is it any wonder his Joseph says "I awoke and was cold and afraid? He has seen his world burned away.

Partially on the basis of its whole-hearted return to that same magical world, Prentice Alvin and the No-good Plow was awarded first place in its class in the 1980-1981 Original Writing Contest of the Utah Arts Council. In his general comments on the poems entered in category B-1, "Serious poetry related to a single theme," the judge said, "I was pleased that some poets are going back to the ancients and to old forms. Seldom do contemporary poets go back to Spenserian invention (as did the First Prize winner) to master an intricate new form in which to tell a dramatic story both real and metaphysical." Rather than explore the fantastic world of young Joseph, Card creates a fantasy frontier America, and re-makes the farm boy into an apprentice blacksmith who (as is the usual case with heroes epic and fantastic) is occasionally despised as lazy, worthless, no-good. But Alvin has a few odd traits, one of them second sight. Loose in the woods one day, "the dark that only he could see... reached out and stumbled Alvin down." He is saved from the dark and cold only by asserting its falseness. A red-winged bird sings him back to summer and tells him a headful of news about himself which is not repeated in the poem. Card has said that he would rather have had a salamander than the bird, but he had already written the poem before Hofmann's forgery was printed.

His is the only long narrative I have received for SUNSTONE. Most long poems nowadays are, like Sandberg's Requiem for a Town, sequences of separate poems, usually published separately (as were his). Writers with a long story to tell usually choose to write a novel. And, in fact, Card has sold this whole story to a publisher as a fantasy series, The Tales of Alvin Maker.

This poem, while it served as the genesis of the series, recounts events covered in the third novel, Prentice Alvin (the first two, Seventh Son and Red Prophet, begin the story). "But," as Card told me (before he had written the novels), "I'm still proud of the poem. I liked it better as a poem, but it was a great deal of work with very little audience."

It is not surprising that Card liked the story better as a poem. It shows a great deal of exuberance, more than one might be able to work into a novel - a lot of playfulness, a heavy dose of just plain fun. Card must have enjoyed writing it. It's also a fun poem to read. The story is well-developed, easy to follow, and interesting. The verse is a little loose at times, but a narrative needs a few wrinkles to bend and stretch in. Perhaps there is more of an audience for it now.

NOTES

1. A Sanskrit word related to "yoke," denoting "one of the four ages of a Hindu world cycle, each shorter and less righteous than the one preceding," according to Webster's Third New International Dictionary.
When Alvin come back from the hill
he was all in a sweat and tremblin'.
He says he looked in a box and saw a
salamander all alive in fire,
and the fire was in his eyes
like small summer suns and it
come out and went into mine,
burning like God's own glory
and I was afraid.

And I saw sylphs of flame,
arangels of the sun, who came to
Cumorah, administering to the night,
their salamandrine fires illuminating
and purifying the darkness.

This was out by the barn, and
I said, Alvin, show me the box,
'cause I saw it in a dream,
full of gold; and so we run
all the way to the hill and
was all out of breath, and
when we got to the place
Alvin says, look Joseph,
it's right there, under that bush!
And I looked and saw the fire, and
then the bush was burning and the
trees was burning and the whole
mountain was on fire, the river
was on fire too, flames all over
the water, joining and
crossing one another, but
none of it was burned.

And I saw them standing in the fiery
heat, like the furnace of noonday,
white as lightning, and beside
them was another, like the heart of the
sun, blazing with holiness and light,
and the fire didn't harm their hair
nor singe their sleeves.

Then Alvin was taken sick with a bilious
colic and was burning with a fever and
said many strange things, some of them
wonderful. And then he held me by the
hand real strong and tight and said,
Joseph, get the plates, whatever you do,
get the plates, and I said, Alvin, don't go!
don't go! And then he was gone, his eyes
still ablaze till father put his hand
on them and closed the lids.

I saw him in the realms of glory,
his whole body white and luminous as
the stones in the box. I saw Adam and
Abraham, and Alvin was with them, and I
saw the transcendent beauty of the gate
through which they entered and it was like
circling flames of fire and the blazing
throne of God ascending into light.

And then it was dark and I
didn't dream for a long time,
and I said, Mother, the plates . . . and
she jest looked at me and didn't say a
word, and I turned to father, but he
wouldn't talk neither, and when I
looked at him, he jest shook his head
and tears come in his eyes.

All summer we worked in the fields, and
when fall come we brought the harvest
in, but always I was thinking of
what Alvin said about the plates. In the
night I couldn't sleep and when the
new moon come I begun dreaming again, and
then one night an old spirit come
to me three times and says, Dig up the gold.
I woke in a sweat and it was still dark.
I got out of bed real careful so's not to
wake Hyrum. I put some of mother's cornbread
in my pocket and took father's shovel and
went up the hill to find the plates.
I heard a owl way off in the trees and
was scared to go on 'cause it might
mean bad luck for me, but the words of
the spirit kept hauntin' me so I went on.
When I found the bush that before was burning, I put the shovel in and dug till I struck the stone box, and when I took off the lid, light come burstin' out and I saw the white salamander and then it was gone but the old spirit was there and he touched me three times—once on the eyes and once on the ears and once on the lips, and his fingers was like fire.

And I saw that everything was on fire: eyes and images seen by the eyes were on fire; ears and sounds heard by the ears were on fire; lips and tongues and voices that came out of them were on fire and the Word itself was a fire within a fire—everythin' burning, burning, consumed by fire and born again.

When I reached down to pick up the plates the spirit struck me three times again—jest like before, and he said, Bring your bother Alvin, and I said, How can I bring him, his bones are buried in the ground? He said again, Bring your brother Alvin, and I said, Should I bring his remains? but the spirit didn't answer me.

I saw a valley full of bones, dry and white, and a wind from the north and from the night blew on the bones and they were cold, and then a wind from the south and from the sun blew on the bones, kindling the fire shut up in them, and the fire became the word out of the mouth of the prophet and it consumed all who heard it, but the bones danced to life and rose like flames into the air, burning and turning like a great fire bird circling.

When I reached into the box and touched the plates, a shock went through me like a sword of fire, almost melting my bones' marrow it was so hot, and I cried in agony of soul, Why can I not take them? and the spirit said, You have not kept the commandments, you have given in to temptations. Get up and see the signs in the heavens, and learn from the mouth of God.

And I looked and saw the heavens like an endless sea of light—the sun, a glorious luminary of the skies, and also the moon rolling in majesty through the heavens, and also the stars shining in their courses. And then all around me darkness grew into trees whose black branches shut out all the light, and I was left alone in the very heart and soul of darkness, and the branches were burning all around me, and their flames black as night began to burn my flesh.

And I cried aloud, O God, forgive me, I am jest an ignorant and wicked boy. Why did you let Alvin die? He was the most righteous one. I don't know, I don't know about the sun and the salamander; I can't see, it is so dark, and my mind is on fire!

And then I saw the fire turn to blood and I was falling from a high window and as I looked up the summer sun fell into blackness and I cried, O Lord, my God!

And I heard a voice like pure flame pierce the burning darkness and it said, I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction, I will destroy you with a consuming fire or I will purify you with a refiner's fire; your heart must choose.

If you will burn away your sins, I will make my words in your mouth fire that you may warn the nations, and I will make your words a flaming sword that you may slay the black dragon, the fire drake of darkness, and touch the hoard of gold, that it will come alive in your hands to call my people to the endowment of light.

And I awoke and was cold and afraid.

—ROBERT A. REES
PRENTICE ALVIN AND THE NO-GOOD PLOW

Alvin, he was a blacksmith's prentice boy,
He pumped the bellows and he ground the knives,
He chipped the nails, he set the charcoal fire,
Nothing remarkable about the lad
Except for this: He saw the world askew,
He saw the edge of light, the frozen liar
There in the trees with a black smile shinin cold,
Shiverin the corners of his eyes.
Oh, he was wise.

The blacksmith didn't know what Alvin saw.
He only knew the boy was quick and slow:
Quick with a laugh and a good or clever word,
Slow at the bellows with his brain a-busy,
Quick with his eyes like a bright and sneaky bird,
Slow at the forge when the smith was in a hurry.
Times the smith, he liked him fine. And times
He'd bellow, "Hell and damnation, hammer and tong,
You done it wrong!"

One day when the work was slow, the smith was easy.
"Off to the woods with you, Lad, the berries are ripe."
And Alvin gratefully let the bellows sag
And thundered off in the dust of the summer road.
Run? He run like a colt, he leaped like a calf.
Then his feet were deep in the leafmeal forest floor,
He was moss on the branches, swingin low and lean,
His fingers were part of the bark, his glance was green—
And he was seen.

He was seen by the birds that anyone can see,
Seen by the porcupines all hid in the bushes,
Seen by the light that slipped among the trees,
Seen by the dark that only he could see,
And the dark reached out and stumbled Alvin down,
Laid him laughin and pantin on the ground,
And the dark snuck up on every edge of him,
Frost a-comin on from everywhere,
Ice in his hair.

Ice in the summertime, and Alvin shook,
Crackin ice aloud in the miller's pond,
A mist of winter flowin through the wood
Fingerin his face, and where it touched
He was numb, he was stricken dumb, his chin all chatter,
Where are the birds? he wondered. When did they go?
Get back to the edge, you Dark, you Cold, you Snow!
Get north, you Wind, it's not your time to blow!
I tell you, No!

No! he cried, but the snow was blank and deep
And didn't answer, and the fog was thick
And didn't answer, and his flimsy clothes
Were wet, and his breath was sharp as ice in his lung
Splittin him like a rail. It made him mad.
He yelled, though the sound froze solid at his teeth
And the words dropped out and broke as they were said
And his tongue went thick, and his lips were even number,
'Dammit, it's summer!'
With the snow like stars of death in your eyes? "It's summer!"
The wind a-ticklin at your thighs? "It's summer!"
Your breath a fog of ice? "Let it be spring!
Let it be autumn, let it be anything!"
But the edge of the world had found him, and he knew
That the fire of the forges would be through,
That the air would be thick and harsh at the end of the Earth
And all the flames a-dancin in his hearth,
What were they worth?

"Oh, you can cheat the trees, so dumb and slow,
And you can jolly the birds that summer's through,
I let you get away with a lie so bold!
But you can't fool me!

And look at that! A red-winged bird a-singin!
Look at that! The leaves all thick and green!
He touched the bark so warm in the summer sun,
He buried his hands in the soil and said, "I'm jiggered."
"Oh, blacksmith's prentice boy," said the red-winged bird,
"Took you long enough," said Prentice Alvin.
"I been," said the red-winged bird, "to visit the sun.
I know what must be done."

And now I'm here to make a maker of you,
Oh yes, I'll make you something before I'm through."
"I'm something now," said the lad, "and I like it fine."
"You're a smithy boy," said the bird, "and it ain't enough.
Bendin horeshoes! Bangin on the black!
Why, there be things to make that can't be told,
So bright and gold!"

A thousand things, that bird was full of talk,
And on he sang and Alvin listened tight.
Till home he came at dark, his eyes so bright,
His smile so ready but his mood like rock.
He was full of birdsong, full of dreams of gold,
Dreams of what he'd draw from the smithy fire.
"How old is old?" he asked the smith. "How tall
do I have to be for hammer and tong?
It's been so long."

The smith, he spied him keen, he saw his eyes,
He saw how flames were leaping in the green.
A redbreast bird been talking," said the smith,
His voice as low as memory. "So young,
But not so young, so little but so tall.
Hammer and tong, my lazy prentice boy,
Let's see if they fit your hand, let's see if the heft
Is right for your arm, the right side or the left,
See how you lift."

Out they went to the forge beside the road,
Out and stoked the fire till it was hot.
The tongs fit snug in Alvin's dexter hand
And the hammer hefted easy in his left.
And the smith had a face like grief, although he laughed.
"Go on," says he, "I'm watchin right behind."
The flames leaped up, and Alvin shied the heat,
But deep in the fire he held the iron rod
Till it was red.

"Now bend it," said the smith, "now make a shoe."
Alvin raised the hammer over his head,
Ready for the swing. But it wouldn't fall.
"Strike," the blacksmith whispered, "bend and shape,"
But the red of the black was the red of a certain bird;
Behind his eyes he saw the iron true:
It was already what it ought to be.
"I can't," he said, and the blacksmith took the tool
And whispered, "Fool."

The hammer clattered against the stone of the wall,
But Alvin, he took heed where the hammer fell.
"There's some can lift the hammer," said the smith,
"And some can strike," and then he said an oath
So terrible that Alvin winced to hear.
"I'm shut of you," said the smith. "What's iron for?
To be hot and soft for a man of strength to beat,
To turn the fat of your empty flesh to meat
For the years to eat."

When the smith was gone, poor Alvin like to died,
For what was a smith that couldn't strike the black?
A maker, that's what the redbreast said he'd be,
And now unmade before he'd fair begun.
"I know," he whispered, "I know what must be done."
He took the hammer from the wallside heap
And blew the fire till flames came leaping back
And gathered every scrap at the fire's side
And loud he cried:

"Here is the makin that you said to make!
Here in my hand are the tools you said to take!
Here is the crucible, and here's the fire,
And here are my hands with all they know of shape."
Into the crucible he cast the scrap
And set the pot in the flames a-leaping higher.
"Melt!" he shouted. "Melt so I can make!"
For the redbreast bird had told him how:
A livin plow.

The black went soft in the clay, the black went red
The black went white and poured when he tipped the pot
Into the mold he poured, and the iron sang
With the heat and the cold, with the soft and the hard and the form
That forced. When he broke the mold it rang.
And the shape of the plow was curved and sharp as it ought.
But the iron, it was black, oh, it was dead,
No power in it but the iron's own,
As mute as stone.
He sat among the shards of the broken clay
And wondered what the redbird hadn’t said.
Or had he talked to the bird at all today?
And now he thought of it, was it really red?
And maybe he ought to change the mold somehow,
Or pour it cool, or hotten up the forge.
But the more he studied it the less he knew,
For the plow was shaped aright, though cold and dark:
He knew his work.

So what was wrong with black? It was good enough
For all the hundred thousand smiths before,
And good enough for all the plows they made,
So why not good enough for Prentice Alvin?
Who ever heard a bird so full of stuff,
So full of songs to make you feel so poor,
So full of promises of gold and jade?
"Ah, Redbird!" Alvin cried, "my heart is riven!
What have you given?"

He shouted at the black and silent plow.
He beat it, ground it at the wheel, and rubbed
Till the blade was blackish mirror, till the edge
Was sharp as a trapper’s skinnin knife, and still
It was iron, black and stubborn, growin cold.
And broke of hope, he cast it in the fire
And wept in agony till it was over.

The age of agony—he knew how old:
The smith, he come all white-eyed to the forge.
"The buffalo are runnin in the wood,
A hundred wolves are singin out a dirge,
And a doe, she’s lickin while her fawn is fed.
What you be doin while I’m in my bed?
The trees are wide awake and bendin low,
And the stars are all a-cluster overhead.
What will a prentice do when his master go?
I want to know!"

In answer, Alvin only lifts his plow,
And in the firelight it shines all yellow.
"Lord," the smith declares, and "damn my eyes,
My boy, you got the gift, I didn’t realize."
The smith, he reaches out. "Now give it here.
That’s worth ten thousand sure, I shouldn’t wonder,
All we got to do is melt her down
And we’ll be rich afore another sundown,
Move to town."

But Alvin, he’s not like to let it go.
"It’s a plow I meant to make, and a plow I got,
And I mean for it to do what a plow should do."
The smith was mad, the smith, he scald and swore.
"Cuttin dirt ain’t what that gold is for!"
And he reached his hand to take the plow by force,
But when he touched his prentice’s arm, he hissed,
And kissed his fingers, gaspin. "Boy, you’re hot
As the sunlight’s source.

"Hot and bright as sunlight," says the smith,
"And the gold is yours to do whatever you like with,
But whatever you do, I humble-as-dust beseech you,
Do it away from me, I’ve nothing to teach you."
Says Alvin, "Does that mean I’m a journeyman?
I’ve a right to bend the black wherever I can?"
And the smith says, "Prentice, journeyman, or master,
For what you done a smith would sell his sister,
Been Satin kissed her."

What was Alvin tokin when he left?
I tell you this—it wasn’t hard to heft:
A burlap bag with a knot of leaden bread,
A hunk of crumbly cheese, and a golden plow.
A map of the world was growin in his head,
For a fellow knows the edge can guess the whole,
And Alvin meant to find the certain soil
Where his plow could cut and make the clover grow,
The honey flow.

He left a hundred village tongues a-wag
With tales of a million bucks in a burlap bag.
The smith, he swore the gold was devil’s make
And therefore free for a godly man to take;
His wife, she told how Alvin used to shirk
And owed them all the gold for his lack of work;
And others said the golden plow was fake
So sneaky Alvin could connive to gull
Some trustin fool.

The tales of Alvin flew so far and fast
They reached him on the road and went right past,
And many a fellow in many a country inn
Would spy his bag and start in speculatin.
"Kinda heavy tote you got, I reckon."
And Alvin nods. "The burlap’s kinda thin—
Do I see something big and smooth and yellow?"
And Alvin nods, but then he tells the fellow,
"It’s just my pillow."

True enough, if the truth ain’t buttoned tight,
For he put it under his head most every night;
But country folk are pretty hard to trick,
And many a fellow thought that he could get
A plowshare’s worth of gold for the price of a stick
Applied with vigor to the side of Alvin’s head;
And many a night young Alvin had to run
From the bowie knife or buckshot-loaded gun
Of some mother’s son.
While Alvin beat through woods and country tracks
Comes Verily Cooper, a handiworkin man,
Who boards wherever there's barrels to make or mend,
And never did he find so fine a place.
So nice a folk nor never so pretty a face
That he'd put away his walkin boots and stay.
It happened that he come to the smith one day
And heard that Alvin made his golden plow
And wondered how.

So off he set with boots so sad and worn
And socks so holey, the skin of his feet was torn
And he left a little track of blood
While Alvin beat through woods and country tracks
Off set Verily Cooper, hopin to find
What tales were envy, and if some tales were true
What the journeyman blacksmithe did or didn't do.
He asked in every inn, "Did a boy with a bag
Come here, a brown-haired boy so long of leg.
About this big?"

Well, it came about that the findin all was done
On a day without a single speck of sun.
Young Alvin, he come down to the bottom lands,
Where the air was cold and the fog was thick and white.
"In a fog this deep you'd better count your hands."
Said an unseen man a-waitin by the track.
"What could I see if a man had any sight!"
And the unseen speaker said, "That the sun is bright
And the unseen speaker said, "The earth is hurt
For the tree, she screamed and wept when the beaver gnawed
And brown and slow and looking half asleep.
And the journeyman smith went on to fina
And brown and slow and looking half asleep.
And his fingers search but cannot find his mouth,
And now he doesn't know his north from south,
And yet in all the world, this soil is best.
With that, though Alvin tried to learn his name,
The unseen speaker never spoke again,
And at last the journeyman smith went on to find
In the fog, by listenin tight for the river's sound,
That perfect ground.

Near done was the day when Alvin came to the shore
Of the mighty River Mizeray, all deep
And brown and slow and looking half asleep.
Said Mizeray, "Jes step a little more,
Young feller, and I'll carry you across."
And Alvin, blind as a bat in the fog, he said,
"Don't I hear the rush of a river in its bed?"
But Mizeray, he gave a little toss
And whispered, "Cross."

So again that day young Alvin Maker jedges.
How can he know what's true in a fog so white?
How can he trust what a hidden voice alleges?
He kneads, he touches the soil, he lifts it light,
He crushes it in his hand and it's loose and soothe,
But still old Mizeray's voice can tickle and smooth,
And says, "Come on, step on, I'll carry you
To the only soil in the world that'll ever do,
I tell you true."

Old Mizeray has a voice you must believe.
Old Mizeray has a voice that could not lie.
Old Mizeray, he whispers to deceive,
To draw the tmstin step to the edge, to die;
But the voice, the voice is full and sweet with love.
So Alvin, with his fingers deep in the loam,
He wonders if this soil is good enough,
And again he hears the river's whisperin hum:
"I'll take you home."

And now he doesn't know his north from south,
And his fengers search but cannot find his mouth,
And he can't remember what he came here for,
Or if it even matters anymore.
Only the sound of the river callin him.
Only the whine of his fear, so high and thin.
Only the taste of the sweat when he licks his lips,
Only the tremblin of his fingertips.
Their weakish grips.

He stands, but he doesn't step, he daresn't walk,
He puzzles for the key to this hidden lock,
And he knows the key isn't in that hissin voice.
He knows there's another way to make his choice.
The soil he's lookin for, it's not for himself,
It's meant for the plow he carried all so stealthy;
He opens his burlap bag and lifts the plow
And sets it on the earth real soft and slow,
And sees it glow.
He sees it shine, that plow, it shines all gold,
All yellow, and it gets too hot to hold,
And around the plow the fog begins to clear,
And the wind, it blows till the fog is gone from here.
And he sees the soil is humusy and black
Just as the unseen voice in the fog had said;
And he sees the river lap the shore and smack
And if he'd taken that step, now he'd be dead
In the devil's sack.

For Mizeray, down deep, don't flow with water:
The bottom slime is made of the stuff of night,
The darkness reachin in at the edge of light,
Awaitin for the step of a man unwary
To suck him down and slither him out to bury,
Numb and soundless, pressed in the dark of the sea,
Where the driftin dead look up through the night and see
Forever out of reach the earth in her dance,
O heaven's daughter.

And in the tree young Alvin sees a bird
All red of feather, mouth all wide and singin,
And Alvin, he calls out, "I know your voice!"
But the wind-awaker answers not a word.

And Alvin sighs at the come-out of his choice,
Not altogether sure how the thing occurred,
For the choice was hard.

And while he lies a-restin in the grove,
Up comes young Verily Cooper, shy and smilin.
"Are you the one that they call by the name of Alvin?"
"There's many who's called that name. And who are you?"
"I'm a man who wants to learn what you know of makin."
They call me Verily Cooper; I work in staves,
I join them watertight, each edge so true,
But never a keg I made that was proof from leakin
Or safe from breakin."

Alvin answers, "What do I know of barrels?"
Verily says, "And what did you know of plows?"
And Alvin laughs, and he says, "Ain't you a marvel,"
And up he hops and gives his head a shake.
"Verily Cooper, there's things in a man that shows,
We got no ox, we got no horse around!
The plow's alive, and we'll tell you how it's done!"

The rest of the tale—how they looked for the crystal city,
How they crept to the dangerous heart of the holy hill,
How they broke the cage of the girl who sang for rain,
How they built the city of light from water and blood—
Others have told that tale, and told it good.

So they cut an oak and together hewed the wood
To make the plowframe strong and slow of flex,
And they set the plow in place and bound it good
And never mind a halter for an ox.
For this was a livin plow, of tremblin gold.
And when the work was done, they marked their field,
And side by side they reached and took ahold,
And the plow, it leaped, it plunged, it played like a child.

Verily and Alvin, they hung on;
There wasn't a hope of guidin the plow along.
It was all they could do to keep it to the land;
Other than that they couldn't do a thing.

For they had no ox, and they had no horse around,
The plow's alive, and we'll tell you how it's done!

So they cut an oak and together hewed the wood
To make the plowframe strong and slow of flex,
And they set the plow in place and bound it good
And never mind a halter for an ox.
For this was a livin plow, of tremblin gold.
And when the work was done, they marked their field,
And side by side they reached and took ahold,
And the plow, it leaped, it plunged, it played like a child.

So they cut an oak and together hewed the wood
To make the plowframe strong and slow of flex,
And they set the plow in place and bound it good
And never mind a halter for an ox.
For this was a livin plow, of tremblin gold.
And when the work was done, they marked their field,
And side by side they reached and took ahold,
And the plow, it leaped, it plunged, it played like a child.
So free and wild.

And as they sat there, hollerin and whoopin,
Out come the farmer folk who lived nearby,
To find out what had caused the fog to fly—
And at the same time do a little snoopin.
They saw that the furrow went all anyhow,
And they said, "If you think that's plowin, boys, you're daft!
Straight as an arrow, that's how a plow should go!"
And the farmers mocked—oh, how the farmers laughed
At that no-good plow.

That sobered Alvin up, and Verily frowned.
"Don't you see that the plow, it cut the earth alone?
We got no ox, we got no horse around!
The plow's alive, and we'll tell you how it's done!"

And as they sat there, hollerin and whoopin,
Out come the farmer folk who lived nearby,
To find out what had caused the fog to fly—
And at the same time do a little snoopin.
They saw that the furrow went all anyhow,
And they said, "If you think that's plowin, boys, you're daft!
Straight as an arrow, that's how a plow should go!"
And the farmers mocked—oh, how the farmers laughed
At that no-good plow.

The rest of the tale—how they looked for the crystal city,
How they crept to the dangerous heart of the holy hill,
How they broke the cage of the girl who sang for rain,
How they built the city of light from water and blood—
Others have told that tale, and told it good.

Verily and Alvin, they hung on;
There wasn't a hope of guidin the plow along.
It was all they could do to keep it to the land;
Other than that they couldn't do a thing.

And at last, with bleedin blisters on their hands,
With arms gone weak and legs too beat to run,
They tripped and fell together on the dirt.
Aside from the blisters, the only thing much hurt
Was Alvin's shirt.

They look, and there's the plow, still as you please,
Gleamin in the sunlight. "How'd it stop?"
Asks Alvin. Verily, he thinks he sees
the truth. He touches the plow, it gives a hop;
He takes his hands away, it sets right down.
"It's us that makes it go," he says, and he grins.
Now Alvin laughs, a-settin on the ground:
"Maybe it goes a little widdershins,
But it gets around!"

And as they sat there, hollerin and whoopin,
Out come the farmer folk who lived nearby,
To find out what had caused the fog to fly—
And at the same time do a little snoopin.
They saw that the furrow went all anyhow,
And they said, "If you think that's plowin, boys, you're daft!
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At that no-good plow.

The rest of the tale—how they looked for the crystal city,
How they crept to the dangerous heart of the holy hill,
How they broke the cage of the girl who sang for rain,
How they built the city of light from water and blood—
Others have told that tale, and told it good.

And besides, the girl you're with is cruel and pretty,
And the boy you're settin by has a mischievous will.
There's better things to do than hear me again,
So go on home.

—ORSON SCOTT CARD
I am convinced that Henry Adams was on target in his autobiography when he said: "Real learning is not so much the product of reasonable thinking as of those illuminating moments which permanently warp the mind." I would like to merely walk you through a few of my mind warping moments in the hope that they might awaken helpful recollections or connections for your own struggle to draw the strands of your faith together.

THE MOMENT OF CONVICTION

The most permanent warping of my mind concerning my faith in the message of the restored gospel came from a 24-hour sequence of events which began on a brilliant autumn afternoon in the upper assembly room of the old Charlottenburg Branch House in Berlin. In the course of my testimony at a missionary conference, I referred to my interest in the "boldly testifying" door approach in the Southern States Mission lessons which my mother, sensing my discouraged letters, had procured from the missionaries living in our home in Atlanta and had sent to me. When I said, "of course, this approach wouldn't work with the Germans..." I was gently interrupted in mid-sentence by Elder Marion G. Romney, our visiting apostle, who asked me very kindly, "Elder, how do you know that this approach would not work with the Germans; have you tried it!"

"No sir," I replied. "Our mission plan prescribes something else." He then nodded that I should continue.

"Elder Robison, you have been on your mission about fifteen months now, haven't you?" I nodded.

He continued, "How many times have you born your testimony of the Restoration!"

I struggled for complete honesty. "Elder Romney, that is in the eighth lesson... My companion and I have only gotten to the eighth lesson once... and my companion gave that lesson... I guess I have never said that to anyone."

With what seemed to be great sympathy he said, "Elder Robison, I want you to promise me that you will never have a missionary discussion with anyone again without taking opportunity to bear your testimony that the gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith."

I mumbled a promise and probably some other things which I have long ago forgotten and made way for the next elder.

My mind was aflame with a mixture of fear and excitement. It had been convenient for me to avoid testifying. I had now gratefully come face to face with a need to know in order to keep my promise to an apostle. He didn't even ask me if I knew. It was apparently enough that he knew and therefore knew that I could know. I pulled out the dictionary that night and began translating that Southern States door approach - including the testimonies.

The next morning, Sunday, the member conference session brought the most illuminating moments of this important sequence. Brother Romney's talk centered on two scriptural passages: John 3:3-8 which tells of Christ's conversation with...
Nicodemus about spiritual rebirth and the famous passage on the growth of faith in Alma 32, both of which I am sure I had heard discussed before in Church contexts but without the personal discovery which was to accompany this particular telling. Brother Romney painted a vivid picture of the Savior talking quietly with Nicodemus on a cool Jerusalem evening. His recounting of the Savior's testimony that the breeze of the spirit "bloweth where it listeth" and that I could "feel the sound thereof, but could not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth" permanently warped my mind. The decision to "arouse my faculties" and "exercise a particle of faith," some continued searching, and sufficient "delicious enlargement of my soul" and "enlightenment to my understanding" gratefully followed before I had finished the translation, and my companion and I spent an exhilarating week finally saying what we had come all that way to say.

Only a few Germans were stirred by those hundreds of honest testimonies during the next fifteen months, but I had been stirred. Since that important experience, whenever my listing spirit has lost its breezes, I have eventually come to feel the loss. And when they blow back, I also thankfully know how to recognize them.

BEING IN THE RIGHT PLACE

I remember, for example, a later pair of widely separated moments in the Salt Lake Tabernacle during two general conference sessions. In the first I was recently home from my mission and had squeezed in with the conference crowd onto the main floor, forward on the south bank, where the small new group of foreign speaking stake presidents, two of them from my mission, were adjusting the headphones recently installed for translation. I received an overwhelming impression of the divinity of the calling of the men at whose feet I sat.

Nine years later (seven of them as an aging but still single returned missionary) I returned to the Tabernacle for another conference session. My spirit had grown dry with three years of law school in the East (during the early sixties) and some bitterness at having felt drawn there toward an ill-fitting professional future. I had just witnessed the famous pair of talks at BYU in which Elders Ezra Taft Benson and Hugh B. Brown had expressed strong opposing convictions as to the inspiration behind the formation of the United Nations. I had been through the important but unsettling benefits of some T-group experiences and their call to my spirit toward a more healthy honesty in interpersonal relationships. I was sure that I had thereby become an expert at reading artificiality. I had served as a counselor to three bishops and a mission president and as a high councilor and had witnessed both the spiritual benefit and frustration of those callings. The question of priesthood for blacks and some serious confusion about the "liahona" and "iron rod" versions of my breezes lay heavily upon my spirit. I had just changed my professional course for the fourth time since graduating from college—this time to music—having finally given up on the possibility of bending my law training into happiness for me. But I had not yet found the security which was soon to come in that decision toward music. To use Bruce Hafen's inspired arrangement of the probable phases of an educated Mormon's life (from one of my later illuminating moments), I had passed resoundingly into level two, the pessimistic phase of my life.

Brother John Halliday had asked me to sing a solo with the combined BYU choirs at this conference session. I stood on the front row of the choir seats on the north bank as the Brethren entered through the small door below us and greeted one another. I could not then recognize my own spirit of judgmentalness and envy as I chose to perceive artificiality in the greetings of my friend and newly called General Authority, Loren Dunn, to the other Brethren. Of course, I watched particularly closely as Elders Benson and Brown approached each other and embraced. "What wonderful actors they have become for the new television audience," I thought. "They have just disagreed vigorously in public about an significant issue obviously very important to both of them. They simply cannot be honest in such warm responses to one another."

And then came the illuminating moment. As I looked past their embrace, I saw the now much larger cluster of foreign stake presidents putting on their headphones for the session and, as tears came to my eyes, the spirit brought me a strong recollection of my former feeling when I had sat there. What had happened? Why had my feelings of love and trust for these same brethren changed so dramatically over the nine years? Which was the accurate reading? Here I stood, nine more years into the only life I would have—educated, more experienced in Church leadership, finally married and starting the spiritual responsibility of a family—and yet the recollections of my spiritual rebirth were faint, and I knew it and didn't like it and, thanks to Elder Romney, I understood it and decided again to do something about it.

I have told my children of that pair of experiences, but that does not vicariously provide them with the same illumination. They will have to choose their own moments. Perhaps the most important thing I have done for them, however, has been to provide for them the example and habit which my parents provided for me of always being in those places where the spirit might have the easiest access to my life and where I might have the best chance of recognizing it. Those habit patterns of being in the right place were set so firmly in my youth that the number of Sundays in my life that I have missed an available sacrament or priesthood meeting would still probably not reach to all the fingers of one hand. During the war when an organized branch was beyond the reach of our rationed gas supply, my parents would hold meetings in our home near Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, and invite Dad's fellow soldiers to dinner after they had administered the sacrament for us. We would often have just returned from a local protestant Sunday school so that Mother could be satisfied that we had maintained unbroken the habit of "going to church on Sunday." Mother's spiritual
testimony was not really strong until the end of her life, but her conviction about the importance of always being where we could grow a testimony was unshakable. In the late forties, for example, we never missed the two forty-mile round trips each Sunday and the one on Tuesday over the undulating New Jersey countryside to the shabby East Orange chapel. Here the major influences were intelligent, dynamic, noted leaders who had weathered the New York challenge and were still committed to the Church, serving as scoutmasters and Sunday School teachers. I also remember the difference in spirit between those whose commitment was still strong and those whom the world had weakened. Even at twelve, I resonated to the former and had compassion for the latter.

PARADOX AND OPPOSITION AS ENTICEMENTS TO ETERNAL GROWTH

Beyond these strong convictions about the importance of being in the right place and listening attentively to spiritual intimations, there are a couple of synthesizing concepts that have been very helpful to me in bringing the often diverse strands of my faith together. Perhaps the most universally useful has been a deepening appreciation for the crucial value of paradox and opposition in the process of eternal growth.

As Lehi tells Jacob, “it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so... righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad” (2 Nephi 2:11, emphasis added). This one passage from the Book of Mormon in its full extension has itself provided me with enough confirmation of the inspiration behind that book to have allowed me to comfortably shelve the passing questions about its authenticity which have floated across my horizon from time to time.

Elsewhere I have discussed a rather comprehensive model for responding constructively to the value of opposition in everyday situations. This model grew out of a struggle several years ago to figure out how to get voice students’ minds and bodies to comprehend the many strongly divergent sensory, rhythmic, anatomical, aerodynamic, and acoustical oppositions with which the process of learning to sing beautifully is fraught. I do not have space, nor would it be appropriate to discuss that model in detail here, but any discussion about the pillars of my faith would be incomplete without some reference to it. The process of opposition helps me clarify almost every moment of puzzlement in my life. Since I have come to expect it to be manifest in one way or another at every turn, I welcome it as an old friend. It used to bring apprehension, now it brings the peace of recognition.

It seems to me that it is the major safeguarding principle which the Lord placed around his children when he sent them out to try their agency in faith. If, for example, every really important question in life suggests more than one reasonable solution and those solutions tend to tug at opposite poles, we may eventually be enticed like Elders Hugh B. Brown and Ezra Taft Benson into choosing to love beyond our disagreements, which is apparently the Lord’s own supreme solution and the one he values most in us. We may be enticed into choosing—with fear and trembling—what we perceive to be the righteous path or as Charles Malik put it, to become “decisive with the utmost tentativeness and tenderness.”

STYLISTIC TOLERANCE

This view of the virtue of opposition leads in turn to the possibility of actually learning to value the companionship of those who hold opposite views. The Church is often accused of fostering the homogenization of style in the name of “becoming one,” but I have come to sense that the “one” we are to become is “one” in our understanding and evaluation of principles such as this concept of opposition and not in our stylistic cloning of the conversation patterns of recently returned missionaries or Relief Society spiritual living teachers.

Elder Neal Maxwell turned my mind to that issue during the 1970s at a devotional for new missionaries at the Missionary Training Center. Standing there in front of that sea of white shirts and dark ties he had the audacity to maintain that living the gospel well actually encouraged heterogeneity of style. For proof he cited the similarity of dress, grooming, speech, diet, viewpoint and approach which seemed paradoxically to pervade the “do-my-own-thing” hippy culture of the period when compared with the shocking change of style they, as missionaries, would probably experience when a new mission president was called in the middle of their missions. Anyone who has served a mission during a transition of mission presidents will probably find his evidence convincing.

I experienced a personal confirmation of that truth one day after returning depressed to my branch office from an MTC mission leadership meeting in which Clarence Robison, another MTC branch president, had been asked to discuss with us the detailed questionnaire which he filled out during his punctually scheduled ten minute initial interviews with new missionaries. I sadly contemplated my practice of tailoring my initial interviews to the moment’s impressions, which had required that I warn missionaries waiting at my door for appointments that they should bring their studies because my impressions had been known to dramatically disrupt any attempt at a neat schedule. David Liebhart, my executive secretary, met me as I entered my office with Brother Robison’s model questionnaire in my hand. After sensitively eliciting the cause of my heavy spirit he asked, “Do you like the results that you get from your style of interviewing?” The question shouldn’t have shocked me, but after a moment’s thought, I replied, “Well, yes, I guess I do.” Whereupon he took the model questionnaire gently from my hand and tore it into the waste basket. That experience strongly encouraged me to stop fighting and in fact to begin to treasure the often major differences in style of my own family.
members, my wife, colleagues, students, neighbors, and particularly of Church leaders such as my lawyer and bishop, Edward Kimball. Though his style is very different from my own (which has left us on occasion with some interpersonal tension) still I have gained a respect unto awe for his wisdom and comprehensive insight on issues of principle.

THE VALUE OF OPPOSITE PREFERENCES

A connected insight has left me treasuring even the differences in preference which too often divide us. This was put to the acid test many summers ago when I took my priests quorum for a kayak trip down the Colorado River above Moab. Our tastes had been separating us for the whole year I had been their advisor. I braced myself for ten hours of driving trapped by the fancy sound system installed in the van we were using. I got a concession from them on the issue of volume because my profession depends upon the continued sensitivity of my hearing, but by then it had become so important for me to shaw the cold war occasioned by our strong divergences in taste that I had promised myself to flow through their music with every ounce of teachability I could muster. As we returned through the night and early morning hours to Provo, I listened closely to many repeats of their then very popular Queen tape. I was finally able to bear beyond my normal revulsion for the heavy handed and to me boring rhythms of most rock music to the delightful sophistication of that group’s harmonic inventiveness and textural variety. That painful willingness to risk the opposite side of my normal musical propensities brought a rushing change in those boys’ hearts toward me. We moved easily into a discussion of the anti-righteousness which those clever lyrics were proselyting and finally into a quality of friendship into a discussion of the anti-righteousness which those clever lyrics were proselytizing and finally into a quality of friendship.

The insight for me here is that learning to flow through each new and unfamiliar arena will probably turn out to have been in subtle ways a metaphorical practicing of those twin transcendent virtues of repentance and forgiveness—repentance for having held to our old rutted tastes and preferences so self-righteously, and forgiveness of those who have shunned us because of the distance our public preferences may have wedged between us.

THE NATURE AND FUNCTION OF TALENT

Not only am I learning to treasure the oppositions in viewpoint, style, and preference between me and my neighbors, but I have begun to recognize and harness some of the opposing forces within my own soul. The discovery of some of these has had a major enriching effect on my ability to perform my chosen life’s work with both success and joy—too often mutually exclusive qualities in professional life. The insight came as a flash during the dress rehearsal for a performance of Handel’s Messiah which Gerold Ottley was conducting and JoAnn Ottley was singing with me in the Provo Tabernacle. My performing life had been plagued by a strange cycle of discontents. After initially reveling in the strokes which my early developed teenage voice had brought me, I had avoided becoming a professional musician for so long partly because I feared that the feeling of extreme self-centeredness which seemed to accompany the necessary gearing up for a performance would overwhelm my life. After the discovery that my unhappiness in law and other connected pursuits was a worse fate still and my subsequent turning to music, I was nonetheless plagued by a sort of guilt in the applause that always followed performances. I felt like a thief in receiving a reward for something I had not really earned. I had never had to work for those musical capabilities; they had always fallen easily into my body. I found myself actually hurrying out after performances in order to avoid the embarrassed feeling which came when people expressed appreciation. (I should note that at this time in my life, I had for some time been intrigued and helped in teaching voice lessons by the practical applications of right and left brain personality theory and the Self 1 and Self 2 of Timothy Gallwey’s “Inner Game” theory.) But as I sat that afternoon before the orchestra and watched Jerry struggle and rejoice his way through what I think was his first complete conducted Messiah and listened to JoAnn sing with such delight, much of what I had been reading and thinking and teaching about the virtue of oppositions—even the oppositions of spirit present in ones own being—suddenly opened my mind to a saving insight: “T”–the uncreated intelligence “me”–is probably not the “me” of my talent. There are at least two of us in this body. The uncreated intelligence “me” is the chooser and therefore the potential learner and the real “me”–for whose growth God cares enough to have placed in juxtaposition in this body another “Me”—a “light of Christ Me”—filled with gifts and talents and even burdens designed to teach the “learner me”–if I will listen and respond well—what I need to know. If I will grant him place and attempt to take no credit, I can sit on my own shoulder, so to speak, and rejoice right along with the audience in God’s shared use of my body to accomplish his purposes in the learning me and in the learning, uncreated intelligence “mes” of my fellow men and women in the audience.

AGENCY AND THE PERSONAL NATURE OF INSPIRATION

These illuminating warpings of my mind are the current pillars of my faith. They may or may not become pillars of anyone else’s faith. Too often I have tried to force them upon others as their truth, only to discover that the insights have come to me primarily for my benefit and thus for the benefit of those over whom I have legitimate stewardship—currently my family, my teachers quorum, and my students. Similarly, people often
hand me their lovingly composed scores for "inspired" musicals or operas, convinced that their inspiration is meant for the world and are frustrated that I cannot accept their works into my stewardship with exactly the same confidence. I have become convinced that illumination is always subject to the principles of agency as modified by the principle of stewardship and should be used both outside and inside of stewardship only upon the qualities of persuasion in "gentleness and meekness and love unfeigned, without hypocrisy and without guile" (see D&C 121).

NOTES

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WATCHING 12N

This early on Saturday
no one else takes the elevator.
No one presses against
his faded raincoat, sees feet
too small to carry so much weight.
He's soon enough at the window sill,
spreading liver pate on the rye fresh from Zabar's. He waited
for the deli's 7:00 opening.
He can wait longer. Tucked beneath a sheet
and two blankets, Beth sleeps
at the windowbed. Not one inch
of her sensible yellow nightgown
comes into view. Only her hair
defies restraint, black curls damp
against the pillow case. Elise spreads
across the couch, nothing tucked in.
(Except her face, that is, the pillow
which no one must touch because her face
goes there.) Her garment, that thin
second skin, resists the drawings in
of air, relaxes in each letting go.

Willene's up, the foam rubber floormat
folded away. Disbelieving the other two
who say no one looks through the windowed wall,
she buttons her blouse in the bathroom,
an unzipped skirt the only concession
she'll make to the morning rain's having turned
to steam. The lines on the yellow pad
won't do. She scratches them out, tries again.

Across the way, the man
in the raincoat knows about poems.
He taught a class or two
when still in his forties.
He'd like to tell her to give it up,
that nothing remains,
save maybe the hope that well-made pate
will outlast waiting. He'd like to say
that a clothed poet's a contradiction
in terms. He shifts his weight, heavy
with what she does not yet know: that nothing comes
till others look their fill, that nothing will come
till she strips off all her clothes.

-LORETTA RANDALL SHARP
LIGHTER MINDS

THE CONSERVATIVES AND LIBERALS

AT IT AGAIN

By Peter J. Sorensen

AT THE SUMMER 1989 meeting of the Bloodstone Foundation (whose motto, you will recall, is "You can't squeeze blood from a stone"), we saw once again that when the chips are down, we Mormon scholars can sling mud with the best of them. The excitement began during the plenary session Friday morning. Professor LaVer E. Narrows, of the religion department, made the tactical error of sitting directly behind Dr. Les Likely, a cynical histonan from a gentile institution. Professor Narrows, never a tactful person, indeed a bit of reactionary, stated, quite loudly in fact, "Well, the only reason I'm here is to defend Joseph Smith from those muckraking liberals like whatizname, you know who I mean, that historian, that anti-Chnst so-and-so, that faith-demoting scholar More Likely."

"The name's Les Likely," answered the historian. "And that's just the sort of remark I'd expect from you, you pseudo-scholar, you church-office-building lackey, you groveler at the feet of tired tradition!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, such unseemly behavior from two members of the same church!" This from Bob Woodhead, a non-Mormon journalist from Newsbleak, whose credits, you will recall, include the scandalous series of articles on the Mormon church, under such ingratiating banners as "Mormon Hierarchy Soaks Ignorant Poo?" and "Newly Discovered Text Reveals George Albert Smith Was a Newt." As one, both Dr. Likely and Professor Narrows turned on the Eastem peacemaker: "Aroint hypocrite! Why don't you meddle in your own affairs? Agnostic spoiler! Betrayer of the Saints? Fie on you!"

But at this point the meeting was gavelled to order by Josephus Fieldhouse Niblets, this year's convention chair, and Professor of Sorensen at BYU's Center for Cryptography and Ancient Wheat (CCAW), an institute co-sponsored by the agronomy and religion departments.

"We welcome you all, liberals and conservatives, Mormons and non-Mormons, black and white, bond and free, conventional oven or microwave method, ersatz or genuine, to the opening session of the Summer 1989 Bloodstone Convention. This promises to be a most exciting convention, for, as you all know, Phlegm Glendenning, an amateur researcher from Orem, Utah, has discovered the lost 116 manuscript pages—not of the Book of Mormon, unfortunately, but of the Ephraim Fourth Ward High Priest Group minutes, 1861-1897. If ever a document will prove once and for all the validity of the Mormon position, this is it."

Professor Niblets led off with an astounding comparison of the high priests group entries of 1862-1865 to the much-ignored Gnostic document of the Corpus Hermeticum, "The Wallowing of Diogenes." His argument was weakened only after he admitted under questioning to erasing the word "sycophant" from the pioneer record referring to ward welfare relief efforts, and replacing it with the word "hierophant."

His talk was followed by Professor Narrows, who contended that the high priests group had been asleep for the entire thirty-six years covered by the minutes. "This surely," he summarized, "is the quintessential high priests group, representing archetypally the somnambulance of generations of such groups since that time!" The room came to its feet and cheered, with the exception of some high priests in the back two rows.

The last speaker was the amateur bookhound himself, Phlegm Glendenning, whose exuberance more than made up for his lack of eloquence. He began by tracing his trek from Orem to Ephraim: "It was nothing but snow," he began, and soon trailed off into a pathetic tale of frostbite along the freeway. "I should have thought to take the car, but I just assumed the Lord would provide." During the long journey on I-15, Phlegm's pack horse, a spotted pony, keeled over and died. "The ground was frozen so bad I could not break it with my portable CD player, and I just had to cover the horse with snow to keep the wolves away, not to mention the Food Services staff of the university." The harrowing tale ended with Phlegm's discovery of the group minutes hidden in the false bottom of a dresser owned by Mrs. Martine Ham, a French convert who married a descendant of
one of the original three witnesses (Martell Harris, one of the three witnesses to the dedication of the Ephraim wheat silo).

It was Bob Woodhead who actually started the final mayhem and bloodletting that completely disrupted the conference, when he raised his hand during the question-and-answer session following Phlegm’s talk: “Is it true, Mr. Glendenning, that you made a deal to sell this manuscript to the L.A. Times?” The audience froze at the thought of another scandal, especially young Dr. Quick, who had already published three articles and a book to demonstrate that all ignorant, uneducated converts to the Church kept minutes, even Brigham Young and Joseph Smith, and even the local Methodist ministers. But Dr. Likely quickly leaped to the defense of Glendenning: “Where do you get off with your shoddy accusations? If anybody in this room would make a profit from a manuscript, it would be you, Woodhead, or maybe that idiot over there from the religion department!”

This was too much for the religion teacher. He bounded from his chair like a mad dog, having endured years of needling from Les Likely, only because Narrows had an Ed.D. while Likely had a genuine Ph.D. (both, unfortunately, from California schools). He clouted Dr. Likely over the head with a copy of McConkie’s *Doctrinal New Testament Commentary*; Dr. Likely, for his part, aimed a defensive roundhouse at the religion teacher, who had the presence of mind to duck, allowing the blow to land smack against Bob Woodhouse’s left ear, which had been itching anyway.

Beefy security guards from the second string football squad at the “Y” were quickly summoned, and the plenary session was gavelled quickly to a halt, to allow the participants to run, if possible, to the various panels and smaller group presentations. Since these sessions were usually difficult to find anyway, they made ideal hiding places for any participants who were guilty of more than mudslinging during the opening session.

An older participant approached Professor Niblets as the cleanup crew straightened the chairs in the main meeting room. “Well, how about that wild opening session, Professor?” “Just exactly the effect I had planned on,” replied the presiding official. “Enough went away today to more than substantiate the thesis of my new book, *Riots Are a Part of God’s Plan.*” And that thesis is?” queried the participant. “Why, simply that the same precise sorts of bickering and confrontations that afflicted the primitive Christians have been restored in these later days!”

**IN HIS BOOK, **Exit, Voice, and Loyalty, **Albert Hirschman describes the process by which dissatisfied customers make the decision to “exit.” In the market place, consumers exit when they “shop around” rather than buy from a particular company. Members exit political parties when they become dissatisfied with party goals or tactics. Members of religious organizations also exit. Although research suggests that most people retain the religious identity of their family of origin, we still find that people exit religion either by not participating, by switching to another religious group, or by simply rejecting all forms of institutional religion.

An alternative to exit, according to Hirschman, is voice. Rather than just leave, the individual has the option to “kick up a fuss,” thereby rectifying the dissatisfaction she or he feels and, in turn, increasing the effectiveness of the organization. Hirschman defines voice as “any attempt at all to change, rather than to escape from, an objectionable state of affairs, whether through individual or collective petition to the management directly in charge.” If a person recognizes opportunity to initiate voice, and feels the prospects for change are good once voice is initiated, she or he will generally delay exit. Exit, therefore, becomes the choice of last resort after voice has failed.

Loyal members or customers are more likely to resort to voice than to exit, even when the prospects of being heard or influencing change is relatively low. Loyalty not only holds exit at bay, but also activates voice. Loyalty pushes women and men to discover creative new ways to exert influence and to push for a more effective organization.

**MARIE CORNWALL** is an assistant professor of sociology at Brigham Young University. This paper was originally presented at the Sunstone Symposium XI in August 1989.
Exit, Voice, and Loyalty presents us with a different perspective when we talk of alternate voices. First, it suggests that the activation of voice by a Church member is a good indication of loyalty. It is the most loyal of Church members who initiate voice when confronted with issues and problems related to their religion; the less committed quietly walk away. Sometimes Church leaders are not responsive to the activation of voice. They feel like, “With friends like you, who needs enemies?” But at other times leaders are more sensitive and understand the use of voice as a signal of loyalty.

Exit, Voice, and Loyalty adds further insights about what some refer to as “the problem of intellectuals in the Church.” Thomas O’Dea suggested in 1957 that one of the biggest problems facing the Church in the next decades would be the creation of “an unhappy intellectual group.” Tim Heaton and Stan Albrecht have demonstrated, however, that among Mormons more education is associated with higher levels of religiosity: more frequent prayer, more frequent church attendance, and stronger belief in its central doctrines. Why do we have this highly vocal group that is always talking about what’s wrong with Mormonism? It is precisely because this group is committed to Mormonism. It is not that they are intellectuals so much, but that they are, for the most part, well educated professionals. They are used to speaking out, they understand how to activate voice, they know the channels that are available and how effective their voice can be. They are also used to being heard. They have used voice in their work and in their community service, and they cannot leave it at home when it comes to their most beloved organization.

To assume that they are “on their way out” of Mormonism would be incorrect. Many members of the Church are “inactive.” The vast majority of these “inactive” members retain their Mormon identity, but choose not to participate in worship services or in the ordinances of the gospel. Based on my research over the years, most of these inactive members have exited Mormonism without resorting to voice. They leave as teenagers and young adults; fewer than one in five live because of “problems with the Church.” Most of these less active members are also the less educated and of the working class. Generally less powerful in any country or organization, the option of voice is seldom available or recognized by these people, and they simply exit.

Of course, some of these less active members have left because of problems with the Church. They leave after resorting to voice and their pain and anger is made clear to all in the process. I have heard their pain and anger, and I must respond to them, but their experience is very much in the minority. Their defection is in no way typical.

There is also a contingent of Church members, most of them very well educated and very loyal, who have resorted to voice when faced with dissatisfaction with Church policy, programs, practices, and doctrine. It is often difficult to know whether these loyal Church members are in the early stages of apostasy or are truly loyal members trying to influence the organization they love most. We never really know which track we are on. Applying Hirschman’s theory, we can predict that these members will not exit but will continue to resort to voice in the face of dissatisfaction, and their use of voice will be determined by their perception of the amount of influence they have. Because of their loyalty, even small accommodations will be sufficient signals that the organization deserves their loyalty.

Members of this contingent are frequently pained and frustrated when their loyalties and commitments are misunderstood and are mislabeled by those who have not taken the time to understand who they are and why they do what they do. Their love of Mormonism is sometimes all-consuming. Having made commitments and sometimes suffered privately because of these commitments, they seek out forums where they can talk freely of their explorations and questions and commitments.

As the Church grows, the size of minority groups—such as the “intellectuals”—also grows. Networks of members begin to form who find one another’s company supportive of alternative styles of Mormonism. Population densities and economies of scale begin to provide various minority groups the resources to support newsletters, symposia, and lectures. Concerned citizens begin to explore alternative ways to exert influence and to push for change. Some choose to activate voice through public forums, including the television and news media.

The organizational response in the face of such change is predictable, and therefore, Elder Dallin Oaks’s general conference address on alternate voices is not really a surprise. It is what officials do as religious institutions grow-up, seek greater stability, and begin to clarify official doctrines. It reminds members that they must be aware of who is saying what. It requests that we label what is being said. I would be grateful if every Sunday School, Relief Society, and every priesthood teacher would carefully label what they said. Is it official or is it, too, an alternate voice? Can we call a truce? sign a treaty? come to some sort of agreement? I doubt it. And not because I am not eagerly seeking one. Individual pursuit of self-interest, even when the goals are righteous, often conflicts with organizational goals. It is just something we have to work out as we go along. In the meantime, I wonder if Elder Oaks sometimes feels he has only as much influence over members of the Church as the parent of a three-year-old pyromaniac. For many are gathered now, matches in hand.

NOTES
3. Hirschman, 30.
4. Hirschman, 78.
REVIEWS

ARRINGTON’S HISTORIANS

NEW VIEWS OF MORMON HISTORY: A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS
IN HONOR OF LEONARD J. ARRINGTON

edited by Davis Bitton and Maureen Ursenbach Beecher
University of Utah Press, 1987, 480 pages, $19.95

Reviewed by Klaus J. Hansen

By the way of explaining the reasons for this Festschrift in the Germanic tradition of honoring prominent scholars, Davis Bitton states that Leonard Arrington “is the single most important Mormon historian of his generation.” One can certainly accept this statement in its most obvious and somewhat narrow sense as referring to a professional historian who, more than any other of his peers and contemporaries, has served the cause of Mormon history as scholar, teacher, popularizer, administrator, and self-confessed “historical entrepreneur.” Reading between the lines, one can also assign a larger meaning to this claim (as I will attempt to show in this review).

In listing Arrington’s many accomplishments, Bitton leaves no doubt that his stature is secure. This is backed up at least in part by a survey reported on in the last chapter of this volume (conducted by Utah State University historian S. George Ellsworth) in which a select group of respondents accorded Arrington’s *Great Basin Kingdom: An Economic History of the Latter-day Saints, 1830-1900* (1958) pride of place when asked to name the ten best books in the field of Utah and Mormon studies, based on sound scholarship and literary quality. Thus, even if this were Leonard Arrington’s only contribution to Mormon history, his prominence in the field would be assured. How much more secure, then, must his position be in light of a bibliography of truly staggering proportions appended to the volume. Quantity, of course, is no substitute for quality, and as editor Bitton reports, not all of Arrington’s many works have received the same high acclaim as *Great Basin Kingdom*. Yet there seems to be a critical consensus that another magnum opus, *Brigham Young: American Moses* (1985), is at the very least on the same high level as the former work, while *The Mormon Experience* (1979, co-authored with Davis Bitton) is widely regarded as the best general, interpretive history of Mormonism currently in print.

Two reasons for Bitton’s assessment, then, are Arrington’s truly awesome capacity for work and his enormous versatility. He possesses a disciplined intelligence while at the same time allows wide rein to a multiplicity of interests and abilities. Bitton gets to the heart of Arrington’s success when he discusses his personality: jovial, friendly, he works “in an atmosphere that is electric with activity.”

What is the life of the mind without joy?” he continues. “Compared to many occupations that are essentially repetitious and mechanical, the work of the historian has to be almost one of celebration. It is an activity of exploration and discovery, it is interesting, it makes a difference. At least this is history as we have experienced it in the present of... Leonard James Arrington” (xvi).

Given Arrington’s prodigious scholarly output, it is hard to imagine how he found time for his many other activities as “entrepreneur” and administrator. He has served as officer and president of several prestigious professional historical organizations, under-scoring the respect he has earned in the secular academic world. But most important, of course, is his service to the Mormon historical community. In 1965 he became founding president of the newly-organized Mormon History Association, as well as an advisory editor to the fledgling *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*. Then, in 1972, came the momentous call to the office of Church Historian—the first (and perhaps last) professional historian to serve in that capacity. Unlike his predecessors, who had been essentially administrators, Arrington continued as a practicing historian and established an ambitious and far-reaching program for the publication of sources and interpretive syntheses, aided by an impressive staff of professional associates and assistants known collectively as the History Division. “The Arrington group had no monopoly on Mormon history, of course” writes Bitton, “but it would be hard to deny that in many respects they were at the cutting edge” (xii). Arrington served as its head from 1972-82, though in 1977 his title was changed from Church Historian to Director of the History Division. Significantly, his is the only portrait absent from those of “Church Historians” displayed in the Historical Department. Following a reorganization begun in 1980, the Arrington group (or what remained of it) was moved to Brigham Young University in 1982 and was renamed the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute of Church History “for reasons that can be guessed at but perhaps not fully known,” concludes Bitton somewhat cryptically (xii).

This may well be the point at which to amplify the “larger meaning” of Leonard Arrington’s importance alluded to in the opening paragraph. For Mormon historians the mid-seventies—coterminal with Arrington’s position as “Church Historian”—were heady years in which archives were opened up in a spirit of research and exploration that made virtually no subject taboo. Davis Bitton called

KLAUS J. HANSEN is the author of Mormonism and the American Experience (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981) and professor of history at Queen’s University, Kingston, Ontario.
Yet even at that time, I had a foreboding that it would not last. I well recall that when I received the invitation I had to make some hard decisions regarding other plans. I felt that if I didn’t take the opportunity then, it might never present itself again—that sooner or later there would be a “crackdown.” Even at the time there were some limits to “openness.” I vividly recall being denied access to records of the Council of Fifty that colleagues had been allowed to peruse earlier. Meanwhile, these papers had been removed to the vault of the First Presidency, which was not governed by the same rules of access then prevailing in the Historical Department. Still, at the time this was a minor blip in an otherwise friendly sky. Or so it seemed.

If the truth be known, forces were already being marshalled in opposition to the “New Mormon History;” as it came to be called, encompassing far more than the Arrington group. Yet because of its visibility within the Church, and also because of its relative vulnerability (academic historians not employed by the Church were, after all, virtually immune from pressure), it was Arrington’s History Division that bore the brunt of the attack, even though genial Leonard Arrington is not by nature an abrasive personality nor inclined to provoking controversy. Still, Arrington could not help but be at the center of it because of who he was and what he represented, even if he appeared to stand above the fray leaving public skirmishes over the meaning of the “New Mormon History” largely to others and allowed his work as a historian to speak for itself. Given his prodigious output, as well as that of his associates, this was of course quite sufficient to provide ammunition for those who had a different view of the proper relationship between faith, reason, and empirical evidence in pursuit of a “correct” understanding of the Mormon past.

This is not to say that Arrington was a naysayer. Someone who injected doubt and unbelief into his scholarship. Though no doubt “objective” in his own mind in the presentation of the Mormon story, he has a tendency to accentuate the positive, for example his Brigham Young biography. On the basis of that very same evidence, my own view of Young is considerably more negative than Arrington’s. Yet having said this, I must acknowledge that both of our work within the accepted boundaries of academic historical scholarship, and our disagreements are of the kind that might divide biographers of Jefferson or Lincoln in the world of secular scholarship—a world in which Arrington is, of course, very much at home.

In this regard, these essays are a most appropriate tribute to Arrington. With one exception they reflect and, to a large extent, emulate the kind of professional scholarship at which he excels. Some of them may accentuate the positive side of Mormonism more than Arrington did; and others may be more critical than he, yet with few exceptions they could stand on their own in most academic publications—even if most of them may not be, contrary to the billing on the dust jacket, “on the cutting edge.”

One reason for their scholarly respectability is that most of these essays do not deal with what Martin Marty has called “generative issues” in Mormon history—questions that address the very fundamentals of the Mormon religion (the First Vision, for example, rather than polygamy). I say this by way of explanation rather than as criticism. For these are the issues that in the old days were largely responsible for the degeneration of the historical debate into a virulent pro/anti dichotomy of the true/false variety. Arrington and his group, by eschewing this trap, have been in the forefront of liberating Mormon historical scholarship from its stance of apologettes and (at its worst) pathological defensiveness. By making Mormon history accessible to a largely college-educated generation, they have established a link to the past that otherwise might have been lost. In the meantime, “generative” issues are best left to outsiders such as Jan Shipps, who in her deft way can address them without being called an apologist, or to insiders such as Richard Bushman, whose individualistic apologettes are unlikely to be identified with Mormon institutions.

These essays are for the most part well-researched, well-crafted pieces that illuminate the Mormon story: Church leaders in Missouri prisons (Dean Jesse), the Articles of Faith (David Whitaker), riting (William Hartley), the United Order (Dean May), “going to meeting” (Ronald Walker), demographic pressures in Utah farming community (Gordon Irving), LDS education in the Pacific Islands (Lanier Britsch), Mormon women and partisan politics (Carol Cornwall Madsen), the impact of the New Deal on the Relief Society (Jill Mulvay Derr), non-English languages used in U.S. Mormon congregations (Richard Jensen), divided political loyalties of Mormon pioneers (the late Eugene Campbell), Utah and the Mormons (Richard Poll), Mormons and non-Mormons in modern Mormon communities (Jan Shipps), a comparison of Mormons and Anabaptists (Michael Quinn), time in Mormon history (Paul Edwards), and an essay on Mormon historiography since 1950 (James Allen). A perceptive essay on the evolution of covenant theology by Thomas Alexander gets closer to Marty’s generative issues while remaining true to the canons of academic scholarship in every respect.

The only piece to break this mold—though ironically the opening essay that might well have been intended to set the spirit and the tone for this collection—is Richard Bushman’s “The Book of Mormon in Early Mormon History.” Here we encounter the kind of “faithful history” that unabashedly addresses generative issues which, in this context, might raise eyebrows in the secular academy. It is the quintessentially most “Mormon” of the essays in this collection. The Book of Mormon, says Bushman, is sacred history, one of numerous such histories created since the foundation of the world: “Restoration” in the Book of Mormon sense meant the recovery of the entire experience of all the world’s peoples through the translation and absorption of their histories. Nothing less than the restoration of world history was the charge given to Joseph Smith when he accepted the responsibilities of seer and translator prophesied of him in the Book of Mormon (16). Within this realm of the sacred, historical methodology is of course far removed from the practices of the academic historian, in or out of the Church. Clearly, this sacred history was not the kind of history practiced in “Camelot.” And not surprisingly there were those within the Church who saw the function of Church Historian as keeper and disseminator of the kind of history represented by the Book of Mormon and other records translated by the Prophet Joseph, rather than as promoter of an academic history acceptable in the secular world.

Of course, if Bushman is correct in his view that a major function of the historian of the sacred is that of “translator” —replete with seer stones and the like (since most of those histories are written in languages inaccessible to modern scholars)—the contemporary hiatus (if you like) of this function may well have the potential for creating anxiety and defensiveness among the protagonists of sacred history, which is then acted out in the arena of current historical controversy.

For in addition to his function as translator, the sacred historian is also charged with recording and disseminating the history of his culture in a language accessible to virtually all
of its members. It is this function, perhaps more than any other, that has the potential for becoming a battleground at a time when that culture is experiencing major stresses in its search for a viable relationship with a modernizing world. The centrality of history in this search is underscored by George Orwell's famous observation that "he who controls the past controls the future." The controversies surrounding "Camelot" are thus at the heart of a fundamental struggle over the meaning and future of Mormonism in a rapidly changing world.

Richard Bushman's "Faithful History" (Dialogue, Winter 1969, 11) was a largely successful attempt at reconciling the seemingly opposing poles of sacred and secular history—though even then those on the extremity of both poles could not be accommodated easily by Bushman's formula, which implies a general consensus among its practitioners. In the meantime, the poles have moved even further apart, making reconciliation between the two camps even more difficult. This, however, is cause for pessimism only if we insist that integration of the two approaches is necessary. Yet perhaps the frank recognition that this is no longer possible—that Bushman's "Faithful History," while useful in its day, has now outlived its purpose—is the solution to the dilemma. Perhaps the time has come to acknowledge that sacred and secular history, though incompatible, must be recognized equally as legitimate approaches to the past in a modern Mormon world inevitably straddling both, and must learn to live together, if only in an uneasy truce.

Church leaders—pragmatists that they often are—seem to have acknowledged as much in their creation of the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute of Church History. Leonard Arrington himself has called attention to positive aspects of the move, such as the diminishing of some of the pressures imposed by official identification with Church headquarters, and the protective umbrella of academic freedom of a university (even if ultimately controlled by the Church). The volume under review, certainly, is evidence that Leonard Arrington's kind of history is alive and well. Lamentably, access to Church Archives is more difficult than in the heyday of "Camelot," though infinitely better and far more professional than prior to the Arrington era, which has obviously made an ineradicable imprint. Historians of "Camelot," taking the long view historians are supposed to, may yet see the whole experience in more positive terms than those of us whose high immediate hopes were so quickly dashed.

If I can agree with Davis Bitton that "Leonard James Arrington—who, whatever anyone may or may not do with official labels, will for all who understand always be considered for his generation Mormonism's Church Historian" (xvi). I can also understand why there are those who would firmly reject the symbolism of this proposition. What I cannot understand, however, is the denial of historical fact that Leonard Arrington was sustained as Church Historian in a general conference of the Church. The absence of his portrait in the Historical Department does not reflect on the character of Leonard Arrington but on the pettiness of Church officials. Yet even as time inflicts new wounds it tends to heal old ones. Thus, I don't have to be much of a prophet to predict that the time will come when Arrington's portrait will take its rightful place among his fellow Church Historians. This will not signify a capitulation of those who disagree with Leonard Arrington and disapprove of his work. But it does imply that even they will have to give recognition, however grudgingly, to an undeniable historical fact, and, perhaps, even to the seminal influence of Leonard James Arrington's life and work on the pursuit of Mormon history.
WHEN ASKED TO review the most recent Lowell Bennion book I quickly excused myself saying, "I'm biased toward anything he writes." The reply: "It would be difficult to find someone without a bias toward Lowell Bennion." My bias started at age fourteen at Teton Valley Boys' Ranch near Driggs, Idaho. Bennion spent the better part of a summer subtly showing forty of us the meaning of practical religion. He artfully exercised our bodies and minds, gaining our trust at an age when skepticism was the norm.

His ability to instill in others a desire for gospel learning through both scholarship and experience reaches far beyond teenagers and southern Idaho. The direction of that influence is echoed in the title of his recent book Bennion scripture:

Werewithal shall I come before the Lord; and how myself before the high God? . . . He hath showed thee. O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God (Micah 6:6-8).

In Do Justly and Love Mercy Bennion pursues his essential maxim that true religion is based on social morality. He does this by exploring issues related to wealth, gender, reverence, and government. He draws upon his own experience and provides a window into the minds of other great humanists such as Albert Schweitzer, David O. McKay, and Goethe. Bennion encourages us to think for ourselves, to form our own ideas concerning the interrelatedness of gospel and social issues.

In the chapter titled "The Sanctity of Life" Lowell Bennion redirects our attention to principles of reverence we often overlook. He encourages us to "cultivate a basic reverence for life." He meekly strikes a moral chord in our conscience, linking reverence with our attitudes and actions toward the hungry, the diseased, and the illiterate. "Each individual, no matter what his or her circumstances, merits our reverence." As I read this section I wondered if my senses had been dulled to the misery of so many around me.

In several chapters Bennion explores the relationship of the gospel to politics and government. After an interesting survey of Mormonism and Capitalism he reminds us that "No existing socio-economic order is ideal or consistent with the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ." He discusses positive and negative aspects of several types of govern-
ments spanning various time periods, and shows us the need for a variety of systems. He emphasizes the necessity of careful thought and open-mindedness and denounces blind allegiance.

Here again he stresses what we in the Church should already know but don't understand: the need to accommodate more than one point of view. Related is his discussion of "Being a Liberal." Here he explains his tenet that "liberal" is a misnomer by researching this label in its historical, political, and religious context. He warns us against such labeling and again encourages diversity of opinion. "Surely," he says, "the gospel is big enough to accommodate more than one point of view."

Whether he is showing urban teenagers how to build a buck-and-rail fence in southern Idaho or preaching at General Conference (one of the few non-General Authorities to be repeatedly invited), Lowell Bennion is a voice unafraid who preaches and practices social morality. Do Justly and Love Mercy eloquently catches the spirit of this continual plea.

**APOSTLE BLAMES VIETNAM DEFEAT ON IMMORALITY**

As Bennion provides a window into the minds of great humanists, editor Eugene England welcomes us into the world of the thoughts and ideas of Lowell Bennion. In the introduction to his useful book, The Best of Lowell Bennion, England states his purpose to help increase the tribe of Lowell Bennion students. This work is the perfect tool to accomplish that.

In a single volume England has put together a thoughtful selection of Lowell Bennion's important writings. He has organized the essays into sections which will give the most loyal Bennion student new insight. Here we find classic Lowell Bennion articles such as "The Things That Matter Most" and "What It Means to Be a Latter-day Saint," as well as less read but revealing material including excerpts from his missionary diary and personal thoughts on the German sociologist Max Weber, a significant influence in Bennion's life.

Additionally England has written a moving introduction entitled "The Achievement of Lowell Bennion" which prods us to learn more of the life and philosophy of this great man. It is regrettable that this book is printed on inexpensive paper; it is a volume worth keeping. Present and future Bennion students will benefit from this thoughtful, well-organized compilation containing sixty years of insight from one of the Church's great thinkers. 

**NEWS**

AT A Fourth of July celebration this summer, Elder Boyd K. Packer, of the Quorum of the Twelve, said that the United States lost the Vietnam War because "something is weakening the moral fiber of America."

Speaking on "The Country With A Conscience" at the American Freedom Festival in Provo, Utah, Elder Packer praised the anonymous rank and file, including the patriots at Concord and Lexington, on whom the great moments in history rest.

He quoted Alma 43:45-47 to justify fighting to defend the rights of the people and praised U.S. history where, "sustained by a courage that comes only from a moral people, we have fought for our homes and our families, our lands, our country, our rights, and our freedom."

While we were never to a man "Simon Pure" and there have always been some of us bad enough not to deserve the title of a good, moral Christian people, there have always been enough of us who have been good enough to deserve it," he said.

"Strength that comes from decency, from morality, is the one essential ingredient required for the preservation of freedom, . . . and there is reason to believe that we are losing it."

"Something changed," he said. "The balance, which measures the morality of all of us put together, is slowly tipping in the wrong fatal direction."

"The War in Vietnam did something to us. We had the military might, the arms, the ammunition, the manpower, the planes and ships and instruments of war undreamed of in the past. But we could not conquer," concluded the former World War II pilot.

"What happened did not happen at Danang or Saigon. It only surfaced there. It happened first in and to the universities of America. It happened when agnostics and atheists were protected in teaching their philosophy of religion in public institutions of higher learning."

"Some terrible things occurred in Vietnam. Our men had no stomach for it when they were doing it and could not get over it after it was done. Many fought without the conviction that what they were doing had a fundamental moral purpose."

"It was different from the atomic bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Because of the slaughter occurring each day and the certainty of a horrible increase in casualties on both sides in an invasion of Japan, it had been argued, not without substance, that the loss of life on both sides would be less should the war be brought to an end. Even then, something was lost to humanity when that occurred because the rank and file of humanity suffered."

"It had been different in Korea as well, for we had our motives more securely in place. And what was to happen later to the moral fabric of our nation had not happened then."

"Something has happened to our collective conscience. Countries have a conscience you know, just like men do. Something in our national conscience became unsettled. A clouded conscience cannot conquer, not in the end it cannot. A clear conscience cannot be defeated."

Elder Packer then discussed some of the things he sees weakening the U.S.'s moral fiber including unmarried couples, abortion, the elimination of prayer from public life, addictive drugs, and the placing of the collective rights of the majority in subjugation to any citizen's individual rights.

On public prayer, he said, "If one single soul does not wish to listen for a moment to a public prayer, one which does not offend, even pleases the majority, we are told we must now eliminate prayer completely from all public life."

"Did our young men die for this?" he asked. "We have always held the rights of the individual to be sovereign. But we have never before placed the collective rights of the majority in subjugation to the individual rights of any single citizen."

As an illustration, Elder Packer criticized the recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling that the burning of the U.S. flag is a form of protected speech. "The burning of the flag is an act which in itself becomes symbolic. It symbolizes the rejection of The Pledge of Allegiance. The Bill of Rights guarantees freedom of speech. Speech is made up of spoken or printed words. Words are words are words. Acts are acts are acts. The willful destruction of the flag which belongs to all of us is the act of an extremist. A court decision legalizing the destruction of it to protect the rights of one protester is equally extreme," he said.
Elder Packer concluded by exhorting the audience to pray before they vote and to “teach your children decency and honor, cooperation and tolerance, citizenship and patriotism...Take care of your family, you yourself. Don’t abandon that responsibility to the government, and don’t let them take it from you...Go to church, do your part, pay your tithes and offerings, say your prayers, read the scriptures. Then when the crisis comes, and it will, you and all the rest of us will know what is right and be willing to do what is right.”

THE DECADES-OLD independent Mormon publication The Latter-day Sentinel folded this September. Editor Crisman Lewis said that insufficient advertising for its new editions was the chief factor in the paper’s collapse. At the time of its closure, the Sentinel published editions in its home state of Arizona and also in California, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Utah.

Last fall the Church-owned Deseret Book Company refused to carry the Sentinel in any of its stores and began phasing out advertising in the paper as contracts expired. “It was a blow, not just to business but to morale,” said Lewis. “It wasn’t the death-blow, but it hurt.”

Lewis said Deseret Book offered no official explanation for either action. “They did say a few readers had complained about our political views,” he said. There was no direct evidence to link Deseret Book’s actions with the Church’s official announcement at about the same time which denied any endorsement of the Sentinel’s pre-election evaluation of political candidates and moral issues. Lewis acknowledged, however, that the paper’s reputation may have been hurt by the statement, or by the “misunderstanding that we were endorsing candidates.” The Sentinel was a strong defender of former Arizona governor Evan Mecham when impeachment proceedings against him were underway.

Although the colored tabloid newspaper had a striking feel to the look and tone of the Church News, Lewis said he doubted whether Elder Dallin Oaks’s general conference talk on “alternate voices” in the Church was directed to the Sentinel. “He may have,” he said, “but I thought he was talking more about Sunstone...I saw him right after the session; he didn’t ask me ‘did you get my message? or anything like that’.” Elder Oaks’s address, however, did mention unofficial concern about the homosexual condition. They can be reached by writing to PO Box 526126, Salt Lake City, UT 84152-6126.

SUNSTONE CALENDAR

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF RELIGION/SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE has announced a call for papers for the annual Rocky Mountain Great Plains Regional Meeting on 27-28 April 1990 at the Iliff School of Theology in Denver. Proposals for papers must be submitted by 15 October 1989 and should include a one-page abstract describing the nature of the presentation. Proposals for papers and panels are welcome in all areas of religion and biblical studies. Since guest scholars Wendy Doniger, University of Chicago, and Carol Meyers, Duke University, will present papers on gender issues, other gender-related presentations are desired. For more information contact Professor Sheila Greeve Davaney, Iliff School of Theology, 2201 S. University Blvd., Denver, Colorado 80210 (303/744-1287).

THE CANADIAN MORMON STUDIES ASSOCIATION will sponsor a conference on “Mormons in Canada: A Local Perspective” on 20-24 June 1990 at the University of Lethbridge in Alberta. Proposals for papers, sessions, or other contributions should be sent to Keith Parry, CMSA 1990 Conference, c/o Dept. of Anthropology, University of Lethbridge, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada T1K 3M4. Participants can expect to have their travel and accommodation expenses paid.

DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS LECTURE SERIES. The 12 September lecture will feature Blake T. Ostler on “The Development of the Idea of Grace in the Doctrine and Covenants.” On 10 October Steven C. Walker will speak on “Divine-Human Dialogue: Listening for the Voice of God in the Doctrine and Covenants.” All lectures are held in room 101 of James Fletcher Building at the University of Utah and begin at 7:30 p.m., a $2.00 donation is appreciated.

THE EVERGREEN FOUNDATION is a new organization in Salt Lake City which consists of former homosexuals and lesbians who are dedicated to helping others overcome their gender identity concerns. Membership is extended to individuals who have changed their homosexual behavior at least two years ago. The organization is primarily concerned with placing books in libraries and educating the community in dispelling false and misleading information concerning the homosexual condition. They can be reached by writing to PO Box 526126, Salt Lake City, UT 84152-6126.

Herald Publishing House and the Temple School in Independence, Missouri, have announced the second Distinguished Author Lecture Series. The lectures are held in the Stone Church in Independence. Professor Robert Moore of Graceland College will speak on 15 October about his experience writing The Bible as Story and Struggle (Herald House, 1989). Paul Edwards, director of the Temple School Division, RLDS church, will discuss the background for his book The Chief: An Administrative Biography of Fred M. Smith (Herald House, 1988) on 14 January 1990. Marcia Legg, an editor for Temple School, will talk about her book, Portraits from Our Restoration Heritage (Herald House 1987), and the “Living Faith” curriculum series on 11 March 1990.

THE JOHN WHITMER HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION has announced a call for manuscripts for its new monograph series. To be published by Independence Press, Independence, MO, this series is designed to foster serious historical research in the development of the Latter Day Saint movement, and to bridge the gap between journal articles and full-length studies. First consideration will be given to manuscripts relating to Latter Day Saint history during the lifetime of Joseph Smith, Jr., and to those contributing to an understanding of the Reorganization experience; however, submissions on all aspects of Mormonism are welcome. All submissions will be considered in a blind-referee process and be judged on the basis of literary merit and contribution to historical knowledge. Manuscripts should be less than 18,000 words in length. For information and an editorial guide for preparing submissions contact Roger D. Laumus, John Whitmer Historical Association Monograph Series Editor, 1001 E. Cedar Street, New Baden, IL 62265 (618/588-7291).

THE MORMON HISTORY ASSOCIATION’s 1990 annual meeting on 12-17 June in Laie, Hawaii, will include visits to the Polynesian Cultural Center among other beautiful and exotic locations. The conference will deal with the Church in the Pacific, the international
organs which try to imply that they are Church-sponsored.

The last issue of the Sentinel, 6 September 1989, carried farewell messages from Lewis and Larry C. Linton, president of Landa, Inc., which purchased the paper's assets last March. Linton said the company had "tried desperately to turn the paper around financially [but] we were simply unable to do so."

Lewis hopes that "clones" of the Sentinel will fill the space it left. Some former employees in Phoenix and in Las Vegas are starting new publications, unaffiliated with Landa but with their cooperation, he said. 

PRESS COVERAGE OF LEE'S EXCOMMUNICATION AMBIVALENT

ON FRIDAY, 1 September 1989, the First Presidency issued a surprise statement which announced the excommunication of Elder George P. Lee, a member of the First Quorum of Seventy since 1975 and the only Native American General Authority, for apostasy and "conduct unbecoming a member."

Later in the day, Elder Lee—now Dr. Lee in most news stories—visited with reporters in the Salt Lake press complex and answered questions and distributed copies of two handwritten letters addressed "to the First Presidency and the Twelve"—a 15-page undated letter he had apparently given to the authorities months earlier and a 23-page letter he reportedly had read to them that morning at his excommunication hearing.

The first letter roundly criticized the Church leadership for neglecting the American Indians and Polynesians by abolishing or cutting back on long-standing programs designed to help them (BYU's Indian program, student placement in Anglo LDS homes, Indian seminaries, missionaries on reservations, etc.). As a child, Lee enrolled in the placement program as Case Study and a Saturday plenary session by noted Mormon sociologist Rodney Stark. There are over 70 other sessions dealing with topics such as changing patterns of work, family, and religion; AIDS and religion; a workshop on teaching the sociology of religion; feminist reflections on religious language; church growth region and religious diversity; and the result of the recent Gallup poll on the "Religious State of the American People"; women's spirituality; psychological approaches to religious experience; liberation theology; religious responses to modernity; and religion and politics. Contact Arthur Greil, Division of Social Sciences, PO Box 543, Alfred University, Alfred, NY 14802.

U.S. membership in SSSR is $24 annually ($10 for students) and benefits include a subscription to the quarterly Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion. Send membership inquiries to SSSR, Marist 108, Catholic University, Washington, DC 20064.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY OF MORMON LIFE (SSSML) will hold its annual meeting during the forthcoming SSSR meeting (see above listing) in Salt Lake City on 27-29 October. Anyone interested is invited. For more information or agenda items, contact Don Lindsey, Department of Criminal Justice, California State University, San Bernardino, CA 92407.

SUNSTONE WEST SYMPOSIUM will be held on 2-3 March 1990 at the Doubletree Hotel at Plaza Los Fuentes in Pasedena, California. Proposals for panel discussions and papers are requested. Contact Steve Eccles, 1482 Winston Court, Upland, CA 91786 (714/982-4752).

THE 1990 WASHINGTON D.C. SYMPOSIUM will be held in early April. To submit proposals or for more information, contact Donald Gustavson, 413 Clearfield Avenue, Torrington, CT 06790 (203/496-7090).

VETERANS ASSISTING SAINTS ABROAD ASSOCIATION (VASAA) Due to very grievous accusations, and at the request of U.S. and Thai authorities, VASSA recommends that all donors withhold any contributions to either the Bangkok Children's Shelter or to the World Foundation for Orphaned and Abandoned Children in Springville, Utah, until further notice.
ing lack of trust rather than a return to full status. He felt that the way he had been treated showed a lack of mercy and an inappropriate exercise of power. He also felt that his "spiritual gifts" had been rejected and their results labeled as false doctrine.

The letter closed with a plea for reconciliation, for an end to the restraints on him. It pledged his loyalty and willingness to go forward in spite of continued feelings that he had been ill treated.

Apparently Lee did not get the response he hoped for and suffered increased feelings of isolation. The second letter which he reportedly read to the apostles and presidency showed a deep doctrinal concern that was mixed with deep personal feelings of alienation that led him to make very strong statements about the character and motives of other Church Leaders.

In a complicated theological argument, he explained that true Israel includes Jews, Lamanites, and the lost Ten Tribes. According to Lee, most Church members are Gentiles who through their baptism become "adopted" children of Israel. He quoted the Book of Mormon as predicting that after Israel rejected the gospel the Gentiles would receive it and bring it back to Israel, but that the ultimate responsibility in the Kingdom would be upon Israel, with the believing Gentiles (adopted into the House of Israel) assisting them to build the New Jerusalem in preparation for Christ's return.

It was basic to Lee that "adopted Israel" never displace those who are literal descendants of Israel in fulfilling their tribal responsibility. Lee, however, stated that individual salvation was the same for all members regardless of descent, but that they differed in their assignments.

In a passage frequently quoted by the press Lee said: "While physical extermination may have been one of Federal governments policies long ago, your current scriptural and spiritual extermination of Indians and other Lamanites is the greater sin and great shall be your condemnation for this. . . . I cannot be a party to this kind of teaching which runs counter to the Lord's instructions in the scriptures."

Lee said the Church leaders' sins led to feelings of white supremacy and a neglect of Lamanites and other people of color. He accused the Brethren of "pride, arrogance, and unrighteous domination and control which encourages priesthood abuse, induces fear and produces forced obedience." He chided them for their love of power, status, money, and for covering up their sins and for having "no sense of responsibility to the poor."

"The well-to-do seemed to get all the important assignments and callings," he elaborated. "Every weekend all we do is rub shoulders with the active or well-to-do while neglecting the poor who need our help the most."

In his interviews with the press immediately after his excommunication, Lee predicted that another American Indian would shortly be named as a General Authority "so they can continue to look good." He said he would advise his two sons to complete their LDS missions. He said he had no intention of recruiting his own following and discouraged disillusioned Church members from leaving the faith.

In response, Associated Press reporter Vern Anderson produced a wire story which was carried in newspapers across the nation, announcing the excommunication and quoting from Lee's letters. For its Friday afternoon edition, the Church-owned Deseret News rushed a brief front-page boxed announcement.

KUTV reporter Rod Decker was able to interview Lee for his news spots, as was KTVX. However, at the Church-owned KSL-TV, coverage of the story caused a major war between its journalists and the management. Originally, KSL was instructed by a representative of the First Presidency to simply report (read) the First Presidency's short announcement without any embellishment, including any contextual information such as general biographical facts such as Lee's position, length of service, Indian heritage, etc. Throughout the afternoon KSL reporters protested with no effect and forty minutes before air time both news anchors and other staff decided to walk off the set unless they were allowed to report the story according to their journalistic standards. After the AP wire story with Lee's interview appeared, a high-level meeting was called and it was decided to allow the station to go with the story. When approval was finally given, KSL contacted Lee several times to do a live interview (and had a remote broadcasting truck in his neighborhood if he consented), but Lee refused saying he didn't think KSL could be objective. KSL reporters regret they can never again say that they have "never had direct interference from Church officials."

Throughout the afternoon and the night Deseret News flip-flopped
on how the story would be reported in its Saturday morning edition. Initially, Elder James Faust, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, instructed the paper to simply run the Church's announcement without a headline. Later President Gordon Hinckley, counselor in the First Presidency, told them to do what you have to do with the story. Although the Church was not commenting on the excommunication, senior officials at the paper had obtained from General Authorities quotes which they wanted attributed to Church spokesperson Bruce Olsen. In a humorous situation, when the News reporter called Olsen on the story and he said he had nothing to say, she replied, "Oh, but let me tell you what you've already said" and then she read him her quotes. Reportedly, he chuckled and replied, "I'm speechless."

In spite of the involvement of Church leaders, the Deseret News covered the story very similar to the Salt Lake Tribune, with the exception of its headline. Reportedly, the News's headline was originally "Lee Accuses the leaders of being racially biased," but sometime during the night an editor switched the headline with the subhead which was based on an Olsen "quote" so the final headline read "LDS Church affirms love for Indians," quite a contrast to the Tribune's "Mormon Officials Excommunicate General Authority."

Surprisingly, with less excuse than the News, the Tribune chose not to run the story on A-1, but put it on the cover of its Saturday morning State/Local B section (as did the News). Of the Wasatch Front newspapers, Ogden's Standard-Examiner provided the most extensive coverage with a front-page headline, and sidebars on LDS excommunication, the Navajo/LDS culture clash, the reaction of Ogden citizens and Lee's friends and family members (shock and surprise), and Lee's Deseret Book published biography. Silent Courage (the 9th printing came off the press the week of the excommunication and Deseret Book Stores plan to continue to carry it).

Although reporters did not like being only able to report Lee's side of the story, which he aggressively promoted, during the first week both Salt Lake papers seemed overly-timed about doing follow-up articles on the story's issues and those raised by Lee in the long list of questions (over 75) he presented to the Church leaders. Obvious issues include the appearance photograph of Lee and the headline "Disciplinary action taken Sept. 1 against General Authority."

The seven-paragraph story reported the Church's official statement, Bruce Olsen's no-comment and affirmation of the Church's care for Indians, a biographical paragraph of Lee, and, surprising to some, a candid paragraph summarizing Lee's now public criticisms.

The next day, Sunday, A.P. reporter Vern Anderson had a page story which reported that Lee had gone to the mountains for a month-long spiritual retreat. "It's the way of my people," he said. "My father would take me to a mountaintop and we'd communicate with the Great Spirit. I was more spiritual then than I am now." Anderson also reported on the Navajo reaction. In response to a letter by Romero Brown, an LDS bishop in a Navajo ward in Window Rock, AZ, Elders Russell Bal-
Copies of the following two letters from George P. Lee to the LDS church leadership were given by Lee to the press on the morning following his excommunication hearing. The first letter was written several months earlier, the second Lee read to the council at his hearing. Both letters were hand-written and contain spelling and other grammatical errors obviously made in the overnight rush to produce them. The letters are exact transcriptions with no editing or corrections.

To the First Presidency and the Twelve

Dear Brethren:

After consulting with the Lord and with him guiding my thoughts and hand, may I please speak with you in the spirit of love via this letter. I hope and pray that you will take the time to listen with your heart and read the whole letter.

The feelings expressed are genuine and sincere and were not spawned out of bitterness nor rebellion although I may be justified in doing so.

I speak unto you not just for myself but for all of my people the Lamanites as well as the Jews and the Lost Ten tribes. I speak unto you as the voice of one crying from the dust for those that have died and moved on into the spirit world.

Like my father Nephi of old, I pray continually for my people and mine eyes have watered my pillow by night because of them and I cry unto my Heavenly Father in faith and I know that he will hear my cry.

I glory in the plainness and simplicity of the restored gospel. I glory in truth and will defend it at any cost. I glory in my Heavenly Father. I glory in my Jesus for he hath redeemed my soul. I have charity for my people. I have charity for the Gentiles. I have charity for all the children of God.

The question "Do you think President Kimball approves of your action?" has been asked of me by one of you and I would like to respond to your inquiry with the following questions.

a. Who terminated the BYU Indian Education Dept?
b. Who terminated BYU Indian Special Curriculum which helped Indian students succeed in college?
c. Who is phasing out BYU American Indian Services?
d. Who is phasing out the Church's Indian Student Placement program?
e. Who got rid of the church's "Indian Committee?"
f. Who fired the Indian Seminary teachers and send them out into the cold?
g. Who pulled the full-time missionaries off Navajo and other Indian reservations?
h. Who moved the mission headquarters from Holbrook to Phoenix?
i. Who caused missionary work on Indian reservations to falter and make it almost non-existent?
j. Who is causing a feeling of rejection among Lamanite members on reservations which resulted in great inactivity among them?
k. Who terminated Indian Seminary and all related curriculum materials?
l. Who is teaching that the 'Day of the Lamanites' is over and past?
m. Who is trying to do everything they can not to be known as a friend of the Indians like President Kimball was?
n. Who has assigned mentally unstable, physically handicapped and other mediocre or below average full-time missionaries to missions with large population of Indians?
o. Who is trying to discredit or downplay the role of Lamanites in these last days and downplay their role in the building of New Jerusalem?
p. Who is telling church members to teach from the Book of Mormon and at the same time downplay the role of Lamanites in the Book of Mormon?
q. Who has come very close to denying that the Book of Mormon is about Indians or Lamanites?
r. Who is loving the Lamanites at a distance and would rather not rub shoulders with them?
s. Who is trying to take the place of Lamanites in their divine sacred roles and priesthood assignments in the Millennium?
t. Who is turning their backs on the children of Lehi and would rather not be "nursing fathers and mothers"
u. Who is telling George P. Lee not to pray or talk about Lamanites or the poor?
v. Who is conniving or scheming now to get rid of George P. Lee? Is he part of the package?
w. Who is loving George P. Lee at a distance and rather not rub shoulders with him?
x. Who is acting as judge, jury and executioner at the same time and delights in putting George P. Lee on probation without fair hearing?
y. Who is causing George P. Lee and his family heartaches, mental and psychological stress?
z. Who is causing heartaches as well as mental and psychological stress upon the Lamanites out in the field?
a. Who is shutting down schools without warning among the Lamanites in the islands?
b. Who is telling the Lamanites in the islands that they have been given too much "Widow's mite" from the states and that they may have to go without for a while- including without help on maintenance and upkeep of their buildings?
6. Who is causing the silent behind the scenes subtle scriptural and spiritual slaughter of the Lamanites?

7. While physical extermination may have been one of the Federal Government's policies long ago but isn't spiritual and scriptural extermination of Lamanites the greater sin?

8. Who is still harboring hostility and ill feelings towards the Lamanites even after the Lord's commandment to gather them and to be "nursing fathers and mothers" to them?

9. Who is turning their backs on the Lamanites—the very people on whom your own salvation hangs?

10. Who wrote a letter to George P. Lee and falsely accused him of things which were not true such as polygamy and teaching false doctrine?

11. Who put George P. Lee on probation after he faithfully and honestly opened up to you in his attempts to answer your questions and false accusations with a presentation on the chalkboard?

12. Who stripped George P. Lee of all assignments after he spoke out in a meeting because he was hurt and was being punished without the Lord's justice and mercy?

13. Wasn't George P. Lee who sincerely and humbly apologized and asked for your forgiveness and love in a wonderful June meeting?

14. Wasn't he who fully and completely trusted you and told you he sustained you 100% as apostles and prophets? Didn't he promised you that he would completely bury what he shared with you and that he would never teach them?

15. Didn't you tell him that you forgave him and that he was completely off probation?

16. After the wonderful June meeting, who did not keep their word and denied George P. Lee an Area Presidency assignment, prohibited him from dividing and reorganizing stakes and denied him week-end assignments except that he went with someone else after he was clearly told that he was completely off probation?

17. Who really is speaking with Forked tongue? Who keeps breaking promises?

18. Who is telling George P. Lee 'We love you' on one hand and on the other hand you have a rope around his neck and withhold your complete trust and confidence from him? So who really did violate the probation?

19. George P. Lee is on probation again. Who's fault is it really that he is in the doghouse?

20. Do you really think that he has injured someone's feeling? Is he teaching Christlike love every chance he gets throughout the church? He has been color-blind throughout his life and never sees colors in people.

21. What about his feelings? Don't you think you might have injured his feelings and caused a pain in his heart by putting conditions on your love for him and did not trust him on some assignments?

22. Who has prohibited and denied George P. Lee certain important assignments such as dividing and reorganizing stakes since 1975? Do you call that complete trust and confidence?

23. Don't you think that this has been a heavy burden for him to carry all these years knowing in his mind and heart that his own Brethren don't trust him and that they have only conditional love for him?

24. What about the thousands you might have injured as you cut off Lamanite programs and as you downplayed the role of the Lamanites?

25. What about countless other leaders, members and the poor who have been hurt by your attitude, actions and words who have come to Elder Lee for priesthood blessings and guidance? In every case Elder Lee has defended you and did not report you nor put you on probation?

26. Do you think the Lord approves of double standards in the church? Do you think He approves of double standards among the General Authorities?

27. Do you think that it is only right and fair that whatever the disciplinary practices, rules and traditions are for the 70's, the same should apply to the twelve?

28. Do you think members of the twelve should be above the law? Do you think there should be separate disciplinary rules for the twelve and separate practices for the 70's?

29. Don't you think that each general authority should be given every opportunity to be heard and to be provided adequate information, reasons, and facts as to why he is considered for probation and why he will be denied certain assignments?

30. Do you think these practices, rules and traditions are a little bit out of date and that there is a better way of dealing with each other?

31. Do you think there should be separate disciplinary rules for the twelve and separate practices for the 70's?

32. Do you think there should be separate disciplinary practices and traditions encourages priesthood abuse, induces fear, and produces forced obedience?

33. Do you think these outdated disciplinary traditions and rules creates a sense of worship for those in power?

34. Do you think these archaic disciplinary rules and practices create an atmosphere whereby love of power, love of status and love of money flourishes?

35. Do you think these disciplinary practices and procedures create an environment whereby pride and arrogance are nourished, nurtured and cultivated?

36. Do you think these outdated procedures, practices and traditions create an atmosphere whereby faith, compassion, empathy and spirituality are diminished?

37. Do you think it is possible that these types of practices and traditions creates an atmosphere whereby the spirit of the Lord is grieved and the heavens will withdraw themselves and cause God to say amen to our priesthood and authority?
40. If we claim to be righteous and holy men of God, don't you think that our decisions must be made in all righteousness, in holiness, lowliness of heart, meekness, long suffering, in faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, Godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity. (D&C 107:30)

41. Do you think we can learn a lot from the Nephites? Didn't they have all the blessings of the gospel, priesthood and authority? But look what happened to them?

42. Didn't their pride exceed the pride of the world? Weren't they past hearing, past feeling, past listening and past teachableness?

43. Didn't they control and exercise unrighteous dominion on each other and meted out punishment without mercy and fair hearing?

44. Didn't they develop practices, procedures and man-made traditions which created an environment where pride and arrogance were in full bloom?

45. Didn't the Lord finally said amen to their priesthood and authority and closed the heavens on them?

46. Wasn't the killer of the Nephites? Wasn't arrogance a close second and a close companion of pride?

47. Do you think it is possible to have a similar pattern develop among us today in the church?

48. Doesn't arrogance usually do all the talking and none of the listening?

49. Doesn't arrogance usually reject advice and refuses to be taught?

50. Doesn't arrogance usually stubbornly refuses to change its mind when it knows it is wrong?

51. Isn't arrogance an unwillingness to consider the possibility of making a turn in your life, to change your direction and focus?

My beloved Brethren, I feel that I am in good standing with President Kimball, especially with the Lord and Lehi. I am crying out to you. I need your full trust, confidence, and unconditional love. I feel like the only person who completely trusted me was President Kimball. I feel that some of you do not have the best of feelings towards me. To me you are not a true disciple or an apostle of the Lord if you refuse to let go of your hostility or unkind feelings towards me or some other person. The spirit of the Lord will not always strive with you if you harbor any such ill feelings.

I do not appreciate being treated like a criminal and being punished as one. I felt more like your enemy than a fellow general authority. There was a time when defending the truth was applauded but today it seems that those who are honest in their feelings, those who are strong in their convictions, those who truly stand up for what's right are either severely ridiculed or excommunicated. What has gone wrong with us?

I do not mind being chastised or disciplined if its done the Lord's way. True obedience can only be taught and learned in an atmosphere of full trust, confidence and love. Any discipline less than this is not of God and forced obedience will be taught.

I did not appreciate the labels or names that have been thrown my way such as "apostate" "rebellious" "sick" "crazy" "listening to the wrong voice" "speaking against leadership" "dark clouds over your head" and etc. I guess these labels were a little easier to endure when I know that even the Son of God, our Savior was ridiculed with similar names including Him being called "possessed by the devil." When the going got tough even his closest friends abandon him.

I thought some of you were my friends but I guess not because when the going got tough for me you ran from me and would have nothing to do with me, to protect your own position and selfish interests.

Brethren I need your warm handshakes and warm smiles. I need your compliments. I need your support, respect and prayers. I need "nursing" fathers and mothers. I need a good Samaritan for I have been wounded mentally and psychologically and emotionally as well as spiritually. I do not need your arrows, spears and stones in the form of disdain, snobbery, ridicule, rejection and conditional selective love.

Why do you continue to ridicule me for my spiritual gifts? I sincerely feel that one of my special spiritual gifts is that of knowing the mysteries of God. Please read Alma 12:9-11. You have spiritual gifts too but you don't see me ridiculing you for your special talents and gifts.

Please don't harden your hearts against me because of this spiritual gift and change me with teaching false doctrine. Whatever you charge me with you will also charge the Lamanites, Jews, and the Lost Ten tribes. If you reject me you reject them as well as the God of Israel even Jesus Christ—great shall be your condemnation. Again let me express my total and complete support, trust, respect and love for each of you. I have never in the past publicly criticize or ridicule any of you. If I have any complaint against any of you, I will come directly to you as I had tried to do with this letter which is directed to you as a group.

No matter what you may think or what you might have been told or heard, the fact remains that I have always sustained you, defended you and stood up for you while out in the field on assignments.

As I have repeatedly told you. I sustain you as apostles and prophets. I desire only to be one with you as the Father and Son are one. I desire only to be of one mind and of one heart with you. We need to be one. If we are not we are not worthy to be his disciples.

We need to get our act together before the spirit of the Lord is grieved and before the Lord says amen to our priesthood and authority as he did the Nephites. I believe our fate is very similar to the Nephites unless we can turn it around only upon the principles of righteousness (Read 3 Nephi 16:10-11).

I have always cherished and held in high esteem all of my assignments and responsibilities and will hope and pray that the probation will be lifted soon and that I shall receive all of my assignments back, this time with no strings attached. I want to be treated fairly and as an equal with full fellowship among the Brethren and as an equal with full trust, respect, confidence and unconditional love.

Brethren, please, no more playing games. The probation serves no purpose at all. It only teaches forced obedience and causes resentments and hostility. Again obedience without full trust and charity is not of God.
I am asking for your complete unconditional Christlike love and I will execute all of my assignments without any more problems for the rest of my life. My problem has been you. I have been hurt deeply by your lack of confidence, trust, love and faith in me. I will accept any assignment and will go anywhere, anytime faithfully if I only knew you had complete trust and confidence in me. I'll even go back to Australia, to Philippines, to China, to Russia, just anywhere if I knew you had complete Christlike love for me.

I am not even concerned or worried about the fact that our Lamanite report card is not very good. I will let the Lord be the judge of that aspect of the work. If we are guilty then we will receive his anger and wrath.

I am not even concerned or extra worried about your apparent hostility and hatred towards me. It is your problem and I will let the Lord be the judge of that and he will hold you accountable. No apostle or any servant of God should ever entertain "Big I and little you" feeling towards anyone. Servants of God who are unapproachable, insensitive, and unforgiving are only putting shame upon the holy priesthood of God.

We do not have the priesthood for self-aggrandizement or to be used to oppressive anyone. There is no priesthood of God that authorizes any one man to oppress another or to intrude upon his rights in any way. We ought to be a big brother and friend to one another.

Brethren this work is a never-ending work which we have taken upon ourselves. It will never terminate until this earth shall be redeemed, until the power of Satan shall be subdued, until wickedness shall be banished from the earth, until Christ shall reign, whose right it is to reign, and until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ, the Son shall reign, whose right it is to reign, and until every knee shall be redeemed, until the power of Satan shall be subdued, thereby become "adopted Israel" and receive his blessings through Ephraim but he does not become Literal or true seed of Ephraim.

Therefore any Gentile who is numbered or adopted into Israel can still be referred to as a Gentile so that a distinction can be made as to what group has been charged with the gospel after true Israel rejects the gospel and crucifies Christ.

If they were not so, then how could True Israel reject Christ and the gospel and at the same time receive it again? Israel cannot reject and receive at the same time. How can Ephraim reject the gospel and receive it again at the same time? This is against God's plan and design.

His wonderful plan as outlined in the scriptures is to have the Gentiles or "adopted Israel" to receive the restored gospel after Israel's rejection. If everybody is Israel then who are the Gentiles who suppose to receive the restored gospel and take it to Israel?

One's salvation or exaltation does not depend on whether one is an "adopted Israel" or a literal seed of Israel. Eternal life with God will depend on one's own faithfulness and righteousness.

The designation "adopted Israel or Gentile and literal seed of Israel" only becomes important when distinguishing which group has the Abrahamic covenant or to put it simply "who has the priesthood assignment to bless the whole world with the gospel?". Only one of the two groups has the priesthood assignment to bless all human families throughout the world.

Do the Gentiles or "adopted Israel" have the mission to bless the whole world with the gospel? I think not, at least not totally. They will assist true Israel in accomplishing this mission but I do not believe they will have "front seat" leadership role in it.

As the Lord Jesus clearly states throughout 3rd Nephi the Gentiles or "adopted Israel" will also "assist" true Israel in the building of New Jerusalem and the building of the temple in the New Jerusalem in preparation for the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Israel's assignment to bless all the human families throughout the world includes the building of the New Jerusalem and temples in New and Old Jerusalem.

In a sense, the New Jerusalem will become missionary training center out of which 144,000 Israelite missionaries will emerge. 12,000 from each tribe with the Gentiles or adopted Israel in the assisting role.

Both Israel and Gentiles or "adopted Israel" have divine roles to play in this the last dispensation of the fullness of times. Each must understand its role or else there will be great confusion, chaos and misunderstandings. It's an honor to be a Gentile or adopted Israel. It is nothing to be ashamed of. God does not love or favor Israel more nor does he love Gentiles more than Israel. The important and vital question or issue at hand is: who has the ultimate priesthood assignment to bless the whole world with the gospel?

This priesthood assignment was given in the pre-mortal life and one group was charged with this sacred and divine responsi-
sibility. On earth this particular group became known as the House of Israel. This group gave leadership to advancing the gospel on earth from the time of Adam up to and including crucifixion of Christ, the killing off of the original Israelite twelve apostles and the Nephites. Then Israel crucified Christ and rejected His gospel. Apostacy and the dark ages came and went.

Since the Gentiles did not crucify Christ and since they did not reject His gospel, God in His mercy and compassion, gave great blessings to the Gentiles. Their blessings included:

a. receiving the restored gospel.
b. receiving the keys, rights, privileges, power, and authority of priesthood.
c. keys in gathering true Israel including Lamanites.
d. building temples and doing ordinance work.
e. keys in doing missionary work but not to fulfill true Israel's assignment in blessing all human families throughout the world.
f. leadership role in building the Kingdom including the privilege of being apostles and prophets, stake presidents, bishops, patriarchs and etc.
g. given their own time period called “Times of the Gentiles” in which to become temporary custodians of the gospel, bless each other with the gospel and to lay the foundation to gather true Israel and to lay ground work for the building of New Jerusalem and second coming of Christ and making preparations to make a smooth transition in giving leadership of church and gospel back to True Israel so that they can fulfill their priesthood assignment of blessing the whole world with the gospel. Adopted Israel does not have this assignment.

ALL OF THESE BLESSINGS EXTENDED TO THE GENTILES OR “ADOPTED ISRAEL” WERE ONLY ON THE PRINCIPLES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

My Beloved Brethren, I am afraid that you as Gentiles or “adopted Israel” have forgotten your blessings and the divine sacred role you were to play. I am afraid that the same thing that has happened to the Nephites is happening to you. I feel sad for you and have nothing but compassion for you. Didn't the Nephites have all the blessings of the gospel, priesthood and authority? But look what happened to them? Wasn't pride the Killer of the Nephites? Didn't their pride exceeded the pride of the world? Wasn't arrogance a close second and a close companion of pride? Do you think it is possible to have a similar pattern developing among you? Weren't the Nephites past hearing, past feeling, past listening and past teachableness? Doesn't pride and arrogance do all the talking and none of the listening? Do they usually reject advice and refuse to be taught? Doesn't pride stubbornly refuses to change its mind when it knows its wrong? Didn't the Nephites control and exercise unrighteous dominion on each other and gave out punishment without mercy, fair play and fair hearing? Didn't they develop man-made and man-inspired practices, procedures and traditions which created an environment where love of control, love of power, love of status, love of money flourishes so that faith, compassion, empathy and spirituality are diminished?

Do you think it possible that these types of man-inspired rules and practices encourages the blending of world prominance with spiritual prominance and thus produce the seeking of the praises of man instead of praises of God?

Didn't the Lord finally said amen to their priesthood and authority and closed the heavens on them?

In third Nephi Chapter Sixteen verses ten and eleven, the Lord outlines your destiny if you do not repent. May I read please:

“And thus commandeth the Father that I should say unto you: At that day when the Gentiles shall sin against my gospel and shall reject the fullness of my gospel and shall be lifted up in the pride of their hearts above all nations and above all the people of the whole earth and shall be filled with all manner of lyings and of deceits, and of mistakes, and of mischiefs, and all manner of hypocrisy and murders, and priestcrafts and whoredoms, and of secret combinations and if they shall do all those things and shall reject the fullness of my gospel behold saith the Father, I will bring the fullness of my gospel from among them. And then will I remember my covenant which I have made unto my people, O house of Israel, and I will bring my gospel unto them.”

(3 Nephi 16:10-11)

Brethren, I feel a deep compassion for you and a grave concern for you. I feel that you are sinning against God. I feel that your sinning against and rejection of the fullness of the gospel have already taken place and is in process. For the following reasons:

1. You have set yourself up as a literal seed of Israel when the Lord Jesus designated you as Gentiles or “adopted Israel” You have set yourself up as true seed of Ephraim thereby displacing the true seed of Israel. You have shoved true Israel out of his own home or house and have given great importance and status to your own role as Ephraim while at the same time diminishing the role of true Israel. This has resulted in great confusion, misinterpretations and misunderstandings of the scriptures as they relate to Gentiles and Israel.

Because of this Gentiles or “adopted Israel” have set themselves up as true Ephraimites with little or no obligation or sense of responsibility to the Lamanites and other true seed of Israel. This kind of teaching runs counter to the instructions of the Lord Jesus and collides with the will of God. I cannot be a party to this type of policy or doctrine.

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pride, arrogance, love of power, and no sense of obligation to the poor, needy and afflicted.

2. You have taught that the “remnant of House of Israel” means all members of the church. This collides with and runs counter to the instruction of the Lord Jesus. In First Nephi Chapter thirteen verse 34 He defines who the remnant of Israel is. Let me read

“And it came to pass that the angel of the Lord spake unto me saying Behold, saith the Lamb of God, after I have visited the remnant of the House of Israel—and this remnant of whom I speak is the seed of thy Father (Lehi).” (1 Nephi 13:34)

According to the Lord Jesus’ definition the “remnant of the House of Israel” means Lamanites or children of Lehi not all members of the church. I cannot be a party to anything less than this. I cannot be a party to false teaching teachings which are man-inspired.

3. You have taught that the Book of Mormon is not written to the Lamanites but to the Gentiles in our day. You have come very close to denying that the Book of Mormon is about Lamanites. You have cut out Indian or Lamanite programs and are attempting to cut them out of the Book of Mormon. You are trying to discredit or downplay the role of Lamanites in these last days and downplay their role and importance in the building of the New Jerusalem.

You are teaching members to teach from the Book of Mormon and at the same time downplay their role in the Book of Mormon. You are teaching that today’s Lamanites are descendants of wicked evil Lamanites in the Book of Mormon. The truth is the Lamanites today are descendants of both Nephites and Lamanites—therefore they carry the blood of Mormon, Moroni, Nephi, Lehi and other great Book of Mormon prophets in their veins today.

You are Loving the Indians and other Lamanites at a distance and have no sense of responsibility to them because you displaced them and set yourself up as Eqptian more superior to the Lamanites and thus you are telling the Lamanites that you are No. 1 and they are second class. You are trying to take their place in their divine roles and assignments.

You are turning your backs on them and would rather not be “nursing fathers and mothers”

You are slowly causing a silent subtle scriptural and spiritual slaughter of the Indians and other Lamanites.

While physical extermination may have been one of Federal government’s policies long ago but your current scriptural and spiritual extermination of Indians and other Lamanites is the greater sin and great shall be your condemnation for this.

You are still harboring hostility and ill feelings towards Indians and other Lamanites even after the Lord’s commandments to gather them and be nursing fathers and mothers to them. In short, you betraying and turning your backs on the very people on whom your own salvation hangs. I cannot be a party to this kind of teaching which runs counter to the Lord’s instructions in the scriptures.

4. Pride, arrogance and unrighteous dominion and control which encourages priesthood abuse, induces fear and produces forced obedience.

5. Love of power, status, position which creates a sense of worship for those in control and power.

6. Love of Money. The rich seem to get richer and the poor get poorer which encourages no sense of responsibility to the poor. In fact you told me to not talk about poor nor pray for them. The well-to-do seemed to get all the important assignments and callings. Every week-end all we do is rub shoulders with the active or well-to-do while neglecting the poor who need our help the most. I suppose most active members do not have inactive or poor friends. Our faith, devotion and commitment seemed to be based on being paid to do the work. A lot of our Priesthood leaders depend on being paid to attend important priesthood meetings which includes bishops, branch presidents, district presidents, stake presidents, regional representatives and even general authorities. Of course most of these brethren would go anywhere in the name of “The Lord’s Work” as long as they are being paid and as long as all of their expenses are being paid. Brethren this would include your board memberships and meetings, royalties from written books, and all donations and gifts from friends, speaking engagements and etc. I am not sure how many of us would really do the Lord’s work if we were not being paid.

7. I have heard a few of you declare that you are greater than ancient apostles such as Moses, Abraham, Noah, Isaiah, Isaac, Jacob and etc. This reflects the attitude of all of you.

8. I have heard one of more of you declare that you can change anything Jesus had said or taught. This also reflects the attitude of all of you.

9. Covering up our sins:
   a. vain ambitions
   b. glorifying our pride
   c. exercise unrighteous control
   d. exercise unrighteous dominion
   e. exercise unrighteous compulsion
   f. hearts set upon things of the world.
   g. hearts aspire to honors of men
   h. They do not learn one lesson. That rights of priesthood are inseparably connected with powers of heaven and that powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the Principles of Righteousness.

   It is our nature and disposition that as soon as we get a little authority as we suppose we begin to exercise unrighteous dominion.

10. It is not so much what you know or how spiritual you are it’s who you know.
GENERAL Conference goers are used to seeing ads targeted at visiting Saints. However, many Mormons thought the LDS Business College had gone too far when it ran this ad in the area newspapers and prominently displayed it on billboards.

CARD CARRYING MEMBERS

EARLIER this year Church Office Building employees had their periodic worthiness interview. This time it consisted of the entire staff of each department filing through a room where each person showed a personnel officer his or her current temple recommend. A frequent joke in the waiting line was that next time the Church will use one of the temple's magnetic card readers. If card readers were installed in meetinghouses and attendance was computer-taken by members checking-in when they entered, it would finally get the Sunday School secretary to stop interrupting class to ask for the roll. Like the U.S. House of Representatives we could even use our card to vote in sacrament meeting.

PREACHING AND THE WARNING VOICE

A comparison with the U.S. State Department's travel advisory index reveals that in most nations where a travel "warning" exists (a higher level than "caution"), there are and usually always have been no LDS missionaries. This is the case in Afghanistan, Angola, Cambodia, China, Ethiopia, Iran, Lebanon, Libya, Mozambique, Nicaragua, North Korea, Somalia, Sudan, Syria, Vietnam, and the Israel's disputed West Bank and Gaza.

There are, however, exceptions. The warning notices for countries which have missionaries are listed below:

Colombia: "WARNING: The State Department recommends that all nonessential travel be postponed indefinitely. Danger of terrorist and narcotics-related kidnapping and violence." (In Colombia, all North American missionaries have been pulled out. Likewise in Bolivia, for which there is no official travel advisory.)

El Salvador: "WARNING: Threat of terrorist activity against Americans; land mine casualties very high."

Panama: "WARNING: Travelers are advised not to go to Panama; Americans working in Panama should arrange for their dependents to depart."

Sri Lanka (part of the Singapore mission): "WARNING: Rapidly changing political situation; defer unnecessary travel."