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Sue Paxman
Lexington, Massachusetts

At 12:30 on Saturday, October 2, a thousand white roses were delivered to the General Authorities of the LDS Church with the following letter:

In the spirit of peace, we Latter-day Saints from around the world send these thousand white roses to the General Authorities who have been called to serve Jesus Christ and the members of his Church. We entreat you to accept these flowers as a symbol of our devotion to Christ's Gospel of love, mercy, faith and hope. The roses symbolize our support both of the Church and of the members who have recently had disciplinary action taken against them. Therefore, in the spirit of peace, we make this appeal: let the fear and reprisals end. Though the times are challenging and difficult, we find hope in the belief that we can face such challenges with dignity and grace and with the belief that God cherishes diversity, that He loves all his children, and that He does not seek to exclude any who love him from membership in his Church.

Each flower represents an individual or family from the following and other places around the world:*

Chelmsford, Massachusetts	Madison, Wisconsin	Torrington, Connecticut	Reno, Nevada
Las Vegas, Nevada	Belmont, Massachusetts	Ogden, Utah	Atlanta, Georgia
Seattle, Washington	Downey, Idaho	Rapid City, South Dakota	Star Valley, Wyoming
Cottage Grove, Oregon	River Heights, Utah	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	Los Angeles, California
Salt Lake City, Utah	San Jose, California	Boulder, Colorado	Salem, Oregon
Provo, Utah	Boise, Idaho	Bellevue, Washington	Cleveland, Ohio
Irvine, California	Richmond, Virginia	American Fork, Utah	Hollywood, California
Sandy, Utah	Cupertino, California	Rochester, New York	Bountiful, Utah
Moab, Utah	Hawthorne, California	Orem, Utah	Santa Monica, California
Alpine, Utah	Logan, Utah	Payson, Utah	Billings, Montana
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	San Diego, California	Newport Beach, California	Downey, Idaho
Menlo Park, California	Mount Pleasant, Utah	Boston, Massachusetts	Honolulu, Hawaii
Tacoma, Washington	Pleasant Grove, Utah	Edmonds, Washington	Berlin, Germany
Kirkland, Washington	Colorado Springs, Colorado	Federal Way, Washington	Phoenix, Arizona
Spokane, Washington	Snowflake, Arizona	Lancster, Pennsylvania	Springfield, Oregon
Columbia, Maryland	Japan	Washington D.C.	Brookline, Massachusetts
East Lansing, Michigan	Somerville, Massachusetts	Gilbert, Arizona	Cambridge, Massachusetts
Mesa, Arizona	St. George, Utah	Pacific Palisades, California	Newtonville, Massachusetts
New York City, New York	Claremont, California	Austin, Texas	Sugarland, Texas
Park City, Utah	Acton, Massachusetts	Ann Arbor, Michigan	Midvale, Utah
Tulare, California	Weston, Massachusetts	Melbourne, Australia	Tucson, Arizona
London, Great Britain	Palo Alto, California	Kaysville, Utah	Mt. Clemens, Michigan
Kennebunkport, Maine	Linz, Austria	Canada	Bell, California
San Francisco, California	Pullman, Washington	Menlo Park, Maryland	Evanston, Illinois
Hudson, New York	Eugene, Oregon	Chicago, Illinois	Santa Barbara, California
Polsho, Washington	Brattleboro, Vermont	Portland Oregon	Mexico City, Mexico
Rexburg, Idaho	Sun Valley, Idaho	Durham, New Hampshire	St. Anthony, Idaho
Toluca Lake, California	Carmel, California	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Hesperia, California
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El Paso, Texas	Arlington, Virginia	La Paz, Bolivia	

*Other contributions will be given to charitable organizations.

Paid for by the White Roses Campaign



This ad appeared
in The Salt Lake Tribune
on Saturday, October 2, 1993.

WHITE ROSES AND WHITE ribbons—two appropriate symbols of the gospel of peace and love that we share. During a time when we as sisters and brothers are searching for sources of tranquility and safety, these roses and ribbons remind us that we are sisters and brothers and that our Heavenly Father supports us all in our efforts to draw close to Him and to build the Kingdom of God here on Earth.

On Saturday, October 2, 1993, Shirley B. Paxman and Irene Bates, representing a large group of concerned members of the Church from around the world, presented 1,000 white roses to Presiding Bishop Robert D. Hales and Bruce Olsen from the Church public relations department. Meeting in the lobby of the Church Office Building, Shirley said that she felt that the gathering "was truly a spiritual experience. The feelings in the room were so warm, cordial, and accepting. We felt that a real effort was being made to understand the message and the intent behind the message."

In a follow-up letter, Shirley told the Church representatives that the roses came from stake presidents, den mothers, Scout leaders, missionaries, and Primary teachers, from bishops, Young Women and Relief Society presidents, and home and visiting teachers. And, she emphasized that she "was grateful that they had been received in the same sweet spirit in which they were given."

As you will read in Gail Turley Houston's essay, the white ribbon has taken on that same spirit. Symbolizing the heartfelt need of so many to communicate, to be heard and to listen, white ribbons in the shape of a "V" for voice are being worn by members all over the Church. They are an outward sign of an inner commitment to furthering the spiritual growth of all of our Heavenly Father's children, particularly His daughters, and thereby furthering the Kingdom of God.

My hope and prayer is that the peace and love represented by the roses and the ribbons will translate into the "peace that surpasseth all understanding" for all who love the gospel and the Church. I am sometimes disheartened that we find ourselves in a time of personal and collective turmoil and confusion. Often those feelings, however, accompany times of positive change and growth. I know that they do in my own life; I can't help but believe that do in the larger world as well. Knowing this brings me joy—joy at the knowledge that we are learning, that we are progressing, and that by doing so we are getting closer to our Heavenly Father and to fulfilling the plans that He has for us.

It is in this spirit that we ask for your prayerful and thoughtful comments on the recent actions taken to silence some of the voices within our culture. Please submit your comments or essays to us by January 15, 1994; we will publish them in Volume 18, Number 3.

Creating Out of Chaos

Gail Turley Houston
Provo, Utah

IMAGINE TWO WOMEN SITTING together beside a burnished cherrywood table, smiling at each other as they playfully but gently touch elongated crystals that hang like leaves from a crystal lampshade. As they watch the rainbow points of light flash across the room, they listen to the many timbres of the shimmering prisms, and they share a broad streak of joy.

And I remember my sister Margaret's god-tree, a cedar-like, multi-branched ornamental tree that grows in the Southwest. It stands magnificently next to the Arizona State Capitol near where my sister works. She walks under it every day as a way of making contact with Heavenly Father, for it is a generous tree, ever green and giving. She loves the strong brown trunk and the branches lifting up the nests of the multitude and variety of birds that daily come to rest there and warble their contentment.

We are told that we live in chaotic times, and some worry that the demands made by multitudes of special interest groups are a sign of the disintegration of civilization—as traditional gender roles, family systems, and global relations break down, balkanization seems to be the symbol of a dangerous loss of the orderly arrangement by which we have always lived. In this view of the world, chaos is the equivalent of anarchy.

Surprisingly, though, current studies in the field of "chaos theory" provide scientific and symbolic means of understanding that "chaos" is not necessarily a sinister term or state of being. As chaos theorists note: in the past, scientists based their hypothetical propositions on the assumption that, because the universe works according to predictable orderly patterns, they could explain and predict virtually every phenomena once they learned all the rules that govern the universe.

In contrast, chaos theorists assert that many phenomena cannot be predicted because they simply do not fit traditional scientific laws of order. Furthermore, according to chaos theorists, if the universe were totally ordered it would be in a state of absolute equilibrium, which is, in effect, the state of death. It can be argued, then, that to meet the measure of its creation, the universe must include disequilibrium. Thought itself may be a fluctuation between chaos and order, both necessary or the human brain system would die. Thus, turbulence and destabilization are necessary to the processes of thinking, creativity, and problem solving; indeed, scientists themselves often generate their beautifully ordered theories only after a necessary period in which thought emerges in random, jumbled, disorderly waves.

Therefore, chaos theory views disequilibrium as inherent to the way the universe operates and regards turbulence to be as natural to the cosmos as is order. For example, weather can never be perfectly predicted nor explained. Nor can scientists predict what patterns will form from the movement of turbulent water systems, such as waves. Even the turbulent arterial flow of blood through the human body doesn't seem to follow scientific rules.

But what is most fascinating about current studies of chaos is that though unpredictable and

turbulent, unexpected and untimed, chaos produces a meticulous, complicated, and intricate order of its own, often leading to incredibly exquisite patterns. The hypothetical fractal tree is a model of the kind of chaos that unaccountably generates its own flawless patterns. Working upon the principal of infinite reproduction and duplication, each fracture of a branch of the fractal tree does not result in disintegration; rather, each split branch engenders a duplicate and perfect set of branches, and so on, infinitely. The intricate branching patterns of the human arteries work on the same principal. Similarly, one chaos theorist suggests that each human being is like a fractal tree: that is, the unique identity of the individual is physically stamped upon every cell of the body and duplicated as new cells reproduce.



April of 1993 was my first time to go to the Mormon Women's Pilgrimage at the Homestead in Midway, Utah. I did not know what kind of voices I would hear there, and I did not know if my voice would be heard. After Friday evening's introductory program, Lorie Winder Stromberg, Carlan Youkstetter, and I signed up to initiate a group discussion on "How to Implement Change in the Church" for the Saturday afternoon session. That session proved to be a lesson in chaos: there was no "leader," just many different voices that needed to be heard. Of the twenty or so people in the discussion group, some were angry, others were frustrated, some simmered at being left out, and while some groused, others were filled with skepticism or vehement disagreement. There was a hearty dose of boisterous laughter and a tinge of monotony.

Nevertheless, although we never agreed on everything and at times there was a cacophony of voices, a pattern began to develop amidst all this disequilibrium, a pattern that we ourselves were probably not even aware of at the time. What became clear was that we were unified in the idea that each woman in the group needed her voice to be valued by the Church but that we were very diverse in our reasons for needing to be heard. This turbulent meeting led to the realization that whatever symbol we came up with to represent women's universal need to be valued by their church, it would have to be something capable of being voiced differently by each individual woman.

I suggested that we use a peaceful symbol modeled on the red AIDS ribbon. After some discussion, we decided on white as the simplest of colors and noticed that by turning the points of the loop upward, the looped ribbon could represent a "V" for "voice." After more differences of opinion, we realized that the statement accompanying the wearing of a ribbon had to be simple enough to represent all women, but it also had to supply the means for a variety of statements. In other words, we instinctively knew that the ribbon had to stand for something that all people could understand but that would

allow each individual woman to express her own world view.

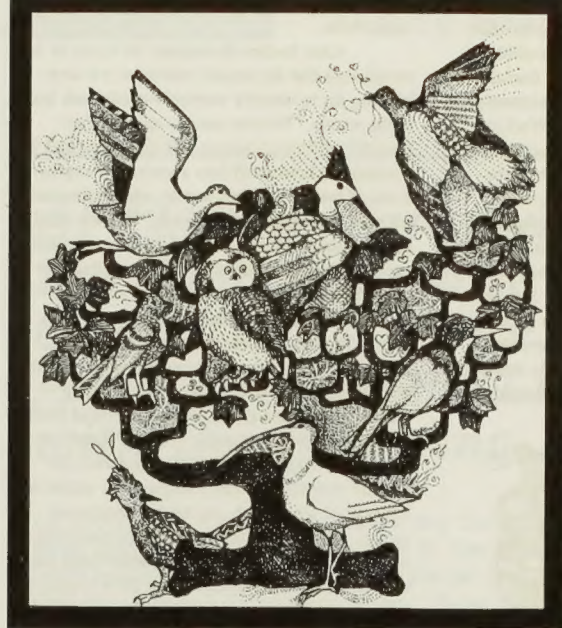
After further discussion, we came to the conclusion that the simple statement we were looking for to identify women's needs took form in the words, "Women need a voice in their church." Although simple, the statement had the potential to branch off into a variety of expressions of intent. In other words, when someone asks the individual wearer what "Women need a voice in their church" means, she can say what exactly it means to her and focus on what she needs her church to hear about her needs.

Where have these white ribbons been seen? Some only wear the ribbon to Church-sponsored meetings and activities, while others wear them all the time. I wear mine with a Solidarity pin brought to me by my friend Marie Cornwall, who got it on her trip to Poland. At this year's *Exponent II* summer reunion, the Quaker meeting became a resplendent vision with a thread of white unifying the heterogeneous group. At this spiritual gathering of sixty-five women, a bolt of white ribbon passed from hand to hand, and each participant cut off a length of ribbon to pin to her lapel. Gradually, a patterned display of white ribbons was duplicated and reduplicated midst the group. And like the fractal tree, perhaps these white ribbons and the turbulence of voices that accompany them will generate, duplicate, and reduplicate—thousands of voices, creating an exquisitely arranged profusion of sound.

My own voice rises up and sings of the woman who sits next to me in my meditations, who dangles pristine crystals in order to hear their variegated tones, who helps me to see in the luminous shards the rainbows of light, ever shifting and unpredictable in their delicate disequilibrium. As we smile together, I see her as young but eons wise, this woman who has heard the voices in the god-tree. She is the one who whispered to me when, for the first time as an adult, I experienced a visceral terror and confusion: remembering—as if they were happening in the immediate present—the events of childhood years, wondering how I had survived; wrestling with God; pleading that it was not fair to put an innocent child into that situation—that as a child I had so little control of what happened to me—and as an adult I shrieked for that child and pleaded with my God to tell me how He could have expected that child to survive. And then He enveloped me in the sublime gentleness of His love. And she whispered to me, "I am in your every heartbeat. That is how you survived. Every time your heart beats, I am with you, and you will survive."

Thus, although I may be immersed in the aching chaos of my thoughts, I know that I have a place in the god-tree. Now my hands reach up like branches extending their intricate way to the God who has such kindness, such power to bless and heal.

The god-tree is full of many voices, songs, and tones. The birds that reside there are of many plumages—purple, chartreuse, earth brown, golden yellow. Some squawk. There are those that warble and coo. Some dart and chirrup, while others seek stability in refuge, some boisterously and boldly sing out their refrain, some quiver, some peck and poke about. All belong here; all are necessary to create the perfect vitality of the god-tree.



Editor's Note: At the end of April this year, two conferences were held for Mormon women, one in Salt Lake City, the other in Provo at BYU. The information on these two pages provides a glimpse into what was heard from the women who attended.

she wanted to organize an alternate conference, a statement that was reported in the *Deseret News*. Afterward, Lynne Kanavel Whitesides, a University of Utah student who had organized four years' worth of *Sunstone* symposia, came to Kody and asked if she could help.

The organizational meeting took place eight days later in my living room; fourteen women were present, most of them BYU faculty members and students. The four-woman steering committee consisted of Kody and another student to represent the Provo contingent and Lynne and me to represent the Salt Lake

group. The name, Counterpoint, was chosen at that meeting to represent the concept of many voices singing strong melodies at different times and weaving them together into new harmonies.

By the second weekend in March, we had created a nine-session conference and mailed out 3,000 letters, programs, and registration forms. The letter included three examples of the silencing of women that concerned us.

One problem we faced was the identification of Counterpoint as an independent subcommittee of Mormon Women's Forum. Mormon Women's Forum is a Salt Lake-based group of Mormon feminists organized in 1988 that has since developed chapters in at least five locations. When we conference organizers, three-fourths of us students and none of us independently wealthy, were figuring out how much it would cost to duplicate and mail 3,000 flyers, the Mormon Women's Forum officers generously offered the use of their bulk mailing permit. We were extremely grateful for this friendly gesture. To prevent improper use of the mailing permit, we established an official connection to the larger group, followed U.S. postal regulations in using the Mormon Women's Forum return address stamp, and identified ourselves as an independent subcommittee in the first press releases that went out the third week in March.

On March 20, Lynne and I both left town for the weekend. When I got back on March 23, I learned that the seventeen BYU faculty and students on the program had held a meeting the previous evening and made a unanimous decision to withdraw from the conference.

My most immediate concern, when I received the first phone call, was to provide reassurance and support, and I spent the rest of the day on the phone until I had reached every faculty member and those of the students whom I knew. Some of them have been dear friends for years. I respected and trusted all of them. I still do. And I knew that they were doing exactly what they felt had to be done. That was Lynne's feeling, too, when she returned mid-week, and that is still our position.

The following weekend, two members of the Board of Editors of *Exponent II*, who had planned to fly out and participate on two panels, also withdrew, largely because of the association of Counterpoint with the Mormon Women's Forum and the revised conference agenda. We

had to reconstruct a thirty-person conference from which nineteen people had withdrawn. Marti Esplin and Margaret Toscano, long associated with Mormon women's issues, joined the committee, and we had reconstructed the program within a weekend.

It was easy—not because of our skills but because the support for this conference was there *instantly*. The calls and requests for information did not stop. We mailed only to women in the West, but women attended from Tennessee, New Jersey, California, and points in between. People who couldn't come sent notes of thanks. An incredible three-fourths of the registrations within the first two weeks—77%—came in with contributions, which is simply unheard of in conference organizing. Even people who couldn't come sent contributions.

As conference organizers, we were delighted and amazed that so many registrations came, not only from old friends, but so many, many, many from women we did not know. The topic of silence seemed to have touched something pretty close to the surface for many women. My personal belief is that the general silencing of Mormon women is built into the Church's patriarchal and ecclesiastical structures that separate leaders from followers, give men privileges and status over women, and give some men status over other men. As a result, some voices in Mormonism are always more important than other voices and those other voices are never the voices of Mormon women. Women, as well as men, internalize this structure to the point that it seems normal and natural. In fact, speaking out seems so abnormal and wrong that Mormon women quickly join with Mormon men in criticizing and punishing deviants. Response to the conference was at least partially the recognition and resistance of a significant number of Mormon women to this pattern.

The sessions all included time for questions, answers, and personal statements. Two of the sessions were open times, specifically for women to share an experience, give an opinion, describe a point of view, and respond to each other. The program consisted of these presentations.

- Poets Linda Sillito and Lisa Orme Bickmore described the relationship of solitude, a "healthy silence," and their creative process, then read from their current works.
- Sharon Steele, a Voice Dialogue facilitator, did a lecture and demonstration with the assistance of Dian Thomas on listening to the voices within, specifically our inner patriarch.
- Erin D. Silva delivered a major paper on "Matricidal Patriarchy: Toward an Understanding of the Devaluation of Women in the LDS Church" with commentary by Michelle Moench Hawes, a professional mediator.
- A student panel consisting of Rachelle Rigby, Genevieve Taylor, and Lupe Niumeitolu, explored "Claiming Our Place," with participation from other students in the audience.
- Margaret Merrill Toscano presented a slide-lecture, "Images of the Female Body—Human and Divine."
- Three of the authors of *Women and Authority*, Lorie Winder Stromberg, Janice Merrill Allred, and Vella Neil Evans, discussed the importance of speaking in one's own voice. Maxine Hanks, the book's editor, moderated the panel.

Counterpoint 1993

Lavina Fielding Anderson
Salt Lake City, Utah

ON APRIL 28, 1993, 350 WOMEN gathered at the University Park Hotel in Salt Lake City for Mormon women's first public, independent conference. As conference planners, we were overwhelmed, both by the turnout on short notice in the middle of the week and also by the positive, accepting attitude of the attendees.

The concept for this conference came into being in a single weekend. On February 6, 1993, Peggy Fletcher Stack, religion editor of *The Salt Lake Tribune*, published an article reporting that Laurel Thatcher Ulrich had been denied clearance to speak at Brigham Young University's women's conference by the BYU Board of Trustees. Laurel, who has long been a thoughtful and insightful voice within Mormon women's circles by virtue of her position as a member of *Exponent II's* Board of Directors and ten years as a columnist, had only recently become far and away Mormonism's best-known woman nationally by winning the Pulitzer Prize, the MacArthur Fellowship, and a host of lesser awards—none of which had ever been achieved by any other Mormon woman. Only two other Mormons, both men, have ever received the Pulitzer Prize, and both were in the field of journalism. Laurel is a historian and, furthermore, a historian whose towering reputation is built on the painstaking reconstruction of the domesticity of a New England midwife's daily life. Furthermore, Laurel is a temple-married and active Mormon, whose lifestyle is blamelessly orthodox. In other words, the decision of the Board of Trustees was a direct affront not only to the conference planners, but also to women who identify with Laurel, either as active members of their wards and stakes and/or as professionals.

The next day, Gloria Steinem spoke to a standing-room-only crowd overflowing the atrium outside A Woman's Place bookstore. Among the students from BYU, who had driven up from Provo to hear her, was Kody Partridge, a graduate student in English. During the open-mike time, Kody expressed her sadness that BYU women would not be allowed to hear Laurel

group. The name, Counterpoint, was chosen at that meeting to represent the concept of many voices singing strong melodies at different times and weaving them together into new harmonies.

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Voices from the 1993 BYU/Relief Society Women's Conference

• Carol Lynn Pearson reported many of her interactions with those of other faiths as a result of performing *Mother Wove the Morning* across the nation and abroad.

• Two women described "The Syndrome of Silence." Linda King Newel from the perspective of ecclesiastical abuse and Marian D. Smith from the perspective of sexual abuse.

Speaking for the other conference planners, I can only express delight and gratitude. Women who felt they could not participate showed support by attending. *Exponent II* sent 250 free copies of its current issue, a stack that had melted to nothing by noon. The mood was lively, remarkably positive, intellectually stimulating, emotionally intense, and very accepting. During the last hour and a half, women and men made personal statements. There was room for all of them at Counterpoint. There was acceptance for all.

PROCEEDINGS FROM COUNTERPOINT:

The proceedings were taped to be made available to those interested. They include some question and answer periods and some of the open-mike sessions as well as written responses. Send a check for \$12.50 made out to Counterpoint and your name and address to Lavina Fielding Anderson, 1519 Roberta Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84115.

ANNUAL COUNTERPOINT CONFERENCE:

The next Counterpoint conference will be held Friday night and Saturday, November 4-5, 1994, at the University Park Hotel in Salt Lake City. We plan to continue holding this conference the first Friday and Saturday in November annually. Those who attended or who are on the Mormon Women's Forum mailing list will automatically receive registration information. Others who are interested, please send your names and addresses to Mormon Women's Forum, Box 58281, Salt Lake City, UT 84158.

CALL FOR PROPOSALS:

Counterpoint is less a scholarly conference than an experiential conference. Think about your own experiences as a Mormon woman in the Church and what touches you where you live, both positively and negatively. Send ideas, comments, suggestions, and proposals. Don't be shy if you've never done anything like this before. Think of it as the Relief Society lesson you've always wanted to teach in your ward. And we'll work with you on putting it in the right form. Deadline: February 1, 1994. Send proposals to the box number above or to Lavina Fielding Anderson, 1519 Roberta Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84115.

THIS IS MY FIRST CONFERENCE, and attending has been a rich, rich blessing. It has made me so very proud to be a member of a church that has so many wonderful women of such diverse backgrounds! I left recognizing my own worth and the value of setting my own priorities and helping to make my corner of the world better.

The love, compassion, preparation, and spiritual discernment of the presenters was very evident. I loved the theme of "grace." I received personal insights that gave me the spiritual food my soul hungered after and ammunition to combat my personal challenges.

I appreciated being reminded of the grace and goodness of my Savior. I feel so much closer to my Heavenly Father.

I was filled with a rich outpouring of the Spirit and love of my Heavenly Father.

I think this year's conference had an exceptionally good balance between presenters with credentials and those without.

I appreciated the emphasis on who we are rather than the roles we play.

I loved having a conference on this too-little-talked-about subject in the Church—"grace." Understanding grace brings us closer to our Savior. It was such an inspiration to have this as a conference theme.

When Women's Conference comes around, it seems my oil lamp is just about empty, and when I come here to the Women's Conference, my lamp is refilled, and I feel I can conquer all that life hands me when I get home.

Perhaps my mistake was in expecting this to be like Education Week. I wanted dynamic, inspiring speakers.

I am a Relief Society President in Arizona. I have felt ill-equipped to meet some of the needs and problems. After this conference, I know I need only be willing and do my best because the Lord will do the rest.

I would like to see more talks on how homemakers and non-titled people raise children and have successes. I guess I'd like to hear from more "common" women.

I left the conference feeling very encouraged. There is a place for me in this church.

Though I can appreciate the wish for "average" sisters to be represented on panels, frequently the result was a very average reiteration of their issues without wise and intelligent suggestions different from that one could easily reason out for herself.

I enjoy sharing with my sisters. I have always felt it important to break some of the "Mormon culture" cliques.

I was disappointed in some of the lectures. They were too general, not specific—refreshment, not meat.

I was grateful for the open, broad-minded attitudes that allowed the opportunity to ask questions.

I sure appreciate a safe place to learn—where I don't have to be "on guard."

The honest, unpretentious sharing allows me to feel comfortable and at one with my sisters.

I attend the Women's Conference to keep myself from becoming "brain dead."

It's the same every year. You have spring cleaning for your home. This is my spring cleaning for my heart and soul. It refurbishes my inner being and fills my "reservoir." I go home uplifted and edified.

This conference provides an opportunity to get access to great scholars and leading experts in various fields.

Bring back the common woman!

There was a good representation of the variety of women in the Church—professionals to homemakers and a good representation of our international sisterhood.

I enjoyed the sessions and the interaction with sisters I have never known but felt close to anyway.

I rejoice in the opportunity to, literally and figuratively, rub shoulders with so many graceful and gracious women.

It is a powerful, spiritual experience to sit in such a large assembly and sing together as sisters; however, there was not enough laughter.

I went away each day feeling full of hope and determination, knowing that I am loved. I feel sure I can reach my goals.

As a young mother, the conference is my annual long weekend to have a break, learn, ponder, and enjoy the blessing of being a woman. I have a husband who makes all the arrangements, stays home with our little ones, and removes all obstacles from my path.

Attending the Women's Conference makes me much more aware of the world-wide church.

I am gratified to find that we can share intimately, that we can talk of our pain and listen with caring to the pain of others.

I love the openness, frankness, and candidness of many of the sessions. They address real issues from realistic perspectives and often with refreshing candor and humor.

Before the conference, I did not perceive the meaning of grace—oversimplified and filed it away as "understood": My re-education began at the first session, continued throughout, and was broadened by the conference's concluding session. Innocently, I had not understood this blessing.

I teach school in Provo and took the day off. It was worth the pay cut.

THE NEXT BYU/
RELIEF SOCIETY
WOMEN'S CONFERENCE
will be held April 28-29, 1994.

The new chairwoman is
Jeanne Inouye of
Provo, Utah.



VOICES FROM BYU



IN AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP OUR readers abreast of recent happenings at BYU concerning women's issues and academic freedom, we are summarizing, as well as excerpting, several articles that have appeared in *The Salt Lake Tribune* in the past few months.

By way of background, last spring, two BYU faculty members—Cecilia Konchar Farr and David Knowlton—came up for their third-year faculty reviews. Despite positive departmental recommendations, the two were denied continuing status by the Faculty Council on Rank and Status. Although BYU spokesman W. Steve Albrecht claims that “Their recommended terminations were not based on alleged academic freedom violations but rather on scholarship,

teaching, and/or citizenship” [“Pro: BYU Followed Fair Firing Process,” *The Salt Lake Tribune*, June 1993], many BYU faculty members feel that their terminations had more to do with Ms. Farr's outspoken pro-choice stance and Mr. Knowlton's writings, among other things, about the safety of missionaries in Latin America.

Mr. Albrecht goes on to explain his view: “There are two separate and distinct avenues whereby BYU faculty members can be terminated. One is by violating the recently adopted academic freedom standards, which means that a faculty member's actions or speech damage the LDS Church or BYU. . . . The second avenue is by having scholarship, teaching, and/or citizenship productivity evaluated as inadequate by the Faculty Council on Rank and Status.” Mr.

Albrecht states that “If the media wants to report accurately what has happened at BYU, it should request that Professors Knowlton and Farr reveal their complete letters as well as their research and teaching files for public review.”

Mr. Albrecht closed his article by invoking the spirit of the oft-quoted Viet Nam era slogan “Our country—love it or leave it” and claiming a certain clairvoyance into Knowlton and Farr's motivations: “Even if BYU were terminating these faculty members for academic freedom reason, which isn't the case, I cannot understand why someone who doesn't agree with BYU's and its sponsoring church organization's positions would want to teach here. There are numerous other universities where qualified individuals could teach and not have their views questioned.

I would personally have a difficult time accepting a paycheck from the LDS Church and then working to destroy what that church stands for."

Several BYU faculty members responded in *The Salt Lake Tribune* to what they see as improprieties in dealing with academic freedom at BYU. The following excerpts come from "Con: Academic Freedom, Review Process Continue to Concern Many BTU Faculty," [June 1993]:

Brigham Young University officials have recently defended the review process that overturned positive departmental recommendations to admit David Knowlton and Cecilia Konchar Farr to candidacy for continuing status. No decision in recent memory has caused such division among BYU faculty. This letter is an attempt to move discussion of the issue away from invective and toward a more productive dialogue.

Over the past year and a half, many of the undersigned faculty have met periodically to discuss university positions on academic freedom. These discussions have included approximately 100 concerned faculty members from across the university, including junior and senior faculty, department chairs and administrators. We have not always agreed on specific issues, nor on what actions to take concerning those issues. We have met with [administrators] Clayne Pope, Bruce Hafen, John Tanner and Rex Lee on a number of occasions to share our concerns. These discussions have been cordial and respectful but also vigorous and impassioned.

The climate on the BYU campus over the last year makes unbiased evaluation of complex cases difficult. Allegations and rumors about worthiness and political views have been rampant. Innuendo has grown up around professors accused of politicizing the classroom or criticizing authority. As time passes and as charity and forbearance are practiced, we are confident that issues will come into focus and that problems can be resolved.

When we find ourselves threatened by the voices and ideas of others, we must ask ourselves why we are threatened and scrutinize our own behaviors and motives. It is always appropriate to question and challenge opposing ideas. It is not appropriate to denigrate, attack or attempt to silence a person who holds alternative ideas. Such behavior threatens the very nature of our university, which requires diversity without rancor among scholars dedicated to faithful intellectual pursuit. . . .

Retention, tenure and promotion decisions are always complex and often difficult. Still, because diversity of scholarship and a plurality of viewpoints are critical to the health of our university, we must not be quick to censure or dismiss promising young scholars whose viewpoints may be discomfiting. We hope that good-faith efforts will now be made to evaluate and rectify any aspects of this year's review process that were improper.

These members of the BYU faculty signed the foregoing statement:

Scott Abbott, David Allred, Wayne Barrett, Peter Bates, Erin Bigler, George Bloch, Grant Boswell, Jasbir Chahal, Gregory Clark, Russ Clement, Peter Crawley, Gloria Cronin, William S. Davis, Gerald Dick, Richard Duerden, Eugene England, William Evenson, Rodney Forcade, Richard Hacken, Kristine Hansen, Alan Hawkins, Tim Heaton, Gail Turley Houston, Susan Elizabeth Howe, Steven Humphries, Cardell Jacobson, Bruce Jorgensen, Harold L. Miller, David Olson, Tomi-Ann Roberts, Samuel Rushforth, Jeffrey Turley, and Lawrence Young.

In addition to Farr and Knowlton's termination, many faculty members and administrators have been upset—some to the point of resigning—at the dismissal of Carol Lee Hawkins, Director of the BYU Women's Conference. Ms. Hawkins was part of the planning committee that had asked Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, Pulitzer Prize and MacArthur Award winner and long-standing Gospel Doctrine teacher in her New Hampshire ward, to be the keynote speaker at the conference. The Board of Trustees subsequently rejected Ms. Ulrich as the keynote speaker, giving no reason, and, some time after the rejection was made public, allegedly "released" Ms. Hawkins from her job, some say as their scapegoat for the whole incident.

To quote *The Salt Lake Tribune* article ("BYU's Dismissal of 'Moderate' Troubles Women; School Says Conference Head Was 'Rotated,' not Fired," by Peggy Fletcher Stack [July 17, 1993]):

Mormon women across the political spectrum were stunned by Ms. Hawkins' dismissal.

"I was shocked by the action against Carol Lee," says Gail Houston, of the BYU English department.

"Carol Lee is one of the most moderate and loyal defenders of the church. Her firing sends a strong message to all the women in our community." . . .

"Someone who has brought that much success to the university should be rewarded, not fired," says Susan Howe, another BYU English professor.

"This decision is very hurtful to the women faculty because we are all solidly behind Carol Lee's efforts," she says. Ms. Howe, who was on the organizing team from 1989 through 1991, believes the school will have trouble recruiting BYU faculty women for the conference committee.

"Women's Conference organizer is a 'hybrid job,'" says BYU spokeswoman Margaret Smoot. "The co-sponsorship of BYU and the church makes the position as much a calling as a job."

BYU president Rex Lee bristles at the term "firing." "I'm astounded by this word, 'firing,'" he says. "This was a good time to rotate the position as we usually do with committee chair appointments." He says the decision should not be interpreted as dissatisfaction with Ms. Hawkins' work. "Carol Lee is a wonderful administrator, and the university certainly will find her a position on campus," he said.

Removing Ms. Hawkins was "no

more an indication of anti-women or anti-feminist sentiments than rotating our athletic director has anything to do with Glen Tuckett's sex," he says. Mr. Tuckett was BYU's athletic director for 17 years.

Trouble with the women's conference has been brewing for several years.

In the 1970s, BYU student government sponsored a small women's conference once a year. By 1984, the conference was run by faculty women for "educated and thoughtful Mormon women on and off campus," says Mary Stovall Richards, the first faculty chairwoman.

The event soon began drawing large crowds of women, hungry to talk about their experience as Mormon sisters. As it grew, organizers had to struggle with the problems of a large and diverse audience.

"Some women attending were 'academics who wanted meaty discussion of contemporary issues.' Others were less comfortable with academic discourse," says Ms. Richards.

When Ms. Hawkins became the chair in 1988, it remained a conference planned by women, run by women, and attended by women. The BYU administration approved and kept its distance.

In 1990, church leaders suggested that the LDS Relief Society, the church's official women's organization, co-sponsor the conference. The organizing committee initially was wary but agreed as a gesture of support for the newly appointed Relief Society administration.

"The concerns of the Relief Society board members have not been that different from the BYU faculty members," says Ms. Howe, former committee member.

The conference managed to stay clear of most controversy. Until this year.

In late December, when the list of proposed speakers was sent to church leaders for approval, they rejected the name of historian Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, Mormonism's only female Pulitzer-Prize winner and a devout church member. No reason was given. Ms. Ulrich also is a columnist for *Exponent II*, an independent Mormon women's magazine.

Despite widespread disbelief and outrage over the shunning of Ms. Ulrich, the April conference was an overwhelming success.

Some worry that the Ulrich incident and the "rotation" of Ms. Hawkins threatens the diversity of future conferences.

"The conference has gone from being autonomous and carried out by women to being directed by a body of men," says English professor Howe. "Instead of women representing themselves authentically, they will be representing what men think they should."

Others at BYU see implications beyond the conference.

Last week, a group of feminists met for three hours with Provost Bruce Hafen again to explain their concerns about women's issues on campus.

(Continued on next page.)

The feminists see a link between the conference, the termination of English professor Cecilia Farr and the recent treatment of Claudia Bushman, a Columbia University historian and LDS feminist.

University administrators did not permit the Honors Program to advertise Ms. Bushman as a speaker at a faculty seminar, although her husband's name was listed. The administrators gave no reason for the action.

Although women on campus disagree about feminism and the needs of women, the support for Ms. Hawkins seems unanimous. All agree she was a bridge builder among factions.

In addition to academic freedom problems at BYU, many BYU faculty are concerned about feminist issues on campus. The following is a statement made, in toto, by several faculty members at BYU about its position on feminism ["Is BYU Anti-Feminist? Profs Say Yes," *The Salt Lake Tribune*, July 23, 1993]:

As a group of BYU feminist professors and professors who sympathize with women and women's issues, we were interested to read in President Rex E. Lee's recent op-ed column (*The Salt Lake Tribune*, 19 June 1993) that "the university is not anti-feminist." We realize that our definitions of what constitutes "feminism" may differ, so we would like to point out that in this statement we are using the definition in the *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*: "Feminism is the philosophical belief that advocates the equality of women and men and seeks to remove inequities and to redress injustices against women." According to our interpretation and our experience, the following institutional circumstances and actions are unfriendly to the feminist goals stated in this definition.

•The university has an affirmative action policy, but so far it has merely affirmed that "departments should make a reasonable effort to hire women" and has backed up that affirmation with very little action. (In a recent meeting with the English Department, then Vice-President Clayne Pope stated that the university has no affirmative action policy, which makes us wonder how seriously the university intends its own written policy.) The percentage of women faculty, currently at 17%, has risen only 4% in the last 15 years (according to data from Bruce Higley). Furthermore, there are no women in administrative positions at the vice-president level (there are three female assistant administrative vice-presidents out of 25 university-level administrators). Only three out of 21 deans are women (and one of these is simultaneously counted as an assistant administrative vice-president).

In over 50 academic departments there are only two women chairs. These statistics indicate that the glass ceiling is in place at BYU.

•There is no maternity leave policy for faculty and no day care or co-op facilities.

•Feminist professors have left BYU, and others are considering leaving, because they find the atmosphere is hostile to them.

•The university refused to approve Laurel Thatcher Ulrich as the keynote speaker at this year's women's conference. The university also did not permit the Honors Program to advertise Claudia Bushman as a speaker at a faculty seminar, although her husband's name, Richard Bushman, could be advertised. The university would give no reason for these actions. Both Ulrich and Bushman are well-known Mormon feminists with impeccable credentials, both scholarly and religious. Ulrich has won a Pulitzer Prize and a MacArthur Foundation grant. We can hardly believe that the university finds fault with the scholarship of either woman, and we are forced to conclude that their feminist views make them unwelcome on campus.

•The university recently did not renew the contract of Carol Lee Hawkins as Director of the annual Women's Conference, a post she has held for five years and in which she has given dedicated, superb service to the university and the women of the Church. This action, together with the decisions regarding Laurel Thatcher Ulrich and Claudia Bushman, appears to us to be part of a pattern of silencing women, particularly intellectual women with advanced degrees.

•Feminist professors seeking rank advancement have been chastised for "politicizing the classroom." Apparently, however, feminism is the only ideology that counts as "political." The university seems not to recognize that every professor espouses an ideology and therefore makes a political statement when teaching. For example, the required American Heritage course promotes a biased view of American history, almost completely neglecting the history of women and minorities. Yet professors who teach this officially approved version of history are not considered to be the ones who "politicize the classroom," even though they promote an obvious political agenda.

•Most of the committee members evaluating candidates for third-year review and rank advancement this year do not claim feminism as an area of academic expertise; as a result, feminist candidates under review were not evaluated by true peers competent to judge their work.

•Both women and men candidates for assistant professor positions in the last two years have been questioned closely and at length about their views on feminism. In some cases, feminist candidates were denied job offers even when they were the choice of the department that brought them to campus.

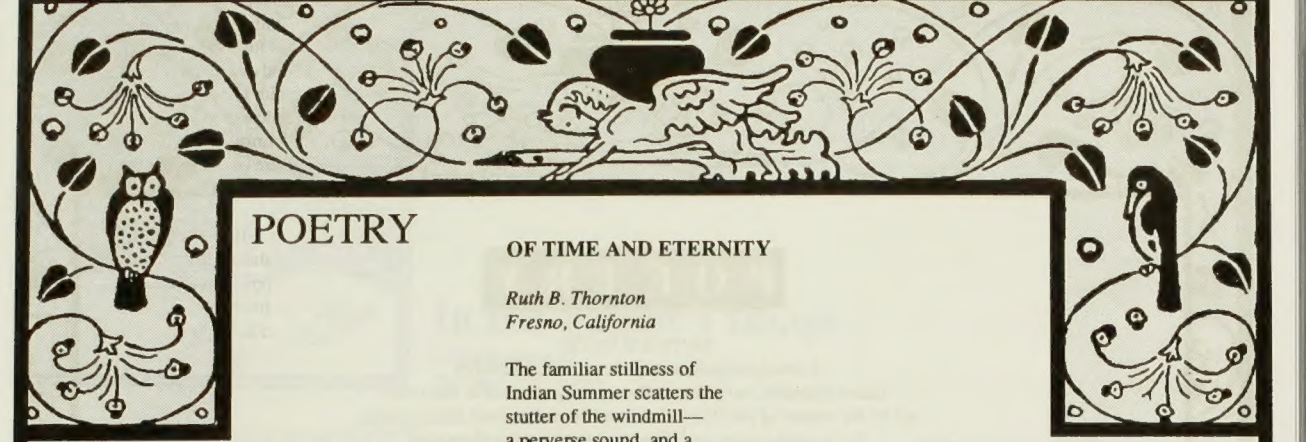
The above examples reflect our experience that the university is anti-feminist. We hope other feminists in our community will voice their experience. However, we are concerned that this may not happen: many of the women's studies faculty whom we approached to endorse this statement said that they wanted to but were afraid to jeopardize their jobs.

These fears are additional evidence that many professors perceive the administration as one that does not appreciate or understand the importance of feminism to the whole academic community and to the culture at large.

The mission statement of Brigham Young University says that one of four main educational goals is to help students "understand important ideas in their own cultural tradition." Along with our colleagues, we hope that Brigham Young University will realize its mission and take its place among the great universities in this nation. We believe this cannot happen without an expanded understanding of feminism as a field of academic expertise and without working toward the goal of equality for women and men. With these goals in mind, we invite the administration to enter a dialogue with professors on this campus about feminist issues.

This statement was signed by eighteen Brigham Young University professors:

Scott Abbott
John S. Bennion
Grant Boswell
Martha S. Bradley
William S. Davis
Jane B. Duke
Eugene England
Cecilia Konchar Farr
Gail Turley Houston
Susan Elizabeth Howe
Bruce Jorgensen
David C. Knowlton
Bonnie Mitchell
Tomi-Ann Roberts
Samuel R. Rushforth
Brandie R. Siegfried
Darrell K. Spencer
Lawrence A. Young



POETRY

OF TIME AND ETERNITY

Ruth B. Thornton
Fresno, California

The familiar stillness of
Indian Summer scatters the
stutter of the windmill—
a perverse sound, and a
reminder of his fatal fall.

Sweetbriars, the prize
of his garden, hang from
ruined stems. Plucking
off the yellow leaves, she
stakes and ties the stalks.

Along the wall of the lean-to
her careful hands hang his
tools. She fondles his
fresh-sharpened shears,
still smelling of grass.

Her stiff fingers smooth
dry strands of thinning
hair, and absently brush
at leaf-skeletons trembling
the ruffle of her apron.

She drops to the stoop,
rocking back and forth,
pressing her weight hard
against the rough boards,
and against eternity,
which seems merely long.

"LYDIA READING IN A GARDEN" —A PAINTING BY MARY CASSATT

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton
Salt Lake City, Utah

Cassatt centered Lydia in a garden
and dressed her down in muted white
where, immersed in reading the news,
she completely fills the space
carved within riotous hurricane of bloom
and owns the sun
which dusts her face with morning.

No feigned adoration
nor eyes pleading
nor naked flesh
hung gratuitously on canvas

Cassatt understood
what her brother painters could not

that it is enough
to be woman

alone.

MY MOTHER'S KITCHEN

Elizabeth Cluff
Schuylerville, New York

Return with me
and see her open door,
Her August kitchen
smells of golden peach,
Baskets on the floor
weave 'round her feet,
At altar table white
she cuts the fruit,
Her fingers browned
by stain of yellow juice,
The syrup on the stove
sings bubbly sweet,
While jars and rubber rings
await the heat
Of steaming water
hissing in the pots,
And when this ritual
of jar and ring is through,
Her offerings of love
are rows of amber jewels.

OLD WOMAN IN THE MIRROR

Elizabeth Cluff
Schuylerville, New York

Who is the old woman in the mirror?
She stares as though she knows me well
Her eyes look a bit dull and misty
Yet fixed as though she's come to dwell
from now on in my mirror. Is she rumor
who winks at the years to dispel
a bright-eyed and dark-haired young lady;
The one that I used to know well?

Who is the old woman in the mirror?
Do wrinkles bid sweet youth farewell?
Is she just a crumpled imposter
in a mask that she cannot expel?
Do I hide? Do I try to resist her?
Will it do any good to rebel?
If I accept the old woman and make her my
friend,
do you think we might get on quite well?

MAGIC, MIRACLES AND THE UNSEEN HAND

Ruth B. Thornton
Fresno, California

Dark, delicate children with musical
names...Dania, Vandy, Chanta...come
to hear the miracles. He floats down,
from the painting on the wall, to walk
on water, eject demons, return life to a
friend in a tomb. "Is he magic, teacher?"

Stroking Vannary's sable-soft hair,
I forget. I apologize. (Spirit beings,
in an "ancestral halo" circle the heads of
Cambodian children. Touching is intrusive.)

Thin, ready voices join in...
"I am a child of God...and he has sent me
here...given me an earthly home..."

...Spirit faces lengthen into wracked
bodies, climbing a sandbank in Phum
Chhleav. An Angka guard, strutting
under his Mao cap, positions the
children to watch. Loved family members
(arms, legs thin as bamboo) too frail
to work, are hoisted onto crosses. Rice-
hull fires are set to burn slowly.
Parents tell children to cover their eyes.
The sounds hang in the air for a lifetime.

Mahuri presses a chubby hand over Kim's
eyes, reminding me it's closing-prayer time.
We ask blessings on brave forebears, theirs
and ours, and offer *omnagun* (thankfulness)
for an unseen hand reaching across far waters,
Suffer little children to come unto me...

POETRY

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Serendipitously, two of the poems selected by Laura Hamblin, our poetry editor, to be published in this issue are by the winner of the Helen Candland Stark Personal Essay contest. We print the essay and the poems together in celebration of Deborah Mayhew's literary talent.

THE WILD GIRL

Hard pounding breath,
she climbs through dust,
a massacre of vegetation;
tangled roots pull behind
boots sound like wild herds,
tails fly,
a snort.

Startled awake to strange bedclothes
her spirit shrivels like bark
for here they call her Olive, not squaw.
Olive of the twice stolen family,
hiding under calico shrouded arms,
Olive of the wild eyes, lost
daughter and mother,
the captured one.

Pain chases like bear,
shouts through cloud
thick as bison,
eyes flash, arrow dark
free to roam

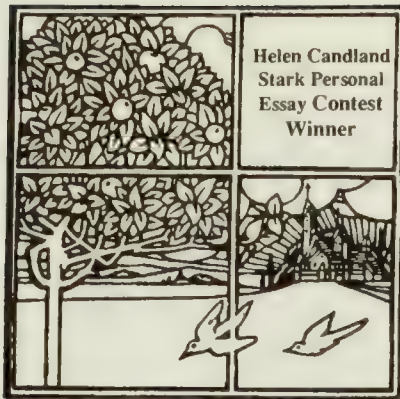
Free to dream of Indian babies
tied in bundles like dolls,
of charcoal tattooed sisters,
and husband, red brave.
Here, nothing but the sounds
of farm animals and children
not hers,
and endless churning
stirring round and round
until it coalesces, milk white,
to forgotten dreams
of home.



Poet's Note: Olive Oatman's family was murdered by Apache braves as they stopped in the Santa Cruz Mountains for her mother to give birth. She and her sister Mary Ann were carried away. Olive was sold to the Mohave Indians for blankets and many years later was found on a river bank by friends of her family. While she lived with them, she tried repeatedly to escape to go back to her Indian husband and children.

ON A DEAF WOMAN HEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME

In a sleepless hospital
the lights hum steadily
but the flowers have no sound.
Boldly they beg
to brandish voices strangely mute,
or scrape against the disembodied
sounds that cannot predict beauty or pain
like the sightless gleam in another's eye
as she lies, sea-horse curled
sinking to womb,
dreaming of light eternal.
Music. The unknown cacophony
under mouthed words that return to silence,
as sleep slips its hands over her ears
and muffles the living sounds
of the souls of flowers.



Helen Candland
Stark Personal
Essay Contest
Winner

In His Father's Image

Deborah Mayhew
Paramus, New Jersey

THE NURSERY SCHOOL children sit on the floor, Indian Style, and sing the goodbye song. My son is not singing. Tears pool in the corners of his eyes because his best friend Kristen is moving away. He may wish with all of his wishing power for things to stay the same, but he knows that wishes can never change goodbyes. He has no doubt that after the cake has been eaten, the songs sung, and the book bags gathered, he will never see her again. Sometimes you hurt too badly to wish your friend a happy trip.

My son is sad because he knows that goodbye hurts. He was shattered by his parents' divorce. When his father left, my son lost part of himself. I remember holding this sobbing child tightly in my arms every night, waiting for the uncontrollable crying to exhaust itself. I felt his profound hurt and grieved along with him. The precious family unit had been broken, and things would never be right again.

Now that I am a single parent, I realize that Heavenly Father has entrusted two very special children to my care: a tender, sensitive boy with a rich inner life, and a highly gifted and creative girl. I must protect and sustain them, binding their wounded spirits so that the healing process can begin. I must teach them to know and love their Heavenly Father, and I must nurture their special talents. The three of us will heal together and gather the blessings of a loving family life.

Now when I look at the family portrait that was taken soon after the separation, I see things in each of us that I never noticed before. I am smiling but looking strained, as if I am about to travel alone to a foreign country where I don't speak the language. My son sits next to me, smiling sweetly. Two little hands clasp mine tightly, as though we are both trying to keep something from breaking. My daughter stands behind with a look of smiling confidence. She is a typical eldest child: responsible, self-assured, and strong-minded. Of the three of us, she seems the most likely to come through trouble unscathed. Although we are missing a father, the three of us anchor each other. Together we have found a safe harbor.

As I gaze at my son, I realize that—with his dark eyes and hair, jutting chin, and handsome features—he looks a great deal like his father. With apprehension, I realize that he is made in his father's image. Some of the things he says remind me of his father, and I often wonder if he may have inherited negative personality traits from him as well. At the time the

portrait was taken, his speech was unintelligible: loud, fast, gravelly, and with few consonants. His father had always spoken too loudly, and it seemed that my son was imitating him. His little shoulders would become tense, fists clench, and he would shout, then shout even louder when nobody could understand what he was saying. Yet, I knew that he is also made in his Heavenly Father's image. With this seed of the divine, he has the potential to be a spiritually wise and loving person. I knew that I needed to counteract the negative influences from his early childhood, whether they be genetic or environmental, to help him find his spiritual father within himself. I worked with him carefully along with a speech therapist and enrolled him in a Christian nursery school. He learned to relax and to speak in a normal voice. He started to make friends, learned all about Jesus, and tried hard to be a good child whom people would like.

Yet, the following year was still difficult. He was angry much of the time and was afflicted by constant headaches. He spent much of his time lying on the floor, too lethargic to play or enjoy activities. Although he was enrolled in nursery school, he was often too sick to go. There was more speech therapy and, eventually, work with a chiropractor. Through it all, my son and I were constant companions. He accompanied me on walks, helped with the laundry, sat on the organ bench while I practiced, licked stamps, mailed letters, and sat through rehearsals. Eventually, his anger lessened, and the constant headaches left. Now, after a glorious summer of swimming, playing, music, and reading, he has become the healthy, hearty, delightful child I always knew he could be.

I have mothered this small child. Who will his fathers be? Scenes from the past three years flash across my inner eye like photographs of the mind. I see my little son at three, walking in the mall holding tightly to the hand of his grandfather who walks with a cane. He has just discovered that his grandfather's slower pace is just right for his own short legs. They stroll behind us: the grandfather, tender and careful; the boy, trusting and happy. I remember my son three years later, playing ball outdoors with a family of my teenage cousins. His face glows with delight as he finds himself in a house full of older boys—boys who play catch with him in the backyard and teach him to dribble a basketball. In quieter moments, I visualize him standing next to me by the piano, barely able to keep his active body still. He is singing "I Am a Child of God" in a beautiful, clear soprano with the sweetness and faith that only a child can have.

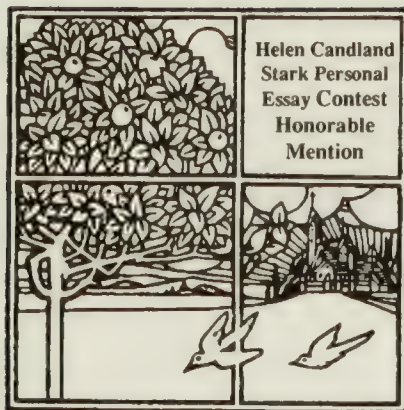
He knows many fathers. There is our home teacher—a loving, patient, father of three small girls. There is a married couple who share family home evening with us every Monday night. There are the men who dress up as Santa Claus and Santa's elf for the Ward Christmas party. There is our family chiropractor—a handsome, well-muscled man about my age. My son always gives him a big hug after his adjustment. Finally, there are his two uncles, mommy's "little" brothers. Because he knows what it is like to be a little brother, he can identify with these men, no longer boys, who now have families of their own.

He knows his own father. Although my son visits with him once a month, he imagines that his father won't recognize him when he is grown. He plans to seek him out and introduce himself. I wonder if he will see his resemblance to his father. By then life will have become his tutor and his own sweet spirit his guide. How much he is like his father will be his own choice. I will probably cry when it is time to say goodbye, but I am sure that he will have an image of himself that is joyful and positive in part because I have nurtured and mothered him. As I wish him a happy trip I will know that—no matter what fathers he chooses to pattern himself after—he will always see himself as a child of mine and a child of God.



Deborah Mayhew

[Editor's Note: Inspired by this contest-winning essay, we are planning an issue exploring the topic of divorce. Please have your submissions to us by January 30, 1994.]



Helen Candland
Stark Personal
Essay Contest
Honorable
Mention

Come Come, Ye Single Saints

Kathryn E. Dawson
Columbus, Ohio

OUR SATURDAY STAKE CONFERENCE adult meeting was about to begin, and not many seats were left. The stake president approached the podium: "Could everyone please slide in closer together? There are several couples still waiting in the foyer for a place to sit."

By making no mention of the single members sandwiched among the couples outside the chapel, our stake president had inadvertently underscored a major problem facing single adults in the Church: little to no public recognition. It's hard to feel a sense of belonging if we singles are not even invited to sit with the congregation.

As an active single adult female, I've made it my creed *not* to be offended by such careless comments. Few Church leaders script their talks with the intent to make hurtful remarks or deliberate slights toward the singles in their ward. Most people are not aware of their slipups; it won't help the situation if I take the words (or lack of them) personally. Yet, I do know individuals who *have* been wounded by the swords that have been swished so innocently. If a gospel doctrine teacher always addresses his class members as "you husbands" or "you wives," he may be trying to make a point about Book of Mormon teachings; however, his omissions of the other "yous" out there teach a louder principle. When the bishop announces on Mother's Day how wonderful it is to see everyone there seated with their families, he may not be aware of the never-been-married woman who slips out of the chapel after that greeting and sits crying in her Toyota. How is another sister who—because of physical limitations and mass—will, in all practicality, never find a suitable mate supposed to react to a sacrament meeting devoted exclusively to the topic of Temple Marriage? Or what about the divorced single mother (me!) who listened to a bishop in a former ward tell a story about a young boy who led a wayward life solely because his mom was divorced. Even I was reeling after hearing that one. At least this last leader had second thoughts about what he said and later apologized (without too much prompting) to the congregation.

Who are the leaders we listen to most often in the course of a Sunday? They are overwhelmingly married men with children. Most of them—including the aforementioned stake president—are decent, warm, caring human beings; however, their day-to-day experiences are in the marriage context, so that's how they often view life. The majority of the women in their lives are most

often called wives and mothers. They are not used to considering a third "other" category on a regular basis.

The singles issue is actually part of a larger challenge among teachers and leaders: how to use inclusive vocabulary and experiences for *every* member of their congregations. As human beings, we tend to assume that other people's lives are similar to our own. We look out at the pews and call the people sitting there "brothers and sisters," and sometimes this phrase, as beautiful as it is, convinces us that we have more commonality than is actually the case. We assume that as we beautify our dad in a Father's Day talk, others will also be smiling and reminiscing about their own happy formative years. A mother is assigned a talk on countering negative media effects; entrenched in motherhood, she may devote her entire time to discussing only how parents can protect their children from too much television, thus imparting no useful knowledge to a sister without children.

It takes conscious, ongoing effort to give talks and lessons that include single adults. In some ways, it's much easier to paint a widow's house or give up a Saturday morning to help a single mother move. It takes a lot of patience to educate Church leaders to modify their language. Some may consider the whole issue to be a minor problem; after all, everyone knows there are singles in the Church. Is it so necessary to bend the language awkwardly around to include them? It's an argument similar to those who insist on using "him" instead of "him or her" when referring to a generic person; they say there is no slight intended and that we can substitute the correct gender in our heads. Yet, if our state of being is consistently never mentioned and always excluded, what sort of subconscious messages does that send?

Educating the body of the Church is a two-step process. The first is to avoid any language that excludes the singles. For instance, a Relief Society teacher should not say, "Show kindness toward your children," but rather "*If you have children, show kindness towards them.*" When a bishop discusses an upcoming welfare assignment, he should avoid the phrase "ask your wives if they could help out as well," but use instead, "*For those of you who are married, ask your wives to help out.*" The second step goes further than these examples: Include specific experiences and counsel directed to the singles. When discussing faith, a gospel doctrine teacher may specifically ask for ways a single individual might develop faith when they are living by themselves. Or a social relations teacher could

discuss workplace experiences as well as home-making challenges when speaking about interpersonal relationships. I don't expect as many people to take this second step because it takes some creativity and requires the teacher/leader to conjure up family settings other than his or her own. Some people don't walk in other people's moccasins all that well. For right now, I would be ecstatic simply for language that didn't automatically leave me out of the congregation.

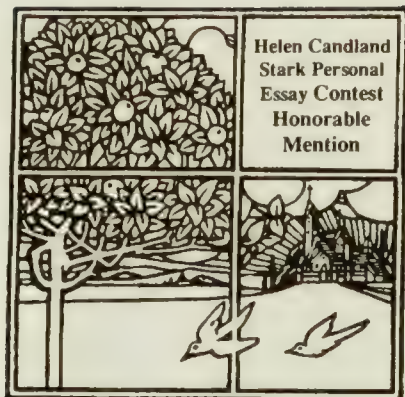
Now the hard part: *How* can we educate our leaders? I do not envision mass enlightenment; bishops and Relief Society presidents aren't going to wake up across the country tomorrow all knowing and "all doing" as far as the single issue is concerned. Like most progress within the Church, illumination must come from individual members who gently and consistently point out areas where growth is needed.

The following are some examples of how we as members can further this process:

1. *Use class discussion as a vehicle.* If a Relief Society teacher has spent thirty-five minutes extolling the virtues of being a wife and mother, with no end in sight to her narrow focus, raise your hand. Suggest ways that the subject matter might be expanded to include other types of families. Although this is a real challenge for some Family Education lessons, taking this step can broaden the effect of the lesson as well as remind other class members how approximately 20% (the current percentage of single women in our ward's Relief Society) of the women of the Church are living.

"Educating the body of the Church is a two-step process. The first is to avoid any language that excludes the singles. . . . The second step goes further: Include specific experiences and counsel directed to the singles."

(Continued on page 14.)



Helen Candland
Stark Personal
Essay Contest
Honorable
Mention

The Challenge of Growth

Fayone B. Willes
Wayzata, Minnesota

I READ SABINA SHALOM'S STORY IN *The New York Times* with delight. Happily married for thirty years, Sabina decided to take a sabbatical from home making. With two grown sons, she said, to revolve around my husband's stomach." Her husband agreed that he was "probably overdependent" on her, and he also agreed that maybe she deserved a vacation. But he protested, "What'll I do for food?" She figured that if he had given her a maid's day-off, with pay, for the time that they had been married, she had about four years worth of days off coming and back pay of about \$40,000. So far, the article said, she has settled for about five months of travel leave from her husband and about \$5,000 in expenses. She's been to India, China, Australia, and everywhere in between.

Coming home from her first adventure brought mixed emotions. "Well, you're back to the kitchen sink, ducky," kept going through her mind. But then she says, "This big fellow came and put his arms around me—and well, I really do love him dearly." Sabina hasn't yet planned her next sabbatical. "I'm resting," she reports, "but I still have time owed me."

Sabina dared to do what many women fail to—giving themselves permission to grow.

The rhythm of our lives is necessarily the repeated activity of ordinary days, the doing of basic living, the epic of the average. Women are often facilitators, helping family members to do and be the best that they can. We get children where they need to be, take care of the mundane so husbands can be about their business. We feel satisfaction in a pile of clean clothes and a calendar up-to-date and color-coordinated to all of our family's events. A clean house temporarily soothes away almost any misery. A happy, harmonious family humming along is better to us than a perfect day in June.

Yet, with all this activity, we often paint ourselves into a corner where our own progress is concerned. We confine ourselves to this daily rhythm—grateful for the lack of any jarring interruptions, sometimes even knowingly avoiding the disruptions and challenges that personal stretching necessarily brings. We forget about personal goals. We lose touch, subtly and gradually, with those talents, interest, and ambitions that once fired our actions. We adopt the attitude, "If I can't have it all, why have any?"

A little boy, so the story goes, once watched Michelangelo as he labored at a large piece of marble. Each day the boy silently watched the emerging sculpture. After many weeks, as the artist was nearing completion, the boy ventured

close and asked with great wonder, "How did you know he was in there?"

I would ask that we remember that there is *somebody* inside each one of us. And one of the greatest challenges of life is to keep chipping away at the offending stone that blocks our progress, polishing the rough surfaces and relentlessly finding the beauty, wisdom, and uniqueness that is within.

We must consciously give ourselves permission to do this—to take the time, to find the energy, and to make the effort to continue in personal growth. Or else, failing, the whole purpose of our life is wasted.

Personal growth has a positive effect on so many aspects of our lives. If we are growing, we can face life's challenges and not be defeated, and we can help those around us do the same. If we are growing we can give without becoming depleted, because our own stores are being replenished. If we are growing, we can nurture those who depend on us. We will have more to give, deeper wells to draw from, keener wisdom to share.

Measured personal growth is an antidote for depression and fear and boredom. It is the work, the effort, the action that impels us forward and fuels progress. It's fruit is the confidence that frees us to face the unknown future with anticipation and excitement. Continued personal growth is vital to happiness, and the responsibility for it rests squarely on our own individual shoulders. The greatest mistake most of us make is that we abdicate this responsibility to our husbands or a faceless "somebody else." Often that's because being our own architect isn't easy.

Choosing activities that are most advantageous for our own growth makes for a balanced life. Rather, "Balance," according to F. Burton Howard, "is to go down as many roads as necessary, and not more, not further than we must, in order not to impede our progress on other paths." The critical issue is not how fast or how slow we go but that we continue to move forward with purpose. We must realize that performance in one area of our lives may not necessarily be at the expense of other areas.

I married when I was nineteen, having had only one year of college and hoping to continue my studies. Of course it didn't work out that way. I went to work full-time to put my husband through school, and then our children began to come along. By the time he had finished graduate school, his goals had become our family's all-consuming goals. I well remember our little three-year-old daughter carrying papers and books and pencils busily around the house

muttering, "I'm writing my dissertation; I'm writing my dissertation." We were all working on the dissertation.

I didn't chafe in my role as homemaker and still consider it to be my life's highest endeavor, my career of choice. But I always harbored the dream of completing a college degree. Seven years ago, my opportunity came, and I enrolled as a sophomore at the University of Minnesota.

I snapped on my jeans, threw on a t-shirt,

bought a book bag, and looked for a parking place. I was excited—and terrified. How would I know how to treat diaper rash get me through philosophy? I had faith in my ability to cook a pretty mean meat loaf, but would that help in biology? I was over forty years old and had been out of a classroom for almost twenty years. I saw myself as twenty years behind. How could I ever catch up?

I had been back in school one week—just one week—when I learned the single most important lesson I learned during the three years I was back at the university, something that changed my whole outlook. I discovered, you see, that I wasn't twenty years behind at all. I was really twenty years ahead.

What a marvelous, transforming revelation. I found out that teaching and training my children had taught me a lot about human development, knowledge that was applicable in many fields. Why, I had lived through history that my nineteen-year-old peers were struggling to understand and put into context. The opportunities that I had

"I found out that during the time that I had been giving my all to my husband, my children, and my church I had been growing—really growing. All I had to do was learn to put this learning in its proper formal framework, using academic vocabulary, and build from there."

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The Challenge of Growth

(Continued from page 13)

had to live in different areas of the country gave me a big head start in geography and a lot of other subjects. I discovered that the piles of books I had always relished—thinking they were just a past time, an escape—had been schooling me in literature. I found out that during the time that I had been giving my all to my husband, my children, and my church I had been growing—really growing. All I had to do was learn to put this learning in its proper formal framework, using academic vocabulary, and build from there.

And I discovered I wasn't unique. Other students resented us older women who had returned to school. They called us the DARs, a backhand compliment that stood for the "damn average raisers." Why? We were always pulling the As in class. We were the stiffest competition around, and we had gotten there by folding diapers and organizing car pools. It was startling to discover that work and dedication in one area of your life needn't be at the expense of other areas. With effort, life's legitimate claims can be harmonized and integrated into the wholeness of a growing, progressing life.

At the end of my first quarter back at school, we sat around the dinner table—a cozy nuclear family. Clearing his throat to get everyone's attention, my husband made eye

contact with the children and said, "Aren't you proud of mother for getting such good grades?" The children were all shocked into silence. We sat mutely waiting for a response until one son blurted out, "But she doesn't have anything else to do!"

Now that was news to me. Besides caring for our home and five children without outside help and supporting a husband who was a stake president, I was a counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency. Achieving those grades was often accomplished in the wee hours of the morning when everyone else was in bed. Me not have anything else to do? Why those unappreciative wretches!

As my husband and I tried hard to understand this response we discovered that my children's opinion of the commitments in my life was based solely upon my marital status. Our kids are four teenagers, and their lives revolve around the all-consuming challenges of dating and social life. Because I was married, they thought of me as someone who essentially had solved all of life's difficult problems. Surely there must be endless hours in the day for someone who had conquered dating. When I no longer had to worry about what to do on Saturday night, finding time to do a little studying would be a cinch.

Of course, one of the things we so often overlook is that even activities that we *have* to do can yield learning and growth if approached with the right attitude. It is easy to focus on the negative aspects of required activities, the epic of

the average, the doings of an ordinary day, the confining routine. Sometimes we erroneously think this is the exclusive province of the housewife. But I have learned from my forays outside my home that every job, every activity has its mundane, tedious, "housekeeping" type chores. They are the great equalizers that reduce even the most glorified position to the level of "making it what you will." Many of us think we can escape the tedium of life by getting out into the work force and finding a job, others think getting married will do the trick, or having a family, or marrying off our children, or going back to school. All of these activities have their fun, exciting part, but the only way to capitalize on any of them is to slice through the tedium of the mundane that is attached to all of them with a positive attitude and great efficiency and get to the parts that bring us pleasure and allow us to grow. Every cook must wash the mixing bowl, every businessperson must regularly sort through the mail, every artist must clean the brushes and stretch the canvas, every secretary must do the filing, and every employee must be available to the boss.

So, we should plan now to direct our time and energy toward personal growth; adopt an up-beat attitude that will wring every ounce of opportunity from every activity that we do, open our hearts and lives to each new possibility. Just remember, we don't have anything better to do than what we're doing right now! ■

Come Come, Ye Single Saints

(Continued from page 12)

2. *Give advice to a leader rather than the teacher.* Suppose the Spiritual Living teacher has taught five lessons in a row speaking only to those women who have a priesthood-holding member of the Church in their home. Calling or writing to the Relief Society president puts the burden on her shoulders, and she can then handle the situation in a tactful, less personal manner. I have another pet suggestion, this one for sacrament meeting talks: When the bishop extends an invitation for a member to speak, he could hand the speaker-to-be an information sheet showing the demographics of the ward and ask that his or her remarks be addressed to as many ward members as possible. The bishop could even give the occasional five-minute lesson on "How To Give a Sacrament Meeting Talk."

3. *Use any callings that you might have to advantage.* Two years ago, I sat in the Relief Society room listening to a lesson that excluded my singleness. To distract myself, I mentally drafted a note about how the teacher could better serve the needs of the single sisters. Later that week, before I had a chance to write our Relief Society president, the bishop called me to be education counselor in the Relief Society presidency. (Of all the callings I've had, I know without doubt that one was inspired!) In this position, I can make official topic requests and suggestions to the teacher, and if it's my month to

conduct, I can stand up at the end of a lesson that is potentially inflammatory for single sisters and add a two-minute presidency blurb that includes specific ways a single member could adapt the lesson. If you are presently working in the Primary, you could revolutionize the whole auxiliary by using your own visual aids. For example, you could depict a family in combinations other than the standard "mother, father, three kids, and a baby."

4. *Use positive feedback.* Some single sisters respond to apparent snubs by going home offended and never returning. Such "solutions" do little or anything to change the offending behavior, most of the time, the person who committed the blunder has no idea that he or she has affronted anyone. Besides, battles are seldom won by pouting. A much better approach would be to listen closely to a leader or teacher for a time when they *did* include the singles in their discussion. True, you might have to wait several Sundays before you hear anything from some speakers. But once they do say something, anything, even if it's accidental, you can run up to them afterwards and compliment them for remembering the single members of the Church. You could even add a "You've helped me so much today; I look forward to hearing more about singles in your next lesson." Such methods may sound a little hokey, but most people respond far more positively to a little psychological shaping than to getting bashed over the head.

5. *Use humor.* If you have been excluded and there is opportunity for immediate feedback, use humor to soften your message. At a woman's retreat a few years ago, the leader asked the group to please check in with her before they

started on the two-hour journey back home. "When your husbands call me, I want to be able to tell them what time you left," she explained. Sue, a single sister, shouted out: "If my husband calls, I'd *really* like to know." Everyone laughed; her point was made.

Everyone likes to be acknowledged. Christ's parable about the shepherd going after the one sheep can be used as an example of how the Church needs to be mindful of its entire flock. I don't want anyone to consider single members in the same category as wayward lambs, but I do want those serving as shepherds in my ward and elsewhere to speak my name and to invite me into the fold. ■



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Requiem For a Typical Mormon Woman

Lisa Ray Turner
Rio Rancho, New Mexico

SHE IS A MOLLY MORMON. Patty Perfect. The Typical Mormon Woman. Different names for the same woman. She sits quietly in sacrament meeting, dispensing Cheerios and quiet books with dignity. She teaches inspiring, non-controversial Relief Society lessons. She wears sensible shoes and bears a striking resemblance to June Cleaver. She's always ready with whole wheat bread for the needy. She's our role model, as quintessentially Mormon as the Golden Plates.

Does the Typical Mormon Woman sound familiar? She did to me. I felt like I was surrounded by hundreds of them every week at church. They talked with sugar-coated tongues. They listened to lessons (while smiling) and politely agreed with every word. They said things like, "Sister Smith has given such a beautiful lesson" when I, who had heard the same lesson, was thinking, "That was a trite, irritating lesson." They spoke in the "Relief Society voice." Breathily, soft-spoken, and gentle.

These women even looked perfect. They wore handmade, feminine dresses and had fluffy hair. Their make-up was neither austere nor over-done, but—you guessed it—perfect! I was certain their homes were always immaculate. I couldn't imagine them blasting through their living rooms in cleaning frenzies minutes before their visiting teachers arrived. I, on the other hand, panicked if anyone didn't make an appointment a week in advance—that's how long it took to get my house to look like *theirs* houses.

I wondered what was wrong with me. Why didn't I get excited over the Cute Things we made in homemaking meetings? Why did many talks in church perturb me? Why did I question issues they took as gospel (pun intended)?

While trying to answer these questions, I realized I couldn't cram myself into a mold that did not fit. I embarked on my own personal program of *glastnost*. I stopped trying to be a typical Mormon woman. In the process, I made some delightful discoveries. It's okay to prefer books to embroidery patterns. It's not a commandment to grind your own wheat. Temple recommends are given to those of us with messy houses and loud, sassy voices. I can claim, as my own, unconventional opinions. I learned—ever so gingerly—to separate the gospel from the Church.

I wondered whether other women felt like I did. I started to talk—and listen—to women in the Church. Really talk. No more, "Good morning, Sister Jones. That jello salad that you made for homemaking was sure delicious." I wanted to know Typical Mormon Women. What were their aspirations and feelings? How did they feel about taboo subjects like polygamy? Did they yell at their kids? I decided to find out.

As I got to know the women of my ward, I heard one phrase over and over: "I'm not the typical Mormon woman, but . . ." Sometimes I wasn't surprised by this admission. But frequently, I'd assumed I was talking to the gold standard of Mormon womanhood and was shocked that she considered herself atypical. If nobody would admit to being a typical Mormon woman, where was she?

I thought I'd found her when I spoke with a

woman who personified everything in the Relief Society manual—in fact, every manual in the Church. She was a beautiful woman who often espoused the values of staying close to the hearth and supporting priesthood-holding husbands. She had seven children and a beautiful home. She was nice—genuinely, honestly kind, not that cloying artificial niceness that gives nightmares to a diabetic. And, the final clincher, she was smart, knowledgeable about world events, and involved in the community. She was what we were all trying to be.

To my astonishment, she said, "Well, you know, I'm certainly not the typical Mormon woman, but . . ." My mouth dropped to my knees. If she was not a Typical Mormon Woman, there were none. Not in Michigan, New York, California, Europe, or Asia. Even dare I say it, not in Utah! The Typical Mormon Woman was dead. I grieved her loss. I had gotten used to her. She was like a pair of tight shoes: at first they pinch and hurt, but eventually they become comfortable, even if they aren't a perfect fit. Now to realize that the shoes never existed in the first place . . . well, this revelation opened a whole new world. Could it be that Mormon women were truly diverse?

I had often wondered whether diversity within Mormonism was possible. In every ward I'd attended, diversity among women was met with suspicion. Labels were freely attached. Inactive. Working mother. Liberal. Single. Childless. Oddly, some of the labels that were merely descriptors carried with them negative connotations. I pictured an assembly line of smiling, puffy-haired matrons. Anyone who was different was snatched off the line and tossed aside. We all smiled our way down the assembly line. We all thought that we had to be whole wheat mothers.

Of course, struggling with assembly-line roles is not limited to Mormon culture. Women's magazines tell us that "working mothers" and "stay-at-home mothers" have declared war on each other. At-home moms swirl angry epithets at job-laden mothers: "Why did you have children if you were going to have someone else raise them?" The wage-earning mothers pompously declare, "How can you be fulfilled when you spend your days doing laundry?" Single women join the fray by worrying about loneliness, AIDS, and their biological time clocks. Their married counterparts envy the freedom and growth potential that single status affords.

Most Mormon women are not yet at this warring stage. Our quest for identity is too new. We're just starting to broaden our experiences. We're just beginning to accept the realities of the 90s. Many mothers work outside the home. All women will not marry. All women will not be mothers. Every woman is not June Cleaver. Diversity is rearing its head, and we're deciding if we will fight it or welcome it. Most of us are still in the negotiation stage.

I hope that we don't move on to sanctions and war. For too long, we've used The Ideal Mormon Woman not as a role model but as a club to beat ourselves with. Attitudes have not changed significantly since 1987 when a study of active Mormon women indicated that two-thirds

felt overwhelmed and pressured to excel in many different areas.*

If we are too anxious and overwhelmed, our relationships with each other suffer. Sisterhood fizzles in such a volatile pressure-cooker. Our friendships become counterfeit. Healthy, give-and-take connections are not possible if we always wear our Sunday faces, afraid our real selves are unacceptable. Sisterhood will elude our grasp if we continue to pursue the fictitious Molly Mormon prototype. We will never be as spiritual, knowledgeable, or kind as this mythical creature—just as horses will never be unicorns. The Typical Mormon Woman, much like the unicorn, is one-dimensional. Happily, Real Mormon Women are not. We are blessed with unique gifts and strengths, as well as idiosyncracies and weaknesses. Thank goodness! Diversity enriches and deepens our bonds. Sisterhood happens when we permit each other to be human.

So, let's allow the Typical Mormon Woman to depart in peace. Give her a eulogy and let her go. We don't need her any more! We have living, breathing, fallible women to take her place. We can move to a higher plateau of understanding and tear down the fences of artificiality. We won't turn our heads from women suffering with social problems that we will now admit exist in Mormonism. We won't raise our eyebrows when an unorthodox opinion is stated. We won't christen each other with petty labels or expect everyone to be our clone. We'll take a giant leap toward sincere, sweet sisterhood.

Good-bye, Typical Mormon Woman. We're secure without you. Go rest. We all know you deserve it.



*Study done by Dan Jones & Associates among LDS women who were in Provo, Utah, between August 18-21, 1987, to attend BYU Education Week.

The Rose Jar

A RESPONSE TO "THE MOTHER LINE"
BY NAOMI RUTH LOWINSKY

Emma Lou Thyne
Salt Lake City, Utah

AJAR I CAN HOLD IN MY hand is a repository for connections between five generations of women in my family. The jar is five inches high, four across, three-eighths of an inch thick of rounded glass with twelve slim sides. Embedded in its bottom is a star-flower of sixteen carved crystals, and its lid is ancient metal rising through intricate flower designs to an embedded seven-sided amethyst. It is full of rose petals—and the lives of those five generations.

For all of my life, the rose jar has occupied our home in the most visible place on a mantel or bookcase. As a little girl, I begged first Grandma and then Mother to lift the lid and let me look and smell: layers of dried rose petals from christenings, weddings, funerals, graduations, initiations, dances, disappointments, illnesses, exultations—any of the events that solicit remembrance. It started with my great grandmother Emma Turner, who at seven in England crossstitched a sampler:

When daily I kneel down to pray
As I am taught to do
God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

Along with the sampler, the jar was one of the few treasures she tucked among the bedding in the covered wagon that she followed across the plains with the Mormon pioneers in

1848. The desert that was Salt Lake Valley took years to "blossom as a rose," but from the first in her struggling garden—by the story Grandma, her daughter, told me—she cut a rose for the bud vase on her sideboard, left it to dry, then deposited a few salted petals in the jar to save.

From then on, whatever occasioned a rose meant more petals on top of the last. Layer upon layer, generation after generation, the rose jar filled, its scent mystic as a tomb or the trailings of a fairy godmother. At the bottom, the reds and yellows and pinks have turned rusty, rose and amber and umber in a compost of memories, some almost dust, others still flakes of never forgetting. On top, for now, are crisps of Megan's wedding three years ago, Sammy's graveside service after he lived only an hour on his mother's birthday the year before, fresher more pliant petals from a rose brought to me by a Zsolt, a young doctor in Budapest, and from a bouquet, rose-centered, one of forty for anniversaries from my husband. Somewhere are my grandmother's wedding and funeral, the naming of her seven sons and three daughters, the marriage of my mother and the burial of her sister, the blessings of my three brothers and me. Up a few layers is my first corsage, my B.A. and my Masters, the birth of five daughters and their roses from a dad and later dates, weddings, housewarmings, another generation of babies, now little girls asking me—yes, the grandmother—to let them lift the lid to smell the musk whose magic I never lose track of.

Faded to delicate skeletons, the petals settle among each other, the jar full but never full. Lifting the lid I breathe every connection I might have to those women who have dropped the petals into the jar, never unaware of what they were adding to or taking from. My daughters now bring rose petals to fall to their place in

the jar that sits beyond us all, holding its secrets, its statements, its umbilical messages to tell us where we've been, where we are, and without question how in the world we're so related.

The jar. The motherline. The belonging. Overlapping, underpinning, overarching, earthy and natural, around the settling of layer upon layer, the womb that holds us all.

Like the womb, I go back and back to for sustenance and refuge:

For My Child in Pain

I would curl you back into my womb,
monitor what we ate, drank, injected, how we slept. I would move us back further,
past conception, call on configurations
of genes, move this one, that one
by imploring the Power I never deserved.

I would offer my maiden head,
my sight, my fingers, the sound
of my streams.

I would return myself
to facing my knees in that other womb
asking my mother's rich waters to issue me
newly permitted to bear you,
to give the unspeakable joy of the bearing,
the having, the letting go, the holding
to you.

You would be safe. And we

would be born again, free.

from *Things Happen*, Poems of Survival
Emma Lou Thyne, Signature Books, 1991

Improve the Shining Moments

Laurel Thatcher Ulrich
Durham, New Hampshire

THOSE OF US WHO GREW UP singing Mormon Hymns know exactly what E. B. White meant when he wrote, "I arise in the morning torn between a desire to improve the world and a desire to enjoy the world. This makes it hard to plan the day."

The longer I live the more I think that we can best improve the world by enjoying the world—and sharing our joy with others. Terry Tempest Williams had a grandmother who understood that. In her marvelous book *Refuge*, Williams tells about going with her grandmother at the age of ten to The Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge at the northern end of the Great Salt Lake. As the group boarded the Audubon Society bus for a trip through the marshes, a gray-haired, ponytailed woman, passing out cards, proclaimed:

"All members are encouraged to take copious notes and keep scrupulous records of the birds seen."

"What do copious and scrupulous mean?" Terry asked her grandmother.

"It means pay attention," she said, and the little girl did. Within a few minutes someone shouted: "Ibises at two o'clock!"

And there they were, dozens of white-faced glossy ibises grazing in the field. Their feathers on first glance were chestnut, but with the slightest turn they flashed iridescences of pink, purple, and green.

The grandmother whispered that ibises were companions of the gods, that "the stride of an ibis was a measurement used in building the great temples of the Nile." (*Refuge*, p. 18) By the end of the day, Terry and her grandmother "had marked sixty-seven species on their checklist." On the trip home, Terry fell asleep on her grandmother's lap, dreaming "of water and cattails and all that is hidden."

Education is discovering what is hidden. In my experience, some of the most interesting things our really right there in front of us, hidden because we do not know how to see. A number of years ago, I volunteered to take part in an archaeological dig at a local museum. I expected to learn about shards of pottery, old coins, and bones. I learned more about dirt. I'll never forget the day that the head excavator knelt at the edge of the seemingly sterile square I had been scraping and plopped down the Munsell Soil Color Chart. This little publication lists 216 shades of dirt, each with its own number keyed to hue, value, and chroma. To an experienced eye—an educated eye—the sharp cuts at the edge

Comfort in the Knowing

Mary L. Bradford
Arlington, Virginia

AS A CHILD I MIXED UP THE 24th of July with the 4th—picturing George Washington coming across the plains in a covered wagon. Both holidays were exciting, hot, sweaty days that filled me with a certain patriotic ardor. I finally learned to tell them apart. The 4th was the East Mill Creek (the suburb of Salt Lake City where I grew up) parade down Evergreen Avenue with a child king and queen followed by fireworks and a picnic with games in Evergreen Park.

The 24th was a giant parade down Main Street in Salt Lake, which I would see if my dad could be persuaded to lift me up over the tall people who invariably stood in front of me. The 24th had a grown-up queen with her attendants on a large float. There were fireworks in Liberty Park.

During high school, much against my better judgment, the Grandview Ward entered me in the Days of '47 (the name of the 24th of July celebration) queen contest. Any connection between my humiliating walk down the runway at the LaFayette Ballroom at the Hotel Utah and the pioneers is strictly imaginary unless you interpret it this way: I was the first of my family to embark on such a pilgrimage.

I think it was not until I moved to Washington, D.C., that I fully realized that the 24th was not a national holiday. In Utah, the pioneers came first. Beginning in Church and then in high school seminary classes, we studied American heroes and pioneer heroes almost in the same breath. Although I was very much interested, I was put off by the way the pioneers were presented. It was difficult to identify with such larger-than-life heroes. I wanted to look to them for examples, and yet I knew I could never

survive such suffering nor reach such perfection.

After high school, I went to the University of Utah where I took classes from T. Edgar Lyon at the Institute of Religion. He presented the pioneers in a way that helped me understand that they were human beings like me and that though their times were different from mine, their examples could motivate me to good works.

I didn't develop much of an interest in my own pioneer ancestry until after my marriage. I spent a few years looking into my husband's background. Chick's ancestry was more impressive than mine, descended as he is from Governor William Bradford, John R. Winter (Counselor to Joseph F. Smith), and Orson Hyde. Who had ever heard of the Lythgoes, Harstons, Mitchells, and Carlises? I even started research for a biography of John R. Winter but stopped when Leonard Arrington, then Church historian, suggested that I might benefit from looking into the lives of women.

He introduced me to Emmeline Wells, editor and writer, founder of *The Woman's Exponent*, General Relief Society president, and one of the organizers of the MIA and the Primary.

I read segments of her diary and found that she had been married three times, twice to polygamists. Her first husband—her childhood sweetheart—had deserted her in Nauvoo. She became the second wife of Newell K. Whitney when he was 50, she 16. When he died, she wrote to his friend, Daniel Wells, and asked to become his sixth wife. It was an unhappy, lonely marriage. His other wives made fun of her for preferring reading and conversation to house-keeping. They were contemptuous of her love poems to Daniel and her preference for wearing pastel colors instead of dark ones. Here was someone I could relate to! And when she sometimes took to her bed with bouts of depression, I could empathize!

None of this stopped her from editing *The Woman's Exponent* for thirty-eight years, her editorials covering such issues as equal pay for equal work, women's voting rights, and equality in athletic programs. She was sent by the Church to National Woman's Suffrage Association meetings in Washington D.C., and in England

where she was received by Queen Victoria. On her third finger, left hand, she wore, not a ring from one of her husbands, but a gold band given her by Susan B. Anthony—bearing the inscription: "Two great women, one great cause."

She reared five children and some silkworms for Brigham Young, which caused her to vacate the house. (The worms, not the children or Brigham Young.)

It took me a few more years to get around to researching my own family background. I started by interviewing my parents. If you haven't done that yet and your parents and grandparents are still alive, I suggest you begin right now. Record their memories while you can, and then go beyond them yourself later on. I am still learning about my ancestry; it is a way to know myself.

Often teachers who wish to interest their pupils in history begin by assigning their students to begin with themselves and to bring in stories about their parents. Self esteem somehow goes up when we learn more about where we came from.

Some people say they don't want to know their history because some of it is not worthy of the gospel. Such events in our lives should not keep us from recording our own histories. We don't want to become a memoryless people just because something unworthy may be found in the files. Perfection may be a goal, but just because we haven't achieved it yet, we don't need to whitewash the truth. Sometimes it is difficult to find the truth but being afraid of it won't help us to know ourselves better.

Not fearing what we might find doesn't mean that the goal should be to unearth every scurvy detail of every life. There will always be mysteries; perhaps this is as it should be. There should be privacy, too. It helped me to learn that although Emmeline Wells got depressed and lonely, she went on to a meaningful public and private life. If there is a horse thief in the family tree, we can learn from that, too. We can learn from the mistakes of others. We can learn from people who have suffered, sinned, been depressed, failed, and yet found ways to keep on keeping on—even to create and to repent. ■

of a 25-inch-excavation pit can be dramatic in their strations as the layers you see in a cliff cut through for a highway. That dark circular blotch at the bottom of the pit is a post hole. That grayish-red stripe marks the 1670 occupation, the next level the 1720 addition. Archaeologists read the dirt that dropped from the feet of our ancestors.

My husband, who is a chemical engineer, reads smoke. He reads it in the sky and in his laboratory and in the whisky curls that trail across the frosting of a birthday cake when the last candle is out. Our children got lessons in combustion with their birthday cakes. Smoke is made of carbon particles as tiny as bacteria, the same particles that when heated to 1,000 degrees centigrade create the orange glow of the lighted candle. Slice a cold table knife through a candle flame and the carbon will identify itself in the form of soot. Engineers call that process thermophoresis. A sophisticated version of that soot strengthens the tires that carry you to church on Sunday and make the ink on this page.

I have been learning to read cloth. I carry a magnifying glass like Sherlock Holmes, looking for bits of the outer shell of flax stems clinging, after 200 years, to the fibers of homespun linen. I had no idea how many shades of what there were—or how many patterns—white on white—could be found in ordinary cloth woven on the four-shaft looms that were common in eighteenth-century New Hampshire. I have tried to photograph some of this cloth, but my slides come back looking blank! Yet turning the fabric gently to the light one catches a kaleidoscope of patterns, many of them recorded in old letters and diaries—"Double Compass," "Rose in the Garden," "Heart's Delight," "Flowers of Eddin Burg," "Snowballs," "Blazing Star," and my favorite, "Orring Peal."

I was talking recently with a weaver who specialized in reproducing old patterns. "Why did they do it?" she asked. "Why so many drafts for such simple objects—ordinary towels and table cloths. A plain weave would have sufficed. Why all the trouble?" I don't know, but I think it

has something to do with the fact that weaving was the culminating event in a tedious, wet, smelly, year-long process of turning flax into cloth. Some of the old fairy tales record the danger and drudgery of the process—lips licked away from moistening thread, thumbs enlarged from the labor of spinning. When New England women like Patient Kirby and her daughter Peace Lawton (great names for weavers, "Peace" and "Patience") wrote down their weaving patterns, they triumphed over the dull grid of necessity. They improved the world by enjoying it. ■



Joseph Smith's Diaries

Marj Boren
Boise, Idaho

An American Prophet's Record. The Diaries and Journals of Joseph Smith, edited by Scott H. Faulring. Signature Books, 1989, Salt Lake City, Utah. \$9.95.

How does a prophet feel when he is struggling with organizational details of a new church, when he has nowhere to live, when he is spending all his time in the service of his God and his people and has no living for himself and family, when some of his friends turn against him, and when some of them later come back?

Containing all the available diaries and journals of Joseph Smith, this book is a great help to the layman wishing to understand the prophet Joseph Smith as a person in the time and setting in which he lived. Its value lies in the intimate picture it often portrays of the man, Joseph Smith, Jr.

Through his journal entries, some in his own hand and some dictated to a scribe, the reader discovers a warm and gentle person concerned about his family, his work, and the people he is leading. He was also concerned about his lack of knowledge and seemed to have a thirst for learning as shown in this entry for February 17, 1836:

Wednesday the 17th Attended the School and read and translated with my class as usual. My Soul delights in reading the word of the Lord in the original and I am determined to pursue the study of languages until I shall become master of them if I am permitted to live long enough (p. 133).

While he was busy with his work and the endless stream of people who came to see him with problems requiring his attention, his family often went without things that they needed. Before provision was made for some of his expenses, people noticed his need and tried to help:

I would remember Elder Leonard Rich who was the first one that proposed to the brethren to assist me in obtaining wood for the use of my family, for which I pray my Heavenly Father to bless with all the blessings named above (p. 74).

Often the brief entries are the most telling, such as the one for December 25, 1835:

Friday, 25th At home all this day. Enjoyed myself with my family, it being Christmas Day, the only time I have had this privilege so satisfactorily for a long time (p. 91).

His concern and courtesy extended beyond the Saints, as seen in the list of rules for the house of the Lord in Kirtland:

8th All persons whether believers or unbelievers shall be treated with due respect by the authorities of the Church (p. 104).

The diaries and journals show a man who is trying to live the gospel he is teaching, as is apparent in these entries from March 7, 1844:

If your brother mistreats you, let him alone. If your enemy cheats you let it go. Cease to deal with men who abuse. If all men had taken the course that some have, we should not have such men in our midst. I have no objections to any mans coming here, but then I will have nothing to do with men who will stone me at midnight and at noon day . . .

. . . I would not sue a man if he owed me 500 or a thousand \$ and he come to me and said he would not pay. I would simply not do business with him again until he paid me (p. 455).

After a ten-page chronology of his life, an alphabetical listing of the prominent characters mentioned in the book, and a selected bibliography, the work begins with a short autobiographical sketch written by Joseph Smith and Frederick G. Williams between July 20 and November 27, 1832. Throughout the book, anything written in the handwriting of Joseph Smith is in boldface type and, where possible, the handwriting of others is also identified. Over the period covered by these documents, 1832-1834, several scribes or secretaries were employed by the prophet. At times the secretary is the first person voice and at other times, often in the same section, Joseph is the first person voice.

Following is a list and summary of the diaries and journals.

1. *The Joseph Smith, Jr., Record Book*, a diary and journal covering the period from November 27, 1832, to December 3, 1834. Much of it was written by Joseph Smith and the rest was dictated by him. The picture it gives is of a kind and gentle man asking for the Lord's help and for direction in coping with the details of leading the new church.

2. *Sketch Book for the Use of Joseph Smith, Jr.*, a diary and journal covering the period from September 22, 1835, to April 3, 1836. Some entries are in the prophet's handwriting but most have been dictated by him. Much more detailed than the others, this record reveals many of his feelings, his enjoyment of the world around him and of his family, his insight into human behavior, and his utter joy of learning.

3. *The Scriptorial Book of Joseph Smith, Jr.*, a journal covering the period from March 13 to September 10, 1838, in the handwriting of George W. Robinson. In addition to the journal entries, it contains copies of revelations and

letters, including Joseph Smith's letter to the saints from Liberty Jail.

4. *Joseph Smith Journal*, covering the periods from September 3 to October 6, 1838, and from April 16 to October 15, 1839. Written entirely by James Mulholland, mostly about his own activities, this document contains some references to the prophet and was intended to be his journal.

5. *Minute Book, 1839*, covering about the same time period as the second part of the fourth journal, April 16 to October 15, 1839. Written by James Mulholland, this short journal details Joseph Smith's activities, including several meetings.

6. This section contains excerpts from *The Book of the Law of the Lord*, which is a large record book of over 500 pages containing some journal entries by Joseph Smith and copies of letters, revelations, minutes of meetings, and records of donations. Only the sections previously published are included in this book. These excerpts, from July 25, 1841, to July 2, 1843, include detailed activities and conversations of the prophet as dictated to secretaries.

7. *President Joseph Smith's Journal, 1843*, the first of four journals kept by Willard Richards actually begins on December 21, 1842, and covers the period through March 10, 1843.

8. The second of these journals, untitled, begins where the preceding volume ends and continues through July 14, 1843, in the handwriting of Willard Richards. As with all four of these journals, some of the entries are quite detailed, and some are extremely brief.

9. The third journal, also untitled, continues from the preceding volume and covers the period through February 29, 1844.

10. *President Joseph Smith's Journal, Kept by Willard Richards, Vol 4*, continues through June 22, 1834, five days before the death of the prophet.

Although the entries are sometimes confusing, they have been made considerably less so by Scott Faulring, who has carefully edited the journals using a set of guidelines based on Julian P. Boyd's editorial philosophy. Except for the excerpts from *The Book of the Law of the Lord*, Mr. Faulring transcribed the diaries and journals from microfilm copies of the originals.

Some things seem to stand out. Because there was no standardized spelling at that time, a word is sometimes spelled in more than one way, even on the same page, by the same scribe. Most frustrating to the reader are the gaps in time—as much as two years between some of the journals.

From the chronology, which is a quick reference to the sequence of events, to the end of the last journal, this is a powerful book. It provides valuable insight into the personality and character of the prophet, Joseph Smith, and gives the reader an appreciation of the problems and complications he faced in carrying out his work.

Dear *Exponent*,

I want to share my appreciation and commendation with all who helped make the *Exponent II* Retreat so successful.

I went because I was curious—I wanted to see faces of the people who put *Exponent II* together. I am amused with group dynamics and wanted to see what kind of person would travel to a Mormon women's retreat in a New England mountain camp. I wondered what these women would talk about and how they would relate. I expected nothing more than to observe.

I was surprised and most pleased with what I experienced and also with what I didn't see. I found the activities well organized and the variety of topics chosen refreshing and useful. I was surprised at the amount of participation, the openness, the tolerance for differing points of view. There was also a comfortable level and a trust that I have rarely observed. Everyone with whom I visited had a reality and depth that is not often shared easily and quickly. It was rewarding to meet these women.

I was told I was "brave" to sign up. A friend in Salt Lake told me, "We are afraid to do such things because rumor has it that there is a computer list of people who participate in 'alternate voices' who are considered enemies. . . . My guess is that you will hear a lot about the following issues: efforts to silence women, praying to our Heavenly Mother, priesthood for women, and dissent in general." I have no objection to the discussion of any of these topics but appreciate the fact that you did not spend time dwelling on issues that stir up emotions without resolving them. A "political rally" has its place, but I'm glad that the retreat did not limit itself or focus itself solely on these issues.

The *Exponent II* women surpassed my expectations. I found you all to be more open, diverse, and down-to-earth than I thought you might be. Often I see people get "caught up" with their cause and its importance. I see now why you so successfully reach out to such a wide spectrum of readers.

I spent last evening writing a four-page letter to my Salt Lake friend sharing my reflections on the retreat and find that I had no negatives. I want you to know that your efforts were appreciated and enjoyed. I hope you feel satisfied with your success!

Kathy Vernon
Reston, Virginia

Dear *Exponent*,

Please—send me no more free copies. I had decided to let my subscription expire after your abortion issue.

I think we can take a page from Church history. When Martin Harris lost the 116 pages of translated manuscript, the Lord told Joseph Smith, "The man whom you have trusted has sought to destroy you." Now Martin Harris did not start with the intent of destroying Joseph Smith, but others used Martin Harris for this purpose.

A nonmember friend of mine in Brookline sent me *The Boston Globe* article featuring some

women associated with *Exponent II*. Did they seek to embarrass the Church or were they just used by others for this purpose? If *Exponent II* is an alternate voice for women of this Church, it is not my voice.

Regina Ellis
Princeton, New Jersey

Dear *Exponent*,

YOU ARE MY LIFELINE...Please don't fade away.

Karen Lipscomb
Salt Lake City, Utah

Exponent II,

Thank you for this opportunity to support something that has become very important to this reader!

Honest feelings and concerns have become a focus of my "recovery" from a less than open LDS childhood.

I am beginning to feel a real sisterhood with some of your writers.

Sandy Eckersley
Ogden, Utah

Exponent:

I work at Jersey Battered Women's Service. Several months ago, I was able to speak to Sue on the phone about getting some back issues on abuse in Mormonism. I appreciated the copies very much—found them fascinating but not surprising. I was even able to conduct a seminar for married couples in my ward on abuse—specifically emotional abuse because it is not often considered "serious" enough to worry about. Well, it's a growing epidemic. It crosses all boundaries of religion, economics, race, class, etc.

I find the shelter an eye-opening but fulfilling place to work because we have a mission here. When I get the chance, I'd like to submit some writings for your review. Since moving to the East Coast from a small town in Idaho, I've grown a lot in the Church but also realize that my liberal views are numbered among many other wonderful LDS women. It's wonderful to have a forum to express these views without feeling guilty—or alone. I hope that donations come pouring in for your computer upgrade. This is one publication I couldn't bear to see lost.

Lora Thompson Clark
Madison, New Jersey

Dear *Exponent*:

Please accept me as a new subscriber. I was inspired to join after reading my mother-in-law's copy of *Exponent II*. It feels good to know there are those of us who want to share our knowledge and experience through *Exponent*. I know I'm not alone with these questions.

Janet K. Robson
New Haven, Connecticut

Dear *Exponent II*,

Enclosed is my check. I wish I could send more but at the moment we are preparing our son to leave on his mission in August and our daughter starts college in September, so funds are a bit tight. However small, I hope it helps.

Thanks to all of you for doing a great job. I enjoy the *Exponent II* very much; it's a refreshing change. I wish I knew of others in the Idaho Falls area who take it.

Good luck on the things you are doing!

Linda Carlson
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Sisters,

Please excuse the delay in sending in my renewal. I began to write many times to explain why I would not renew, but I could not put it in words—I only can say that many things in the past issues made me feel very uncomfortable. My change of heart and mind came this summer after participating in Relief Society at Wildwood (Provo Canyon) where Shirley Paxman presented the lesson. I need to grow from being "uncomfortable."

Carry on!

Christina Preston
Bedford, Texas

Dear *Exponent II* Editors,

You are doing an excellent job! I'm glad to help the good work as long as I can.

I am thrilled with "A Bishop's Perspective" by M. Scott Fisher, Ph.D. and will use it as my theme for my next letter to the editor of the *Herald Journal* for June. We do need each other in the work of the Lord and to build a Kingdom of equality in love. More power to you!

Rhoda Thurston
Hyde Park, Utah

Woman's Voice

Dear *Exponent*:

Permit me to say that I have been a member of our Society since the date of its organization and have perused with pleasure your invaluable paper, delighted more particularly with the communications or letters from the sisters from the various settlements descriptive of their prosperity, and have not infrequently looked with increasing anxiety to see a correspondence written by some member of our Society, dated at Centreville, but up to date have looked in vain. Why is it? I must crave to be indulged while I say that there are those among us, members of the Society, whose age, experience, and intelligence, qualify them for usefulness in almost any intellectual line of life, and who, if they only thought so, could indite matter that would not fail to interest and enlighten the reading fraternity. Our annual meeting convened on Wednesday the 23rd of the present month, and from Teachers' reports on that occasion a general good feeling prevails among the sisterhood with a desire to be found active in every laudable undertaking.

Caroline Dalrymple
June 27th, 1875

Dear Sisters—

I apologize that I can no longer contribute to your publication. I've often considered the need for some sort of LDS women's forum and had hopes that your publication could provide that. However, after reading through the initial publication I was sent, I was disappointed. I felt you had not sufficiently distanced yourself from the ugly spirit of prideful backbiting and murmuring that womankind has fallen into. I was seeking an honest discussion of the challenges of financial difficulties, wayward children, the doldrums of housework, etc. I desired to hear others vocalize the incredible joys of motherhood without the patronizing "it's all so wonderful" lies we often are immersed in.

At any rate, I'm sorry. I had high hopes.

*Sister Goodrich
Meriden, Kansas*

Dear *Exponent II*,

I enjoy *Exponent II* very much; it is a needed and worthwhile voice for LDS women. I always feel a sense of sisterhood and love as I read of the challenges, questions, and testimonies of other women. Each issue inspires me to be more supportive, more caring, and less judgmental of others.

About a year ago, I gave a subscription to a dear friend of mine who is a devout Catholic. This may seem strange, but I really feel that many of *Exponent's* articles address issues felt by all women, not just LDS women. This is a quote from a recent letter sent to me by this friend:

I've never thanked you properly, Terry, for the *Exponent II*; I have thoroughly enjoyed every issue. What a wonderful forum for faithful women to speak their hearts and souls. There is always a sense of "every woman" in each issue, no matter the topic. Thanks again.

And I thank you. I know that *Exponent II* is a labor of love put together by extremely busy women and men who have a vision of the strength we gain and share through such a publication. Keep up the good work. We need and appreciate all you do.

*Terry Evanson
Madison, Wisconsin*

A Call for Fiction

Aspen Books is planning a Spring 1994 release for *I Think I May Rise*, a collection of stories and select pieces of poetry about women and the LDS experience. They plan to include work from both established and new writers.

Stories should have female protagonists and should touch in some way on the Mormon experience. Stories do not have to be religious in nature or subject. Though new work is preferred, previously published work will be considered.

They are asking authors to donate their portion of royalties from the sale to the YWCA's Battered Women's Shelter in Salt Lake City.

Manuscripts should be typed and double spaced with pages numbered. Submissions should be accompanied by a cover letter that includes the author's name, address, telephone number, and the title of the submission. They are also asking that a copy of the work be submitted on disk, preferably in WordPerfect, IBM format. If another word processing program is used, disks should be clearly labeled with the names of both the software (including version) and file. Please include a SASE for correspondence.

Deadline for submissions is January 15, 1994 (postmarked). Please submit to:

"Women's Stories"
Aspen Books
6211 South 380 West
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107

Manuscripts and disks *will not* be returned.

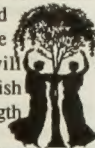
Call for Entries to the Helen Candland Stark Personal Essay Contest

With the publication of this year's winners of the Helen Candland Stark Personal Essay Contest, *Exponent II* is announcing the deadline for the 1994 contest. Send your double-spaced manuscripts and corresponding IBM-compatible disks to:

Helen Candland Stark
Personal Essay Contest • *Exponent II*
P.O. Box 128
Arlington, MA 02174

by August 15, 1994. We will select a winning and two honorable mention essays. The winning essay will be awarded \$300.

The purpose of *Exponent II* is to promote sisterhood by providing a forum for Mormon women to share their life experiences in an atmosphere of trust and acceptance. Our common bond is our connection to the Mormon Church and our commitment to women in the Church. The courage and spirit of women challenge and inspire us to examine and shape the direction of our lives. We are confident that this open forum will result in positive change. We publish this paper in celebration of the strength and diversity of women.



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