TO OUR READERS:

BYU Studies is dedicated to the correlation of revealed and discovered truth and to the conviction that the spiritual and the intellectual can be complementary and fundamentally harmonious avenues of knowledge. This periodical strives to explore scholarly perspectives on LDS topics. It is committed to seeking truth "by study and also by faith" (D&C 88:118) and recognizes that all knowledge without charity is nothing (1 Cor. 13:2). It proceeds on the premise that faith and reason, revelation and scholarly learning, obedience and creativity are compatible; they are "many members, yet but one body" (1 Cor. 12:20).

Contributions from all fields of learning are invited. BYU Studies strives to publish articles that openly reflect a Latter-day Saint point of view and are obviously relevant to subjects of general interest to Latter-day Saints, while conforming to high scholarly standards. BYU Studies invites poetry and personal essays dealing with the life of the mind, reflections on personal and spiritual responses to academic experiences, intellectual choices, values, responsibilities, and methods. All personal essays received will be entered in our annual personal essay contest. Short studies and notes are also welcomed.

Opinions expressed in BYU Studies are the opinions of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Brigham Young University, the editors, the advisory board, or anyone else.

INSTRUCTIONS TO AUTHORS:

Guidelines for submitting manuscripts may be viewed on our website at

http://humanities.byu.edu/BYUStudies/homepage.htm

SUBSCRIBERS' NOTICE:

Subscription is $5.00 for one issue (you may subscribe at this rate for as many future issues as you like); $20.00 for one year (four issues); and $45.00 for ten issues (tenth issue is free). Foreign subscriptions for Canadian residents are $28.00; other non-USA residents, $40.00 (airmail) or $32.00 (surface). A price list for back issues is available upon request. All subscriptions begin with the forthcoming issue, or additional postage is charged. Address all correspondence to BYU Studies, 403 CB, PO Box 24098, Provo, Utah 84602-4098. You may also contact us by email: BYU_Studies@byu.edu; phone: (801) 378-6691; or fax: (801) 378-5386. If you move, please notify us in writing four weeks before changing your address; otherwise you must pay for replacement issues and mailing costs.

BYU Studies is abstracted in Current Contents, Social and Behavioral Science; indexed in ATLA Religion Database (published by the American Theological Library Association, email: atla@atla.com, website: http://www.atla.com) and Index to Book Reviews in Religion, and listed in Historical Abstracts; Arts and Humanities Citation Index; America, History, and Life; and MLA International Bibliography.

BYU Studies is published quarterly at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. ©2000 Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. All rights reserved.

Printed in the U.S.A. on acid-free paper
4-90-46359-3.3M ISSN 0007-0106
BYU STUDIES

ADVISORY BOARD: Paul V. Johnson  
Ardeth G. Kapp  
L. Gary Lambert  
Maren M. Mouritsen  
Noel L. Owen  
Stephen L. Tanner  
Frederick G. Williams

EDITOR IN CHIEF: John W. Welch

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Doris R. Dant

MANAGING EDITORS: Jennifer Hurlbut  
Nancy R. Lund

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert E. M. Spencer

EDITORS: Michael J. Call, Humanities  
Brian Q. Cannon, Historical Documents  
Larry W. Draper, Book Reviews  
Susan L. Fales, Book Reviews  
Richard Neitzel Holzapfel, Photography  
Casualene R. Meyer, Poetry  
Richard G. Oman, Art Consultant  
Larry C. Porter, Church History  
Eric Samuelsen, Film & Drama  
Steven C. Walker, Fiction & Personal Essays

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Alisa Baxter  
Scott C. Cameron  
Eric Carlson  
Eliza C. Corbett  
Karen Esplin  
Amber Lee Fawson  
Camille Graham  
Alena E. Lauritsen  
Katherine F. Rawson  
Christina Skousen  
Anastasia M. Sutherland  
Andrew Witt

STAFF: David A. Allred  
Glenda J. Egbert  
Richard Ian Kimball  
Marny K. Parkin  
Katy Worlton Pulham  
Annette Samuelsen  
Emilee C. Wood

COVER: Depicting the forging of new LDS missions, this issue’s cover art reminds us of the peace and unity the gospel brings.

Front: Ljiljana Crnogaj Fulepp (1952–), Early Morning Baptism near Belgrade. Oil on glass, 16” x 20”, 1990. Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art. The artist, a former Croatian Relief Society president, celebrates a baptism performed in the Danube River by a Church member in Yugoslavia, Croatia’s traditional enemy.

Back: Larry Wade (1938–), Spreading Truth and Light. Oil on panel, 30” x 40”, 1999. Courtesy Larry Wade. A Utah artist depicts missionaries sacrificing their time to bring the gospel to the people of Vilnius, Lithuania.
# Table of Contents

## Articles

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tomizo and Tokujiro: The First Japanese Mormons</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shinji Takagi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Pleasing to the Eyes of an Exile”:</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Latter-day Saint Sojourn at Winter Quarters, 1846–1848</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennifer L. Lund</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dance of First Beginnings: Contemporary Maya</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creation Rituals in a World Context</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen J. Christenson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statistics on Suicide and LDS Church Involvement</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in Males Age 15–34</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilbert W. Fellingham, Kyle McBride, H. Dennis Tolley, and Joseph L. Lyon</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Short Study

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fire on Ice: The Conversion and Life of Guðmundur Guðmundsson</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred E. Woods</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Personal Essay

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Least of These</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kael Moffat</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Documents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mourn with Those That Mourn . . . Comfort Those</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Stand in Need of Comfort: Dean Byrd’s Diary of the Kosovar Refugee Camps</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colleen Whitley</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Photographs of Wilford Woodruff’s Trip to Alaska, 1895</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Neitzel Holzapfel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Book Reviews

Three Reviews of Mormon America: The Power and the Promise
by Richard N. Ostling and Joan K. Ostling
Brian Q. Cannon
Alf Pratte
Marie Cornwall

What E'er Thou Art, Act Well Thy Part: The Missionary Diaries of David O. McKay
by Stan Larson and Patricia Larson
Mary Jane Woodger

Fawn McKay Brodie: A Biographer's Life
by Newell G. Bringhamurst
David J. Whittaker

edited by Noel A. Carmack and Karen Lynn Davidson
Brian D. Reeves

Confronting the Myth of Self-Esteem: Twelve Keys to Finding Peace
by Ester Rasband
Wendy L. Watson

Brief Notices

The Journals of George Q. Cannon, Volume I: To California in '49
The Temple in Time and Eternity
The Gate of Heaven: Insights on the Doctrines and Symbols of the Temple
Understanding Isaiah
C. S. Lewis: The Man and His Message
Fig. 1. A Kosovar refugee camp in Elbasan, Albania. The rows of tents were so numerous they merged into a solid white. The white tops reflected some of the heat plaguing the refugees. All the illustrations accompanying this article were photographed in Albania by Dean Byrd in May 1999.
Mourn with Those That Mourn . . . Comfort Those That Stand in Need of Comfort: Dean Byrd's Diary of the Kosovar Refugee Camps

Colleen Whitley

The diary of a psychologist's work with Kosovar refugees reveals how LDS Charities responds to the emotional aftermath of trauma and reflects on how we can share each other's burdens.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, echoing Matthew 25, said the duty of every Latter-day Saint "is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to provide for the widow, to dry up the tear of the orphan, to comfort the afflicted, whether in this church, or in any other, or in no church at all, wherever he finds them." Members of the LDS Church respond to that injunction with individual acts of neighborly kindness as well as organized ward, stake, and regional projects. In times of great crisis, however, the Church is prepared to act rapidly in concert with both governments and nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) such as charities or groups interested in particular causes.

While the Church has been actively involved in charitable activities around the world for years, in 1991 a Humanitarian Service Center (often called the Sort Center) was established through Deseret Industries to better service large problems. As the Church interfaced with other organizations, however, some groups did not seem to connect the charitable outreach with its parent organization. Consequently, in 1996 Latter-day Saint Charities was created to function as a private, nonprofit humanitarian association. The name enables anyone, including members of other faiths and government officials, to immediately associate the charitable outreach with the Church.

2. The term "Humanitarian Services" is still commonly used within the Church, and contributions are made in that name; however, having the LDS name prominently attached to a charitable organization has proven to be valuable. Since the Church has a reputation for quick and effective action, representatives of NGOs and government agencies from several countries recognized it immediately and aided LDS Charities involvement in relief work.

BYU Studies 39, no. 2 (2000)
Operating under the umbrella of Welfare Services and the direction of the Presiding Bishopric, LDS Charities is a recognized NGO around the world, maintaining offices in fifteen countries from Cambodia to Zimbabwe. The proximity of those offices, of welfare storehouses, and of local branch, ward, and stake buildings, along with the willing service of members and missionaries, allows food and materials to be rushed to crisis locations in days or even hours.

Moreover, various Church-owned facilities, both charitable and commercial, and legions of capable volunteers provide a strategic reserve to deal with large crises and even to deal with more than one crisis at a time. One crisis that tested the Church's capacity to respond erupted in the Balkans in 1999.

The Balkan Crisis

The Balkan Peninsula on the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea has been overrun and conquered through the centuries by many nations—from Philip of Macedonia's Greece to the Third Reich. Espousing a wide range of religious and traditional beliefs, the population of the Balkans today includes Albanians, Vlachs, Greeks, Serbs, Bulgars, Turks, Jews, and Armenians. The relationships among those varied groups have understandably never been cordial; they are, in fact, often hostile, sometimes beyond the capacity of outsiders to comprehend.

The region was initially populated by Serbs, Slavs, and Greeks, with a Serbian kingdom emerging in the twelfth century. That kingdom declined and was conquered by the Ottoman Empire in 1389, beginning a period of


4. For example, in Florida the Church owns the world's largest cattle-producing ranch, from which meat can be routed immediately through LDS Charities to crisis areas. (The King Ranch in Texas contains more acres but produces fewer cattle.) Alexander B. Morrison, "Church Response to Crisis," forum address, October 26, 1999, Brigham Young University, audiocassette, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

dominance by Turkish culture and Muslim faith for the next five hundred years. In the late nineteenth century, the Ottoman Empire was defeated by forces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, who ruled the area until the close of World War I.6

Following World War I, the provinces of Serbia, Slovenia, Croatia, Voyvodnia, Montenegro, Bosnia-Hercegovina, Macedonia, and Kosovo7 combined to form Yugoslavia. However, during World War II, loyalties in the area were again divided, some groups supporting the Nazis and others the Allies. A Communist partisan named Josip Broz Tito led the fight against the Nazis. Following the war, Tito became the Communist dictator of Yugoslavia, forcibly holding in check the ethnic and religious rivalries that had marked the region’s history. Almost immediately after Tito’s death in 1980 and the downfall of the Soviet bloc governments, peace in the region ended, with wars, rebellions, and “ethnic cleansing” occurring in virtually every province.8 One particularly hideous example of the latter occurred in Kosovo.

As Yugoslavia broke into squabbling factions, Serbia and Montenegro maintained a Yugoslav federation, with Kosovo as an autonomous region. Kosovo was populated primarily by ethnic Albanians, roughly 1.8 million of a total population of two million. Differences between the Serbs and the Albanian Kosovars exist on both ethnic and religious grounds—the Serbs being Christian and Kosovars being Muslim by religion and Ottoman-Albanian by descent. In July 1997, Slobodan Milosevic was elected to lead the Yugoslav federation. Constitutionally barred from a second term, Milosevic backed an ally, Milan Milutinovic, for president but in fact retained executive power himself, effectively becoming a dictator.

Early in 1998, Milosevic repealed the semiautonomous status of Kosovo, where members of the Kosovo Liberation Army had been fighting for complete independence—at first through political channels and, when those attempts failed, by acts of violence and guerilla warfare. Capitalizing on the existing ethnic and religious animosities, Milosevic launched a campaign to force the Kosovars out of Kosovo.9 In a matter of months,

---

6. World War I was sparked by the ethnic animosities in the Balkans when a Serb assassinated Austro-Hungarian Archduke Francis Ferdinand.
7. Ethnic Albanians call the area Kosova; Serbs use Kosovo. The latter name appears here since that designation is generally used internationally.
8. “Ethnic cleansing” is a euphemism for forcible expulsion or relocation of ethnic populations.
9. While ethnic and social factors prompted some of the persecutions, some readily recognizable economic factors were also at work. The region excels in the production of lead, zinc, nickel, magnesite, bauxite, chrome, coal, copper, iron, silver, and
harassment escalated to atrocities. Serbian soldiers methodically entered Kosovar homes, killed the men and older boys, forced the survivors out, frequently raped the women, and then burned the homes. The number killed may never be accurately determined.10

After months of negotiation, threats, and sanctions against the Serbs, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) began bombing the Serbian homeland on March 24, 1999.11 The Serbs’ forcible evacuation of the Kosovars only increased, and more than half a million Kosovars were displaced into neighboring Albania and Montenegro.12

Relief Efforts

Various agencies, led by the United Nations International Children’s Emergency Fund (UNICEF), the Red Cross, and the Red Crescent, rushed food, clothes, tents, and medical supplies to the area. The LDS Church quickly joined in the relief effort. In April general conference, President Gordon B. Hinckley said, “At this moment our hearts reach out to the brutalized people of Kosovo. . . . I am grateful that we are rushing humanitarian aid to the victims of these atrocities.”13

In a matter of weeks, the Church rushed in $6.8 million dollars worth of aid, including 39,000 quilts (many made rapidly by Church members from various nations), 28,000 blankets (specially ordered from a company in New England), 2,000,000 pounds of clothing and shoes, 25 tractors, 166,000 pounds of soap, 29,600 pounds of school kits and educational

other minerals. Kosovo “contains the greatest concentration of mineral wealth in the whole of south-eastern Europe. . . . Kosovo’s mineral riches have made the territory a special target for conquest by many armies, from the Romans to the Nazis.” Malcolm, Kosovo, 4–5. See also “Rein in Milosevic on Kosovo,” Deseret News, March 10, 1998, A12.

10. Investigations after the Kosovars were allowed to return to their homes verified the extent of the damage. Mass graves that had been reported by the Kosovars and tracked by NATO and U.S. satellites were uncovered, revealing many bodies. Still other mass graves had already been dug up and the bodies moved as the Serbs retreated. Charles M. Sennott, “Forensic Experts Face Enormous Crime Scene,” Boston Globe, reprinted in Deseret News, June 22, 1999, A4; “U.N. Says 2,108 Bodies Found in Kosovo Graves,” Deseret News, November 11, 1999, A4.


supplies, 100,000 hygiene kits, 420,263 pounds of food, and $400,000 drafted to purchase food locally. An additional $110,000 was given to the Red Cross and the Mother Teresa Society.\textsuperscript{14} With these contributions coupled with aid from other governments and NGOs, relief workers were able to assuage the immediate physical crisis, but serious problems still remained.

In all crises, once the physical needs of victims are stabilized, the emotional problems created by the disruption surface. Survivors of trauma experience psychological crises as great as the lack of food and shelter—disorientation, extreme grief, a sense of loss, confusion. Providing long-term assistance for survivors—helping them regain their homes or start new ones, retraining them for employment, rehabilitating them from wounds or injuries—requires aid workers trained to deal with the effects of trauma.

Cognizant of those needs, the LDS Church also maintains a reserve of expertise as remarkable and as readily tapped as its food supplies. Professionals in various kinds of social, emotional, and crisis intervention are regularly employed in Church social services and schools. In addition, many members who are outstanding professionals in the private sector can and will serve as needed.

One such individual called to Albania to assess the emotional problems of the Kosovar refugees and outline a strategy for dealing with them was Dr. Dean Byrd, a clinical psychologist and family therapist with LDS Family Services.\textsuperscript{15} Pulled from his normal routine of counseling and teaching, Byrd traveled to Albania to witness relief efforts being made by the Church in concert with many other agencies and to determine methods to help victims re-adjust. His specific assignments included interviewing refugees, families housing refugees in their homes (host families), and other aid workers; interfacing with other agencies; and preparing protocols for missionaries, especially missionary couples, who would follow him into the country.

Dealing with traumatic situations can be enervating, and Byrd has developed methods of dealing with his own emotions. He finds writing by hand, sometimes for as much as an hour and a half each evening, to be especially therapeutic. Byrd’s commentary on the Kosovars, their Albanian

\textsuperscript{14} Morrison, “Church Responds.”

\textsuperscript{15} At about the time Byrd went to Kosovo, LDS Social Services was renamed LDS Family Services. Both names are used in this article depending on the source and the name commonly in use at the time. The agency offers services in adoption, parenting, counseling, substance abuse and recovery, and aid to specific populations such as families, Native Americans, and prisoners. “Church Agency Is Ready, Willing and Able to Help,” Church News, February 26, 2000, Z5.
hosts, and his own professional and emotional responses offers an enlightenment into the problems of crisis situations. His diary is presented here in standard English, transcribed from his personal shorthand. A few sections are deleted to avoid repetition and to protect the privacy of some of the individuals he encountered. His remarkable honesty about his own feelings reveals his emotional journey that “started with a sense of purpose that ended with a sense of meaning.”

Dean Byrd’s May 1999 Diary: The Kosovar Refugees Assignment

May 9, 1999. Delta Flight 149 en route to NY-JFK, then on to Rome. The itinerary noted, “Cannot confirm flights into Tirana, Albania: may have to consider alternative transportation.” The last few days were a whirlwind of activity, most of it associated with trying to get out of the assignment. Two days ago—“We would like to have you go.” I suppose that there are certain people you can’t say no to. My class barely ended at the U, and I turned in the grades on Thursday. I have listened a little to the media about the war in the Balkans but never considered that it would have personal relevance to me. My assignments were covered. I arranged for supervision of the psychiatric resident, and arranged for others to take my responsibilities for an “indefinite period of time.” I arranged for Dennis Ashton, a social worker from Dallas, to join me. He seemed anxious to go (unlike me). I managed to spend most of the evening on Thursday on the NET, finding as much information as I could. The situation seemed really bad—not quite sure I should be going. Albania is referred to as the only Third World country in Europe—no credit cards, the stolen car capital of the world, contaminated water, American Embassy closed, Swiss Air has canceled all flights. The Kosovars were crossing the borders daily, hungry, tired, traumatized, families separated—especially women and children from the men. Many of the adolescent boys were either jailed or executed. There were mass graves. Sounded pretty bad, but the media was prone to exaggeration. I printed much of the information, thinking that it might be good reading en route. We had a briefing on Friday. It wasn’t very

16. Dean Byrd, interviews by author, November 1999–February 2000; unless otherwise indicated, all information in notes comes from those interviews.
17. The request came from Harold Brown, managing director of Latter-day Saint Welfare Services, who reports directly to the Presiding Bishopric and First Presidency.
18. David Smith, a psychiatric resident, was one of the people Byrd was supervising at the time.
19. Unfortunately, the reports were not exaggerated, as Byrd soon learned.
helpful. I guess part of this is my attitude. I have attended the important events in the lives of all my children. My daughter Kristen is graduating from Lone Peak High School as salutatorian, my daughter Nicole is graduating from BYU, my wife is graduating with her doctorate, and I am scheduled to graduate with my MBA. I asked Kristen what I should do, and without hesitation, she said, "Dad they need you in the Balkans." It’s Sunday morning, kind of gray and rainy. Elaine [his wife] and I talked for a minute about my will and other things. We actually do this on occasion when I travel, so it’s not unusual. I stopped by in the wee hours of the morning, and my stake president, Stephen Studdert, gave me a blessing. All I could remember is that he said something to the effect that the assignment was unusual and I should focus on the children, the precious ones whose lives would be scarred without help, and that I should realize the spiritual nature of the assignment. . . . I arrived at the airport and was joined by Dennis. He did not seem as hyper as he was on Friday. The check-in was a little longer than usual and the clerk asked for the next of kin. I thought that was weird but gave him the needed information. I’m writing all of this somewhere between Salt Lake and New York City. The sky is clear and blue, cirrus clouds everywhere. Someone gave me this journal, and I thought it might be a good idea to begin using it. I always write when I travel. It keeps me from getting bored. For some reason this trip seems different than the rest. Perhaps, it’s because I really don’t know where I am going or what I am doing. We have developed a typical disaster training protocol that we can adapt, but I am not sure how we will use it. . . .

20. The protocols provide a basic structure with which to work, but they are also open-ended, allowing workers on the site to alter them to fit the specific needs of the situation. Typical protocols for each day begin with a background sheet listing agencies and individuals visited and interviewed. From those visits and interviews, needs and resources can be identified. The most immediate needs usually fall into the medical-physical category (food, water, sanitation), but other areas also need attention: social-emotional problems (reaction to trauma, disorientation, grief); family needs (displaced family members, especially children without adults); and community-spiritual issues (faith, tradition, customs). Although the needs almost invariably outnumber the resources, establishing a matrix from the background sheets often reveals untapped solutions. Byrd and others quickly recognized that one of the underutilized resources in Albania was the refugees themselves. All were in shock, but they could be trained to help themselves and other refugees, which gave them a sense of meaning in their disrupted lives and a kind of control over their situation.

Refugees became involved in setting up tents, running kitchens, and governing their own camps. Byrd took the effort of involving refugees one step farther. In addition to enlisting the aid of camp inhabitants, he transported refugees housed with host families back to the camps to help set up services, giving the host families a brief respite as well as helping the Kosovars themselves.
May 9 is Mother’s Day. My own mother died 28 years ago in May, about 10 days from now. As I begin to reflect on what I am doing, I feel a little remorseful for my attitude. Maybe I should be glad that I can assist and trust in some sort of spiritual guidance in this whole thing. Studdert’s thing about the children bothers me a bit. I recalled the Vietnam airlift coordination that I did. It wasn’t fun either, but it was the children that I remember.21 I wonder what the children will look like and whether or not they will be afraid of us. The media talked about a separation from their families. I remember giving out Life Saver candies to the Vietnamese children. But I didn’t bring anything with me. My itinerary indicated that I would have about an hour at JFK. Maybe I’ll check it out.

**May 9, 1999 Second Entry.** I went to one of the airport shops and quickly “cased the joint.” My eyes caught this rack of Jelly Bellies. I dragged the whole rack to the cashier. I knew she thought I was crazy. I told her I wanted all the Jelly Bellies or as many as I could fit in my bag. The bill was nearly $80.00, which means I really purchased about $40.00 worth of Jelly Bellies. I felt a need to tell her that I was not crazy and the candy was for some special children. She said, “You might have some trouble with customs. I smiled and said, “And maybe I won’t.”

**May 10, 1999.** What a horrific experience getting out of Rome. We must have walked 5 miles, trying to find a flight. Someone suggested a train to Bari, Italy, and then a Ferry to Durrës, Albania, and then a bus to Tirana. By sheer accident, we saw a flashing Albania Airlines sign which read, “leaving at 11:30 A.M. arriving in Tirana at 1 P.M.” We found the gate after what seemed forever. We made contact with President Lenker22 to let him

21. In the mid-1970s, Byrd, working for LDS Social Services, coordinated the United States East Coast emigration camp for Vietnamese refugees at Indian Town Gap, Pennsylvania; the camp was authorized by then Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.

22. Stephen Conrad Lenker, along with his wife, Nancy, has served as President of the Albania Tirana Mission since July 1998. The author appreciates the help of the LDS Church Missionary Department in identifying all of the missionaries Byrd encountered in Albania.

The Albanian mission originated under the auspices of the Austria Vienna Mission and through the charitable services of senior missionaries. In 1991, as the Iron Curtain was crumbling, an Albanian computer analyst walked into the office of Kenneth Reber, then president of the Vienna mission, seeking assistance for his country. A short while later, President Reber accompanied Elders Dallin H. Oaks of the Council of the Twelve Apostles and Hans B. Ringer, European Area President, to a meeting with officials at the Albanian Department of Agriculture. The minister initially asked for two hundred tractors, and when President Ringer explained the Church’s limitations, the official responded that many people had offered promises, but none had provided real help.

Then President Reber remembered that one of the senior missionaries in Vienna had been a soil research specialist and another was a horticulturist and farmer. The next
know that we were en route. Getting booked on the flight was a nightmare, and when we finally saw the plane, it was a greater nightmare. The plane was crowded, very hot, and smoke or mist or some combination was coming through the air vents. Passenger luggage was everywhere. The plane did not seem safe. I took some consolation in noting a number of CNN reporters on the plane. I'm not sure why, I just did. Dennis seemed a little more anxious. Instead of arriving in Tirana at 1 P.M., we arrived at 3:45 P.M. As we looked down at the Tirana airport, we had our first glimpse of what we were in for. The airport was lined with Apache helicopters; there were soldiers everywhere, and they were digging trenches. I thought to myself, “Now that I am here, how do I get out?” As I left the plane, I felt a sense of relief that it had not fallen from the sky but more fear as I entered this foreign country. It was hot and humid and crowded, and no one seemed to know what they were doing. After what seemed forever, we made it past the first customs point. . . . President Lenker and Elder Jensen were waiting for us. We had heard that he was a former L.A. policeman and thought it would definitely be an asset. As we drove toward Tirana, the countryside reminded me of Poland—poverty was everywhere and women and children were just standing alongside the road. President Lenker drove like a New York cabdriver, mostly to dodge potholes. As we entered Tirana, parts of New York City: trash everywhere, dilapidated buildings. We managed to get to the place where we were to stay, changed and headed to what came to be known as the Pyramid for a NATO briefing. It was a large auditorium filled with NGOs and governmental officials. They provided us with statistics: 400,000 plus refugees in Albania with about 97,000 in Tirana, 65 percent in host families. There was a tenseness about the meeting.

week Theron Sommerfeldt, the soil analyst, and George Niedens, the farmer, arrived in Albania and began working on local problems. They were followed shortly by other senior missionaries who could provide some of the services and training so desperately needed in Albania: Dr. Thales Smith, a retired pediatrician and his wife, Charone, a nurse; Melvin Brady, professor of economics and his wife, Randolyn, teacher of English as a second language. Despite enormous difficulties in living conditions, the senior missionaries continued and gained the trust and appreciation of the Albanian people.

The first convert baptism occurred on July 25, 1992; that convert, Blendi Kokona also became the nation’s first missionary, serving in San Diego, California. On April 23, 1993, Elder Oaks returned to Albania and dedicated the nation for the preaching of the gospel. By August of that year, there were 130 members in three branches, two in Tirana and one in Durrës. Kahlile Mehr, Mormon Missionaries Enter Eastern Europe (Provo, Utah: Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Latter-day Saint History, 2000, forthcoming), ch. 7.

23. Garold and Mary Lou Jensen are humanitarian service missionaries in Tirana. The mission includes young elders and senior couples but no sister missionaries.

24. NATO was still conducting bombing raids on Serbia and maintained jurisdiction over the refugee areas of Albania and Macedonia.
They advised us to begin our days at the Pyramid for early morning briefings, to register before we entered the camps, and to do what we could to help. They talked about the need for clean water, clothes for children, and some medical needs. They had the NGOs identify themselves. We were able to make some quick notes about the ones that we would be able to work with. After the meeting, which lasted about 2 hours, we made a few contacts for the next day and proceeded to walk back in the direction where we thought we were staying. We kept stumbling because of the holes in the street. Dennis kept saying that he was hungry and after wandering for an hour, we decided to stop at this outdoor restaurant. We managed to use sign language to order fish. We had salad with the fish. I suggested to Dennis that he avoid the salad. He did not, and as I am writing in my journal, he is moaning. Hopefully, the medicine will work. We reviewed the research protocol for tomorrow. The end of my first few hours in Tirana, Albania. It is interesting that in spite of my reluctance and poor attitude, there is a sense of purpose that is starting to settle in. I’m exhausted but alert, wondering what tomorrow will bring.

May 11, 1999. We began early, about 7 A.M. The only thing that looked safe for breakfast was hard rolls and banana juice. Dennis had some yogurt, but I don’t like yogurt so... We found our way back to the Pyramid. In the daylight, things looked different—worse. Soldiers were everywhere, young boys with guns pointed. We passed the American Embassy. It was chained, and guards were posted. We passed a number of vehicles with foreign country notations on the sides. One was a water purification vehicle from Marseilles, France. Another from Germany, one from Italy. The streets were atrocious. You had to look up to see where you were headed and down to see that you did not fall, and shaking your head up and down in Albanian means no. This could be the beginning of a problem. We found our way to the Pyramid... Children were sliding down this building that was shaped like a pyramid. We walked up ten or twelve flights of stairs to what appeared to be a command center and picked up the most recent statistics and quickly decided which NGOs we needed to contact: UNICEF, Bethany Christian Services, European Child Care, Child AID Direct, Mercy Corps International. We spent a few minutes with a map, which

25. "They" includes officials and coordinators from both governmental and charitable organizations overseeing relief efforts.

26. Ellipses in original.

27. Bethany Christian Services (www.bethany.org) is a Protestant organization that deals with children’s needs and with placements and adoptions for orphans; LDS Family Services has worked with them a number of times to arrange adoptions.
was useless. We met with Arben Vogli (Ben) in early afternoon. He is a native Albanian who is 32 years old. He joined the Church about 5 years ago. His total English was obtained from reading the Book of Mormon and other Church publications. He served in the military under Communism. His father was a national soccer star. He lives with his parents in a 3-room apartment. He is actually quite fluent in Book of Mormon English. He is a self-taught sculpturer by trade. . . . We worked out a schedule with him. There are about 20 Kosovars living with his family. There were two adult men, one very old, another man maybe 45, and the rest women and teenage children. They are the Saffauka family. Some of their given names are: Haki, Fatima, Mduffa, Xhezide, Arlihda, Teuta, Edi, Bardhyp, Dafima, and Eden. It became too confusing to write the other names. They were very glad to see us. One of the teenage girls served us some kind of carbonated drink in what looked like shot glasses. A small saucer was passed around with an apple that had been thinly cut into about 15 pieces. We briefly introduced ourselves as a charitable organization from America here to see how we could help. We asked them to share with us what it was like for them. Only the adults responded. Even when we addressed the adolescents, the adults responded for them. Ben interpreted our questions and their answers. They began to share horror stories. They were asked to leave their homes and meet in a high school or university area in Pristina. The soldiers insisted that they leave immediately and walk toward Albania. Some were allowed their cars, others nothing. Some family members were taken away. They didn’t know where they were. Some of the adult women began to weep. We sensed that we were retraumatizing them but that they needed to talk. They said that things were deteriorating in Pristina [before the actual attacks]. There was a ban on school attendance, and there were acts of discrimination by the Serbs, but they did not expect to have their neighbors turn on them. They talked about beatings. As they neared the border of Albania, the soldiers would arbitrarily separate families, more often than not taking the young boys and men and sending them in another direction. The room was heavy with emotion. Some of the girls

European Child Care (www.trot.org.uk) is actually European Children’s Trust (Byrd uses both terms), an NGO from England working to identify high-risk children. Children’s AID Direct (www.cad.org.uk) is an international charity based in Reading, England, which focuses rescue efforts on children in the aftermath of war or natural disasters. Mercy Corps International (www.mercycorps.org) performs services, but, even more, it coordinates the services of other charities; Mercy Corps had been working in the region for over six years by this time and had established a reputation for their efficiency and economy in the use of both funds and personnel. Bradley Bush, telephone interview with author, November 1999, January 2000.
were removed for a period of time and sexually assaulted and returned to the droves of people. Some of the girls tried to make themselves unattrac-
tive and to avoid eye contact with the soldiers. The Kosovars were very sen-
sitive about what they shared, not wanting to offend us. We had to say
several times that it was okay. We told them that the American people were
sorry for their struggles and wanted to help. We explained that our assign-
ment was to determine how we best could help. We ended by asking Ben to
simply tell them that we loved them. The room was very silent for a while,
and it's almost as if the spirit conveyed to them what words could not.

The little room was so crowded. There were so many people in that
room that movement was hardly possible. I felt like I was on a crowded bus.
But there was something about these people that I can't quite figure out.
There is a familiarity about them. Both Dennis and I made the same obser-
vation. We told them that we would like to visit with them again. They were
very courteous as we left. They shook our hands several times. As I left, the
oldest woman impulsively hugged me. I wasn't sure what to do, so I hugged
her back. Dennis and I both felt that somehow some of their pain had been
transferred to us. I'm not sure how to explain this.

We found our way to Mercy Corps International. The Church has been
working with them in Macedonia and some of the other camps. They were
interested in our comments about trauma and how it would likely surface.
They commented that if the host families failed, there would be chaos in
Tirana. As we ended the day and walked toward our housing, there was
apparent unrest in the streets. Police alarms seem almost continuous. Cars
were randomly stopped, and the car and participants searched. We man-
aged to find a place to eat on the way home. Actually, the food wasn't bad,
but everybody seems to smoke. I am beginning to have problems breathing
because of the smoke. As we neared the place where we were staying, for
the first time since I arrived in this country, I felt a sense of peace and some
strange kind of protection. I felt that we needed to be careful but there was
purpose for us being here that went beyond the refugee effort. Tomorrow,
we begin in the camps.

May 12, 1999. Today was spent in the camps. The first camp was an
outdoor camp near Tirana Lake. This was really tent city. The conditions
were very bad. There [was] some kind of old swimming pool in the middle
of the camp that had dirty water. Although the Kosovars were trying to
keep the dust down by spraying water and each tent seemed neat on the
inside, the conditions were really bad. The children, the faces of the chil-
dren—their eyes were haunting. I had packed as many bags of the jelly
beans as I could. To some children, I gave a package and watched them
share with one another. To others who hung around us, I gave one here and
there. One little boy grabbed Dennis's leg, and another just sat near me.
When I gave him a piece of the candy, the look on his face told me it had been a while since he had any sweets. We always checked with the parents. Each time the mother or father (there were mostly mothers) gave us a smile of gratitude almost as if we had chosen their child for some unusual prize. The dress of the Kosovars reminded me of a Halloween carnival—nothing matched but everything was clean. Some of the children had shoes that were far too large; others had shoes that did not match (fig. 2). As we stopped near one of the tents, an older man came out and, having no place for us to sit, made a makeshift stool from a brick and a piece of wood. As I looked over the vast, endless tents and watched the faces of the refugees, I had two impressions: one was that these people had been horribly treated, had witnessed things that no human should have witnessed, and the other was that they did not want to subject us to their experiences because they did not want to traumatize us. This wanting to protect us was something that I had not encountered before.

As we talked to the camp director, we learned that there was a need for clean water and that there were few places for the people to bathe. There was a central place where they could go during designated times and get bread and milk and sometimes fruit and vegetables (fig. 3). Each individual, including children, had identification tags around their necks. There was a need

Fig. 2. Two refugee Kosovars. Their somber expressions were typical, as was their attire—clean but mismatched, too large, or incomplete.
for sanitation kits, clothes for children. There was little to do in the camps. The men tended to walk around the camps, and the women seemed to either be washing clothes in little plastic containers (fig. 4) or swinging crying children in makeshift hammocks, which consisted of a piece of cloth with two women holding each end (fig. 5). We stopped by one woman's tent. She had her hands over her face as if she were crying. As we got a closer look, it appeared that the whole side of her face was an open wound. As we left the camp, Brother Jensen seemed preoccupied with getting stools for the camp. . . 28 I quietly said to myself, "This is really horrible, really horrible. I can't imagine anything any worse." The next camp was worse. This was an in-city camp, a kind of reception and holding center. It looked like it was an old gymnasium. One room was the size of a basketball court. There were wall-to-wall children. The smells, the stench was very bad.

28. The camps had only minimal furniture and equipment; the tents were furnished with beds and any other items refugees had managed to bring with them, which was not much. Few had any place for people to sit or tables to write on. Eventually, cheap, stackable plastic stools were obtained and distributed.
In fact we could only stay in certain places for a few minutes. The children's faces, however, looked the same—they were all tearstained. The camp director told us that 50 children slept on the sidewalk the previous night because there was no place for them. They were in desperate need for what they referred to as mattresses (basically foam mats). They needed soap and blankets and medical care. One woman ran to us and said her son had kidney stones and was in so much pain and asked if we could please help find a doctor.

The teenage boys and men seemed to smoke constantly. One 16-year-old boy approached me and spoke good English. He indicated that his parents were university professors. He had strong political views, spoke very authoritatively about what needed to be done: Milosovich was a criminal and needed to be "taken out." The children were asking for what we later found out was toothbrushes. The sights and smells were literally intolerable. I felt like I wanted to vomit. Other members of the team looked gray. Ben, our interpreter, however seemed fine, which seemed quite amazing to me.

We made a few notes on the data forms and moved to the next thing on our agenda, which was another host family. These refugees were living

![Fig. 4. Laundry line. To keep clean under difficult circumstances, each day the women hand washed clothing in small plastic buckets.](image)

29. This view was shared by many, including officials in NATO and the United States government.
in the home of President Addie Toska. The father in this refugee family was more outspoken than the previous family. He was angry (appropriately so) and quite detailed. He has a sister still in Kosovo. He told of 3000–4000 young boys who were detained by the Serbs as they were headed for Albania, many of whom he knew. Family members are still searching for them. He was an elementary school teacher and lost everything. He said that there were 8 million Serbs and 2 million Kosovars. There was nothing they could do. He talked about the executions. Apparently, there were lists. The Serb soldiers would simply arrive at a home and take the men on the list either to jail or someplace or would execute them in front of the family. He described young men being shot at arm’s length and left in front of their families dying. Others were maimed and left to suffer. Some children were killed because family members could not pay money. The graphic detail gave it a surrealistic taint. My logical mind does not want to believe these accounts, but there is something about the details.

Fig. 5. Makeshift hammock. When not occupied with chores, women teamed up to soothe a crying child.

30. President Toska led one of the branches of the Church in Tirana; he was also a state wrestling champion.
that make it true. Somehow the closeness to these eyewitness accounts makes it different from my visit to the Auschwitz camps—it’s like being in the middle of the holocaust and [being able to] do nothing. The refugee woman was pregnant and seemed about to deliver. The other children in the family seemed older than their years. In the midst of these discussions, we soon learned that the Toska family had prepared lunch for us. Dennis was still sick from the previous night, and I had no appetite. The smells from the last camp were imbedded in my mind. The atrocities described by this family pushed food further away from my mind. We gracefully tried to decline but could tell that we would offend because so much effort had been placed into the meal. We both took deep breaths, and I asked if I might wash my hands. I closed the small bathroom door, turned on the faucets full force, said a small prayer, and heaved a couple of times. We had a “full course meal.” The men were seated around a small coffee table while the women served the food. The children watched on. First there was a kind of chicken soup that was laden with grease, then boiled chicken, potatoes, and fresh salads. Dennis kept complimenting the women for the fine food. Each time he would make a statement, I could feel my food surface to my throat. Finally, I gave him a swift kick under the table. I think he either got the message or had to focus on keeping his own food down. As we left, we both felt nauseated. We tried to talk about what we had experienced, but the sentences all seemed disjointed. En route back to the our place, we met Ben’s girlfriend’s father, who insisted that we visit his home. At least the apples were peeled, and the salty pretzels actually seemed to help.

Dennis and I are sitting in the room feeling very sick: how much is real and how much is psychological remains to been seen. As we complete the research protocols, we agree that there seems to be something inherently evil about what has happened to the Kosovars. It’s more than just conflict between two groups of people. There is a presence when the Kosovars talk about what they have witnessed that makes us want to detach from this whole thing, but we know that we can’t. Tomorrow, we are scheduled for the camps in Durrës. It really can’t get any worse.

May 13, 1999. Durrës was only a short distance from Tirana, but it took a couple of hours. We left at 7:30 A.M. and arrived in Durrës after 10 A.M. (about 30 miles) We hired a native driver who was a talkative man. We did not understand much of what he said, but it did not seem to deter him. Ben, our guide went with us. We had suggested the night before that we would be glad to have a couple of the Kosovars from the host families accompany us, thinking that it might give the host family a break and provide some diversion for the Kosovars. As Ben met us this morning, he had two Kosovars with him but said that there were others who wanted to go as well but that they would not go if we did not want them to. We, of course, said yes. To our
surprise, out of nowhere came all of these refugees, enough to fill up the van! Most of them were teenagers, and, contrary to our visit in the host home, they were very talkative, and we were surprised that most spoke fairly good English. They talked about the differences between Kosovars and Albanians and seemed more familiar with America than we were with Kosovo. We visited two camps in Durrës, both run by the Italians.\textsuperscript{31} The first camp was quite orderly, with a self-government program set up by the Italians. They had set up Kosovar governing councils and carefully controlled entrances and exits to the camps. Some of the Italian soldiers were playing games with the Kosovar children. We arrived at the camps at the same time a large group of refugees did. There was a mass of children and women, looking very tired, dirty, and crying (fig. 6). There was one tractor bed that housed about 30 people. The look on their faces was somewhere

\textsuperscript{31} Each refugee camp was sponsored by a different nation or humanitarian group. The sponsor set up camp and provided beds, tents, food, sanitation, and security. All residents were required to register and wear tags to control who came into the camp.
between exhaustion and fear. One little boy ran up to me and hugged me. Jelly beans really do come in handy. The Italian camps had white tops to reflect the heat. There were trenches around the tents to prevent water from coming in. The apparent organizational structure was helpful (fig. 7).

The second camp was even better organized. Medical care was located at the front, and the refugees simply looked better cared for. Both camps were a stark contrast to the camps in Tirana. As we talked with the camp directors, they seemed more businesslike, as if they were in Albania to do a job. They insisted on order and that people help themselves. The Kosovars were responsible for responding to needs, for distribution of food, and for bringing problems to the attention of the governing councils. It appeared that special attention was being paid to keeping families together and helping family members locate other family members. Our feelings about the camp were much more positive than the other camps. We made notes on our forms and decided to head for the beach along the Adriatic. When we got close to the Adriatic, one of the Kosovar boys started to run for the water, removing his clothes as he went. It was as if they had never seen beaches and water before. We found out later that it was the case. We watched the young people romp and play in the water and on the water's edge. You could sense that their spirits had been lifted. The parents looked on in kind of a detached way. It was almost as if they were glad that their children could have some diversion but sad because they knew it was temporary.
We managed to find a restaurant along the sea and ordered lunch. The time seemed to be a respite for everyone, including us. Conversation was light and funny. There were a few times when one of the teenagers mentioned a friend in Kosovo, but for the most part it was an animated conversation. The driver joined us and seemed surprised but happy that we had invited him.

Tomorrow we present to the missionaries on responding to trauma, have scheduled meetings with European Child Care, meet with UNICEF and Bethany Christian Services.32

May 14, 1999. We had breakfast with Robert and Carolyn Wolthuis33 this morning—same thing: hard rolls and banana juice, and Dennis had

32. Part of Byrd and Ashton’s job was to explain to LDS missionaries and workers from other relief agencies how to recognize and deal with traumatized individuals. Missionaries, for example, would encounter people who needed to tell their stories over and over; while listening may not have been directly related to the missionaries’ main goal of teaching, their service was a needed act of love.

33. Robert and Carolyn Wolthuis, a missionary couple from Germany, came into the region to gather information and report to the area presidency.
yogurt. I knew Bob when we lived in Washington, D.C. President Lenker picked us up for an 8:30 A.M. meeting with the missionaries—29 of them. What a sight! We gave a short presentation on how trauma is reflected in the lives of the Kosovars and some practical ways in which they and others could help. The presentation was well received. Many took notes feverishly. Some of the elders had already been in the camps on their preparation day, and others were acquainted with the refugees in LDS host homes. Later we saw some of the missionaries on the streets of Tirana, and they expressed appreciation for the instruction. We suggested to the missionaries that they may want to write letters to their families and that we would take them when we left and call their families, letting the families know that they were okay.34

We had our first meeting with European Children Trust, an NGO from England. They are small and are beginning to identify “high-risk” Albanian families. These are families that are already receiving some kind of public assistance who have refugees in their homes. The number of refugees in these families range from 4 to 21, with an average of 14. They are having trouble just feeding them. There appears to be some breakdown in the process for getting

34. While mail service existed in Albania, it was often slow and irregular. Byrd’s and Ashton’s communications with missionaries’ families were most kindly received.
food, and some of the refugees are refusing to be registered. Nonetheless, the conditions in some of the homes are very bad. The ECT folks reiterated what we had heard from the NGO meetings—there would be chaos in the streets if the host families fail. Particular concerns were expressed about adolescents, some of whom were leaving the camps already. ECT also noted that some of the refugees were returning to the camps because the host families could no longer care for them. They are working with the Albanian government in identifying these families and invited us to join them. Feti is a Kosovar social-work student who is working with them. Feti shared a great deal about his experience in Kosovo. From an educated family, he is living with his sister in Albania. Apparently, his brother is an activist who is in hiding in Kosovo. He does not know where other family members are and seemed very worried. He shared times when he was detained by the soldiers or police and threatened with a knife to his throat. Several times during the discussion, he seemed on the verge of tears. His English was poor, but he managed to convey some strong feelings. The tears seemed very labored—he seemed angry. Sensing that he was having a hard time but wanted to tell his story, we suggested that we might meet with him later to learn the details of his experience. He was agreeable, and the rest of the ECT staff seemed relieved. We talked about other needs, such as blankets and mattresses and children's clothes. They invited us to join them in the assessment process.

We found two places that would accept credit cards—the Europark Hotel and the Tirana International Hotel. When we walked into the Europark, we felt as if we were in a very classy European hotel. There were flowers and greenery everywhere; waiters were eager to seat us. Many of the NATO officials and the CNN folks were there. The only reminders that we were in Albania were the Apache helicopters that would occasionally fly over and the noise from the police sirens in the street.

Walking in Tirana is a real nightmare. Everyone uses their horns, the few stop lights are not heeded, and you simply dart in and out between the cars. Near collisions were a frequent occurrence. We heard that drivers always had the right of way and that pedestrians were always in the wrong. Soldiers were posted on the route between the two hotels. They seemed focused and yet oblivious to the circumstances around them and in a position where they could activate the firearms at any moment. Parts of the streets around the soldiers were roped off, and you had to walk quite a distance away from them. It was reminiscent of my visit from Dublin to Northern Ireland.35

35. Byrd had taken a side trip to Belfast after a business trip to Dublin several years before and was impressed by the constant presence of soldiers, roadblocks, and other symptoms of ongoing war.
There were money changers at virtually every corner. They were offering “good deals” exchanging American dollars for Albanian leks. There were so many beggars in the street, some selling cigarettes or candies and others simply asking for food. There was a little boy about three or four who was very dirty who seemed to sleep in the middle of the street. Everyone walked around him. We had seen him for the past few days. Also today, shortly after we met the missionaries on the street, a woman with three children, an infant in her arms, followed us for a ways begging for money or food. It was hard not to give her something, but we had been asked not to do so.

It was late evening by the time we walked home. There were crowds around the Pyramid area. Vendors were everywhere, and so many children just seemed to wander. We noticed some older couples who just wandered around talking.

On the way back to our housing, we saw a familiar scene—car washing. There were so many nice cars, Mercedes and all, in Albania. My mind remembered the “stolen car capital of the world.” Apparently, cars are stolen and shipped to Albania. People, mostly young men, seem to be always washing and waxing their cars with water draining into the streets or being sprayed onto ongoing pedestrians.

The walk to our housing seemed strangely safer. Perhaps either we knew the way, or we were beginning to acclimate to a threatening situation. Dennis seemed to stumble every few minutes. If you did not know about the potholes, you could easily conclude that Dennis had too much to drink. Dennis and I had a lively discussion about the Church and Church employment. I had little contact with Dennis prior to this experience. He’s an interesting fellow.

May 15, 1999. I think today is Saturday, but I am not sure. We seem to get so little sleep, and the days kind of flow into one. Dennis seems overwhelmed by what we are doing. He seems relieved when I point out some directions from the research, such as the need to fill in the gaps, to partner with other NGOs, and to use the Kosovars as resources to help themselves. The Italian camp experiences really highlighted the differences. The Jensens and Wolthuises called early this morning and asked us to accompany them to the camps to deliver the stools. He had managed to obtain about 400 plastic stools. I asked about distribution, and, just as I had thought, [there was] no real plan. I expressed to Dennis my concerns about being mobbed, with particular concerns about Brother Wolthuis who was using two walking canes. We tried to deliver a stool to each tent—it did not work! The refugees literally grabbed the stools from us. We managed to make the best of the situation and think that most tents received at least one stool. My arms were badly scraped from trying to hold onto a few stools and were bleeding. I kept watching Brother Wolthuis, thinking that almost for certain that he would be knocked down. This was the first time that I witnessed a moblike trait among the refugees. I could not quite figure out why the stools seem to carry so much value. We were exhausted after the stool delivery project. We decided to explore Tirana a bit. We had indicated to Salt Lake that
family services missionaries would be needed, and we thought that we might begin looking for possible places to house them or even determine what community resources or events might be available to them. We found a museum that was in the process of setting up an exhibition and found an art academy in an old dilapidated building. It did not seem quite as hot or humid today as we wandered around Tirana. There is an interesting custom that seemed more apparent today than previous days—boys and girls walk around holding hands or with arms around each other. That is, boys with boys and girls with girls. Most are late teenagers or young adults. In the town center, there are several fountains. Children, some as old as nine or ten are wading in the fountain pools. Some had bathing suits; others, without. There seemed to be no adult supervision. As we meandered toward our housing area, the police sirens were either not as loud, or we didn't notice them. The potholes were not as bad, or we didn’t fall as much. The food was not as bad, or we were not as sick. But the smoke seemed worse. I am still having a difficult time breathing. I wonder what the lung cancer rate is in Albania. We stopped by a little outdoor stand and asked for some “uje par gas”—water without fizz or minerals. I’ll never take water for granted again.

May 16, 1999. We went to the Tirana Branch this morning. Everything was in Albanian, but the music was very LDS—“I Am a Child of God,” “I Know that My Redeemer Lives.” The meeting began with about 50 people and ended with about 70. The building was old and not very well kept, but good by Albanian standards. The people were very friendly, and the missionaries helped in the translation. There were about 20 in the Sunday School class and about 15 in the priesthood meeting. There were about half a dozen young men, all dressed very nicely. There were about 3–4 adult men and the rest older women, adolescent women, and children. Between the meetings, many went outside to socialize. When we left Church, we headed for the Europark for lunch—expensive or not, it’s one of the few places where we felt that the food was safe. After lunch we headed to our housing area. Dennis and I reviewed our research protocols, and he began mapping out places for those who would follow us. We talked about the need for family histories and family pictures. The refugees seem to have lost a sense of time. Many had drawn little maps where people had lived or had been buried. They were interested in talking to us about their families. In one family earlier in the week, they had managed to obtain a few pictures of where they lived in Pristina and seemed enamored of pictures and family histories. Almost simultaneously, Dennis and I both thought how important this was and how we should include this in any service that we provide.36 Ben came over early this evening with his girlfriend, Violetta. . . .

36. Byrd later observed, “These people had been through such trauma they had lost a sense of who they were. We found that by taking pictures of them, we could help
Violetta speaks little English but is majoring in French at the University. We talked a bit in French, and she seemed more comfortable.37

We planned our schedule for the week: Bethany, School of Social Work, camps in Elbasan, other host families. The pizza was disappointing.

_**May 17, 1999.**_ We began at the Pyramid this morning. The refugees are continuing to arrive. More space is being made in the camps. There are some concerns about the heat of the summer. There is a need for hygiene kits and clean water. We listened to a few refugees tell how their identification papers were taken from them at the border along with what money they had.

The Wolthuises and Jensens wanted a preliminary meeting to have us share our observations with them. The Jensens (he is a pharmacist), arrived in Tirana a week or so before we did. The Wolthuises are located in Frankfurt, Germany, and are acting as the Region Agent, kind of interfacing with welfare and the ecclesiastical leaders. We had little to share except some observations about filling in the gaps and developing partnerships. . . .

We had a very long visit with Bethany Christian Services. We have worked with them in our adoption program in the States. We knew some of the same administrators, and there seemed to be an immediate bond. We explored what they were doing and how we might help them. Their staff members are clinical professors at the School of Social Work in Tirana. It's a small school that is very poor. They have begun to identify Kosovars and Albanians who are professional mental health workers. The school has very few books and virtually no books or training materials on trauma. We talked about how we might assist in this area. They are working with UNICEF in setting up Child-Friendly Spaces for the children in the camps and in the host homes. They have identified Kosovar and Albanian teachers and have managed some kind of accreditation for the programs. Also they have set up temporary shelter for pregnant women and indicated that they would be glad to have pregnant women directed to them. They have actually been in Albania for more than a year and seemed accepted by the community.

We met with another refugee family and host family today. Arta is a member of the Church; her family is not. There was one man, an older

---

37. Byrd's parents are American and Chinese, so he grew up bilingual; he has also been fluent in French, which he says returns pretty well in times of crisis, and he knows a little Spanish. During their stay in Albania, he picked up a little of that language.
woman, and several younger women. One of the women identified herself as the daughter of the older woman and sister or sister-in-law of the other women. This daughter was from Australia and had come to retrieve her family. We were not prepared for what we heard. As the older woman began to talk, there was a verbal moan that emerged from her. It sounded like a dying animal. She told how the soldiers had come to her home one evening and asked that the men, including her husband, two sons, two relatives, and a neighbor, come outside. The soldiers told the women to stay inside. These 6 men were executed in the front of the house in full view of family members. The family members were not allowed to retrieve the bodies for 24 hours in order to violate Muslim law. They were hurriedly buried in the family's backyard to avoid the bodies being burned. The older woman produced a small piece of paper with the name Bytsi in the center with six rectangles representing 6 graves. The room was overwhelmed with emotion (fig. 8). The heaviness of the air made it hard to breathe. I tried to imagine what it might be like but couldn’t. Words of comfort were just beyond my reach. Dennis did better as he tried to empathize with their sorrow. I watched one of the younger women whose tears were different from
Plate 1. Black clouds mark the day Kosovar children witnessed massive destruction and death. In the children’s drawings, red stands for fire or blood, both of which are copious in this image. The artist has written “Serbia” on the bomber, although the plane was probably a NATO craft. NATO actions confused many Kosovar children. The artists’ names are Arta and Begata, both girls. The top line of text is “Wind Night [illegible word that may be a last name].”

Plate 2. Testifying of the events he witnessed, Leotrim, the seventh-grade artist, wrote on his image, “In Kosovo, I have seen houses burning, kin killed.” (BYU Studies thanks Earta Shytë, who translated the Albanian texts in the children’s drawings.)
Plate 3. Slain by machine guns, unarmed citizens, including two babies, lie bleeding upon the ground while their homes are destroyed by tank fire and grenades. The artist is Fisnik, a fourth-grade boy from Gjakov, Kosovo.

Plate 3a. In this detail, note how specifically the artist locates the wounds. He may be the boy witnessing the slaughter.
PLATE 4. The dead, the terrorized, the mourning versus tanks, armed soldiers, and troop carriers—eighth-grader Shpnesa has catalogued the elements of a Serb attack upon a Kosovar village.

PLATE 4a. Grieving over her daughter, the Kosovar woman in this detail becomes a universal symbol, her pose that of a folk pietà.
PLATE 5. Couching events in allegory is another way of expressing trauma. In this portrayal, the tree is Kosovo, and the snake ascending it represents the Serbs. Note the hapless bird perched in the tree. The picture is signed Skender(?), Bekim, Latif, and Gzim, all seventh-grade boys.

PLATE 6. While Serbs fire upon Kosovars, NATO jets bomb the Serbs. Both wreak havoc on a Kosovar structure. On the drawing are the names of three seventh-grade boys: Korab, Agim, and Faoil.
the others. She was somewhat catatonic. Every few minutes, I could see one visible tear flow down her face. I could not imagine so much pain in one place. My mind simply could not comprehend, my feelings were numb. I did not know these people, and yet their grief was somehow being transferred to me. I wonder if this is what it means to carry one another’s burden. This experience was worse than the camps, worse than anything I could imagine. How this family was holding together, I did not have a clue. In fact, I was nearly falling apart. The details of the eye being gouged out, dragging the men into the home with blood everywhere, the grief of family members, burying them in the backyard. Nothing I had seen on the news prepared me for this. Indeed, the news had underreported this. This family had not protected us from the atrocities or from their grief. Dennis and I could hardly talk as we left. I thought to myself, “I’ll never be the same.” I wanted to get the thoughts and feelings, the verbal pictures out of my head, but I wanted them to stay. For a minute, I felt like I was losing it and that it was a good thing to do. I could see how insanity could be a relief from reality. I don’t exactly remember how we ended the interview. I remember just looking at them, afraid to be any more empathic than I could take. The daughter from Australia followed us out, told us that the bodies had been videotaped and that she would like for us to see the video. Trying to be cordial and respectful, we told her of our taxed schedule and that we would try to find a time. She indicated that she had used the video at the German embassy as a way of trying to get her family to Germany. I sensed that it was important to her that we see the video, and I hoped that we would not.

Neither Dennis nor I could talk very much as we left Arta’s house. Ben tried to make conversation but could tell that we were shaken. We saw Ben’s father on a bicycle. His father was a champion soccer player in his day and had apparently been in the Olympics. In turn, the government had provided housing and a pension for him. The lighter conversation helped but not much. I couldn’t eat for the rest of the day. I am sure there will be no sleep tonight. Nothing could have prepared me for this day. We tried to plan for tomorrow. Not much luck.

**May 18, 1999.** We traveled to Elbasan today to visit the Turkish camp. We took a different group of Kosovars with us. It was a similar experience to the other group. The roads were very rocky, and we had the same talkative driver. We stopped by an old castle en route. The town’s folks look very rugged. The scenery was really quite nice. It was a break from Tirana. We arrived at the camp just minutes after Tony Blair. The camp was

---

38. British prime minister.
about 5000. It wasn't the best run camp nor the worse. The refugees said that they had sufficient food and clothing but there was no place to bathe. Most had been there for several weeks. Soup was being prepared in large vats (fig. 9), and women were in line with their pots. Sewer facilities were another concern. Most tents seem to have women and children. One tent had nearly 20 women and children (mostly girls, there was one boy). They tearfully told us that the men and boys had been separated at the border and had been killed. The looks on their faces were laced with pain, fear, and confusion. We asked if we might take a photograph (fig. 10). We were approached by some of the men in the camp and asked to join them in front of one of the tents. They asked if we were Americans. When we responded we were, they just hung onto us; some of them wept openly. They seated us on a blanket and tried to offer us some of their meager food and coffee. They openly talked about the horrors in Kosovo. One produced a list of those who had been executed. We photographed the paper with hopes that it might take (fig. 11). As we walked through the camp, the faces of the children would make any parent openly weep. Objectivity is not possible when it comes to children.
A Diary of the Kosovar Refugee Camps

The Kosovars who accompanied us were actually from this camp. They were so glad to see their friends. It was a kind of reunion as they hugged each other and talked. In the center of the camp was a satellite television in one of the tents. The tent was filled with people. When they saw us coming, they quickly opened a way for us. The television provides information about the war with a script at the bottom of the screen telling where certain families were located (fig. 12).39

We spent time with several of the families asking about their experiences in Kosovo and getting here. You could almost see all of the stages of grief at the same time: denial, anger, depression, wondering what to do, trying to accept the circumstances, but being so unsure about tomorrow. Even under these circumstances, there is feeling of goodness about these people. They are very likeable. The younger children would find their way to us and just sit, edging their way closer and closer, and when they were in arm’s reach, we

Fig. 10. Pain, fear, confusion—faces of one tent’s inhabitants. As was the case elsewhere, most of the refugees were women and girls.

39. The sheer chaos of the exodus led to separations of families, but the Serbs exacerbated the problem in many cases by forcing family members on different trains or trucks and by delaying the departure of young women they raped. Aid workers tried various methods to reunite families. Byrd was especially impressed with one woman, a mother of six. She had been able to hold onto two of her children, but the other four were scattered. She tenaciously checked the lists and television reports and successfully reassembled her family.
would put an arm around their shoulders, and the next thing we knew, they were hugging us. Scenes of Jesus and the children kept flashing through my head. Strangely enough, I felt like I wanted to linger a while longer in this camp. The air in this mountain camp was good, and we could certainly find enough work to do. As we began to leave, we did not need a translator to tell us that these people were asking us to stay. They wanted to talk more, to tell us one more thing. The interpreter said they feel safe when we are here.

As we were leaving the camp, we were greeted by two missionaries (fig. 13). They seemed healthy and happy. They had spent time in the camp on their p-day doing sports with the children. They wrote letters to their parents that we will transport with us. They said that the missionary work was going very well. In February, there were 14 people in attendance at sacrament meeting in the local branch. Last Sunday, there were 67. The members in the little branch would go into the camps on a regular basis and invite a family to their home for food and to take baths. It is interesting how members of the Church were trying to help. We gathered the Kosovars who accompanied us. This was quite a task because they seemed to enjoy their friends. Just as we were boarding the van, a couple of the teenagers started talking about food. Elbasan reminded me of the poorest town in West Virginia. As we were leaving Elbasan, one of the teenage boys started talking about pizza. We decided to stop and feed them. The place was nearly empty but looked clean. They led us to a private room upstairs, and we could overlook the town. There was some kind of farmer's market and huge garage sale going on. It really looked
like a giant pigpen. There were few cars and a number of mule drawn wagons. It looked like it was going to rain, so people were hurrying to load things up. We ordered pizzas. I remembered in one of the other restaurants that each person ordered a pizza. So each Kosovar ordered a pizza. I ordered a pepperoni pizza, which I knew was really too much to hope for. When the pizza came, they understood the pepper part but left out the roni. I got a very thin pizza with a little sauce and cheese and slices of green peppers! It was actually pretty awful. While the others were waiting on their pizzas, there was a great deal of lively discussion, some good natured teasing. One of the girls had brought a few pictures and was anxious to show us how things were in Kosovo. They really are homesick and want to go home. As we asked them about the problems in Kosovo, the mood turned sad as they began to tell how they were given little notice about leaving their homes and friends and how some of their friends disappeared. They told about their Serb neighbors who turned against them, stories about children being killed and returned to their parents because they could not pay money.40 The boys seemed able

Fig. 12. Elbasan television. Satellite communications enabled these Kosovars to obtain news about the war and of the whereabouts of refugee family members.

40. Some of the Serbs accepted bribes to help families get out of the country, but others simply resorted to kidnapping, ransom, and murder, knowing their government would not prosecute them.
to talk, the girls were quiet—one just sat and stared; another tried to stop the tears. The pizzas came. One of the Kosovar boys ate his pizza and sampled everyone else’s. Some of the girls could not finish theirs, and he collected the leftovers indicating that he was going to share them with the other Kosovars in Tirana. He ate all of the pizza on the way home. As we were leaving the restaurant, this same boy who must be about 14, leaned over to look at some ice cream in a freezer. I asked him if he would like some ice cream. His response was, “Do you?” I said, “It sounds like we both do.” We had ice cream. The trip on the way home seemed shorter. The Kosovars seemed more lively as they talked and laughed. They don’t seem to understand who we are or why we are being kind to them. As we arrived in Tirana and were saying goodbye to them, impulsively they hugged us and thanked us many times.

Dennis and I began sorting the day out. We certainly had mixed feelings about the camps and felt host families were needed, but we also felt that the host families needed a break from the Kosovars and the Kosovars from the host families. Today was a good example of how it could be done.41 . . . We talked about ways we could begin sending data and preparing couples to follow us. . . . We are becoming more optimistic. I’m not sure why. We just are.

41. Byrd and other aid workers found several useful ways to involve the Kosovars staying with host families in activities that took them out of the homes for a few hours, giving the host families respite and the refugees worthwhile outlets. One was to take them to the camps where they participated with those living in tents in learning their own native handicrafts; the older people would teach the younger, and together they produced some beautiful products.
We talked to a couple of men who had just arrived in Tirana to install an early alarm system in the American Embassy just down the street. They had strict orders not to leave where they were staying except to go to the embassy. They indicated to us that the Serbs had crossed the Albanian border last evening and had attacked an Albania village. We were a little shaken by the story but decided that we should listen to CNN and talk to the mission president and plan a way to get out of the country if we needed to. The mission president indicated that the missionaries had been evacuated before, and they were able to find a way out. There are no flights in or out of the airport. We decided that we could probably find our way to Durrës and cross the Adriatic into Italy if needed. Dennis feels like going home. I think we should stay.

May 19, 1999. This date, 1971, Mother died. What memories that brings back! We had a team meeting with the Jensens and ECT (European Children’s Trust). We worked on a modest proposal for having blankets and foam mattresses available for some of the high-risk families in Albania. These folks seem very sincere in wanting to help. Actually, they seemed familiar with the LDS Church and were very positive.

We attended the UNICEF meeting and received training in creating Child-Friendly Spaces. They have equipment available for each of four tents: one for baby washing and mothers, another for school, another for recreation, and one for psychosocial problems (fig. 14). We were given a training document to determine how we could assist in implementation. These folks are really professional and have everything worked out. We decided that partnerships would be very easy to do with Bethany or others and that the elders could assist in the recreational part quite easily. We will return tomorrow for more training. We found some information about Child Aid Direct and will try to locate them tomorrow as well. The Gregersens will arrive on June 3, and we still need to find housing for them.

Attended the host-family meeting this afternoon. The Albanian officials are worried whether or not the families can last very much longer. They are asking for any assistance to support these families. Some of the sources of support are not sufficient. There are reports that the Red Cross and others are running out of supplies and that there are supplies at the airport that can’t get past customs. Needs were expressed for clean water.

42. Albanian missionaries had been removed from the country when the NATO bombings began in March but returned soon after when it became evident that, although the country would be inundated by refugees, the actual fighting would remain in Serbia.

43. Juel and Darlene Gregersen indeed followed soon. Byrd returned to Utah on a Thursday and trained them over the weekend; they were in Albania two days later.
Fig. 14. A Child-Friendly Space. Provisioned by UNICEF and in this case set up by Bethany Christian Services, these spaces feature a tent for each of four services: baby washing and mother assistance, recreation, psychosocial support, and schooling.
It's really hot today. . . . Maybe we can finish early. We have enough defined ways in which we could help: partnerships with the Albanian Government, Bethany, ECT, and maybe Child Care Direct; training of Kosovar and Albanian counselors, as well as direct services delivery.

**May 20, 1999.** Children's Aid Direct was almost impossible to find. They are located behind the Pyramid near the Swedish Embassy. They are a Reading, England-based organization with a very recent history in Albania. They have an infant care project in the camps, where mothers and children can receive medical attention. A nurse heads each team, which has three additional assistants. They also have a school-based program where they provide humanitarian relief through the school system. They have identified Albanian counselors who are housing Kosovars and are distributing supplies through the school system. Their teams are serving about 300 families today. They are also developing a community services psychosocial work team. Currently they have social workers and youth case-workers. They have host family-based programs as well as camp programs. They are targeting children with special needs. They talked about implementing a program that would leave something for the Albanians. . . . I have been thinking about Child Care Direct workers who wanted to leave something for the Albanians. These people are substantially less well off than the Kosovars [were] before the war. Yet they are willing to share what little they have. With all the focus on the Kosovars, the Albanians are almost neglected. They are the real heroes in this mess. How many of us with a 3-room apartment would open our doors to 20 strangers? I feel a bit ashamed that I had not seen this before. We need to look very carefully at what we might do to assist the Albanian families as well. My mind returned to the visit to the first host-family home where we were served a piece of a thinly sliced apple. Dennis and I spent some time talking about how we missed this and how we had to begin interviewing the Albanian families.

[In a meeting, someone expressed concern with disorder, suggesting all that was needed to solve the problems was for the refugees to conform to protocols. Byrd, more experienced in crisis situations, was aware that it would take some while to register all the refugees and make protocols consistent.] This is the first time that I felt anger for a long time. . . . We tried to make [the complainers] understand that it was better to duplicate services than to neglect any family whether or not they were registered, that the children needed to be fed. . . . Some of the Kosovars we interviewed stood in lines for hours only to be told that either they needed more identification or that supplies were limited. Even the NGOs admitted they were lacking in basic supplies. My goodness, we are talking about babies who need milk and bread, not candy and cake!
Fig. 15. Drawing of a Kosovar school burning after an attack. Depicting the horrific events they have survived is one way some children deal with trauma. The artist identified herself as Behije, age 12, from Jangist Village, Malishvë Area, Kosovo. The surnames of the children who drew this picture and those in plates 1–6 have been deleted.
The UNICEF meeting was well organized as usual. They led us through the set-up of Child-Friendly Spaces and suggested that we visit the one at the Lake Camp. We saw the people from the Child Care Direct at the meeting and talked a bit. We could see how easy it would be to partner with the other NGOs. The only difference is that it’s a business for them and our services are free.

We had some soup and pasta at the restaurant down the street. When we returned, the two men who were wiring the embassy wanted to talk to us. They talked about the special sensors that they were using to wire the embassy. I thought it quite strange for them to tell us about this stuff. They asked about the camps and asked if they could go with us.

Feti, one of the Kosovars who works with ECT showed up and wanted to talk to us. He had a friend with him. He wanted to tell us in more detail about the atrocities in Kosovo. When he talked about children being raped, his dark eyes reflected a great deal of anger. He is one of 10 children. He is not sure of the whereabouts of his family members in Kosovo. The details were more of the same but more graphic. He recounted a personal experience of having a knife held to his throat. He is not sure how he managed to escape death. He fears the worse for his family members, particularly his parents. He told of family members hiding in basements and abandoned houses and in unsafe places, never knowing when they would be found and killed. His voice quivered with emotion as he talked about not being able to do a thing. He says, “I think it will come to an end but it will be too late. We need the Americans to come quickly and bring an end to this. Each day lives are being taken. How much longer do we have to wait? Can you tell my story? I’m sure if the Americans could see that they would help.” For a minute, I felt like I was dealing with a helpless child. But then I recognized that the Kosovars had been reduced to helpless children.

**May 21, 1999.** Worked with UNICEF at the Tirana Lake Camp. Improvements are being made in this camp. The UNICEF Child-Friendly Spaces have been set up by Bethany, school is in session, medical care is being provided. Albanian and Kosovar teachers have been identified. Some are holding classes outside in the park area near the lake. The students and teachers seem glad to have some structure in their lives. The school tents reflected the children’s drawings and paintings. Themes of houses burning, people dying, and NATO bombings were reflected (fig. 15, plates 1–4, 6).

---

44. Child-Friendly Spaces are like camps, either day or overnight camps, where children can go to play, learn crafts, and generally enjoy in safety the ordinary experiences of childhood. Several are located in the Balkan area and are often staffed by volunteers from America and Europe.
Several of the children wanted to tell us about their drawings. One boy had drawn a picture of a tree with a snake around it. The tree was Kosovo, and the snake was the Serbs (plate 5). The Relief Society President of the local branch had set up tent in the middle of the camp. She had several mats in the tent. She told us that during the night that some of the children who could not find space in their own tents would wander in to sleep. Outside this camp, some group or organization had set up a carnival with bumper cars. The children seemed to be enjoying the distraction.

Dennis watched the bumper cars, and I wandered around the tents. The smaller children were not allowed to ride on the bumper cars. There seemed to be so many children who were 2, 3, or 4 years old. It is interesting that they never asked for anything. Some just hung around us; others peered from the tent openings. The jelly bean supply had been exhausted earlier. In fact, I had emptied my small bag to see if there might be some gum. As I wandered around the camp, the tents seemed to stretch forever. The few Albanian words I had mastered seemed to come in handy, “Si Je” (How are you?) or “Bukur Familia” (beautiful family). In the doorway of one of the tents was a beautiful little girl. She was just standing. From her color, she did not seem to fit with the other children. She had been crying, and there were tearstains on one side of her face. Remembering that the jelly bean supply had been long gone, I was saddened that I had nothing to give her. I asked the surrogate mother if I could just put an arm around her, perhaps for some comfort. The woman seemed pleased and pushed the little girl toward me. As I bent down to put an arm around her, I heard a sound from my bag. The sound startled me, and I quickly straightened up. I opened the bag, took out my papers, camera, and other things. At the bottom of the bag was the last package of jelly beans! I reflected on this experience much of this evening. I am not sure where the jelly beans came from or if this experience actually occurred. I think I took a picture of the little girl with the jelly beans (fig. 16). Oh well, I have to wait until I return to the states to see the pictures. I am still bothered about how the jelly beans got there.

President Lenker asked if we would come to a meeting to provide some general recommendations about what we had assessed. We offered some general recommendations, emphasizing the need for the Kosovars to help themselves. We suggested some structure so that any project money could be evaluated for its usefulness and benefits. We tried to help them understand that we could not evaluate the project without some objectives and guidelines.

We had dinner at the Europark, where Dennis and I discussed the meetings. We both felt uncomfortable with providing information about a proposal that was yet to be finished. When we returned to our
housing unit, we received a call from Elder Stanger.\textsuperscript{45} He indicated that Fabiolo wanted us to see the video that was smuggled out of Kosovo. Like the meal at the branch president’s house, we could not get out of it. We agreed to meet Fabiolo and the elders at the church at 10:30 tomorrow to watch the video. Neither of us wanted to see the video, but we decided that it could not be any worse than the experience at the host home.

We spent some time thinking about how we would leave Tirana. Dennis spends a great deal of time just watching out the window, watching the soldiers and police stop and search cars that are entering Tirana. Sirens seem to go on all night long.

**May 22, 1999.** We met Elder Stanger and [his companion] Elder Conlee\textsuperscript{46} at the church. It was raining horribly. The electricity in the church was out. Elder Stanger went next door and asked a woman if we could use her VCR and she seemed very gracious to let us use her home. The video was graphic. The silence during this homemade video was so loud that you could hardly concentrate on the video. The story was repeated to us: The Serbian soldiers arrived at the Bytysi home around 8 P.M. on March 26, 1999. They called the men from the house using a list. The remainder of the family members were instructed to remain inside. The men were killed. The Bytysi family were not allowed to

---

\textsuperscript{45} Elder Brandon Stanger is from Walnut, California.

\textsuperscript{46} Elder David Conlee is from Orem, Utah.
retrieve the bodies for burial preparation until the following evening. They then dragged the bodies to a nearby Holy Place (a church) to prepare them for burial. They were buried in the backyard with threats by the Serbs of having the bodies burned.

The video had the men laid out. Close-up of the wounds revealed brutalized bodies. The older man's eye had been gouged out, or [he] had been shot both through the eye as well as through the head. The others had been shot through the temples. Pools of blood could be seen. Tremendous weeping could be heard as the mother was alternately grieving over husband and sons. It was the same woman whose grief-stricken heart we had heard earlier. A little boy perhaps 5 or 6 could be seen wandering around the bodies, not knowing exactly what to do. In one scene, he seemed to be trying to wake the men up. There were quite a number of people in the video, all who seemed to be distressed. Subsequent to the deaths, the remainder of the family fled to a cousin's house in another part of the city where they lived in the basement for nearly a month. One member of the family became very sick. They arrived in Tirana, trying to get help for this family member. The family had some connection to the Arta Smagli family. Apparently the father in the Smagli family had worked with a brother in the Bytysi family. Also one of the daughters had been in Tirana before and had some knowledge of the Smagli family. The Bytysi family have no friends, no identification, and have had little assistance from the Red Cross or other organizations. They represent one of the gaps in humanitarian services. Preparation for the video did not seem to help much. I felt traumatized again. I could not get the image of the little boy out of my mind. This child, probably a grandchild, would be forever scarred by this trauma.

I'm not sure that this journal writing is such a good thing. A reexperiencing of trauma seems to occur as we recount it.

**Not sure of this date in May.** Much of our time has been spent in the recent days winding up the evaluation, putting pieces together, planning our "escape" from Tirana. We wanted to visit some of the host families again before we left. We found a little shop. We bought some boxes of candy and bags of cookies. They must have been on the shelf for years because of the dust. After we made the purchase, we noticed the little sign on the side, "Best used by June 1998" or "June 1997." Oh well, it's too late now. We called Ben to tell him that we wanted to visit with the Kosovar family in his home. Ben came after us, and we made a few stops en route to his home. He wanted to show us one of his fireplaces. It was an elegant job. The white marble fireplace had lions sculptured on each side. It was really a masterpiece.

The candy and cookies were a good choice. We indicated to the Kosovars that we would be leaving soon and wanted to say goodbye to them. We
had brought some food to share with them. We had learned that it was respectful to eat with them and not just provide food for them. Dennis and I both held our breath as we opened the bags of cookies and boxes of candy. They looked incredibly fresh and tasted even better. I breathed a sigh of relief. As we sampled the goods, I was reminded of the apple and its fifteen pieces and my first visit with this family.

Between our broken Albanian and their broken English, I felt a connection to these people that I did not think was possible. I would have no problem in opening my home to them. The language of love superseded any cultural or religious difference. It was an emotional time—as if we were leaving long lost friends. The Kosovars were very tearful. One of the teen-aged boys, the pizza eater, followed us outside and just hugged us both and said that he wanted us to visit Kosovo when everything was better.

It was a long walk back to where we had learned to call home. It seemed longer than usual. We noticed some of the faces that we had seen during our stay. But they did not look like strangers, nor did we feel unsafe. In fact, we both felt lifted, filled, not so unlike we had just attended a fast and testimony meeting. Dennis tried to start a conversation. For the first time, during this journey in Albania did I understand something about our purpose for being here. We were planting seeds in fertile soil, the seeds of the gospel. A scripture kept repeating itself in my mind, “Inasmuch as ye have done this to the least of these my brethren . . .”. Just think, I would have chosen not to have this experience, but the Lord knew better. He even uses unwilling instruments for his purpose. The reminder of this experience will be forever with me, and I hope the pictures turn out.

**Another Entry: No date.** We pulled together several pieces and tried to determine the best route to leave. Swiss Air had no flights in or out. We made contact with our Albanian driver and made arrangements to go to Durrës. The Viking Express was supposed to leave at 9:30 A.M. There were two enormous ferries docked. There was tremendous chaos. No one knew where or what the Viking Express was. The Viking Express was supposed to take about 6 hours to get to Bari, Italy. The ferries took 13. It was terribly hot, and there were beggars everywhere with their children. Dennis kept giving the children money, and they kept following us around. Other relief workers were trying to get out of Albania as well. The Viking Express finally arrived at 1 P.M. and did not leave until 4 P.M. The boat seemed to wait until sufficient people showed up. It was a very rough ride to Bari, Italy. Everyone got seasick and began to vomit. We arrived in Bari at about 11 P.M.

47. Matthew 25:40; ellipses in Byrd’s diary.
Customs took forever. We missed the train to Rome and ended up staying in Bari tonight. Someone told us that Rome was about 5 hours from Bari by train. It's been a long day. At least we made it out of Albania. Customs in Bari took more than two hours; there were Italian soldiers everywhere.

Some reflections: Tirana airport, trenches, Apache helicopters, bomb shelters on the way from the airport, the streets of Tirana, the Albanians, the tragedies of the Kosovars, the crowded Albanian apartments, the poor helping the poor, the camps, the faces of the children, the faces of the children, the faces of the children, the beggars in the street, food everywhere but none we could eat, smoke-filled streets, soldiers everywhere, trash on every street corner, the kindness and gentleness of the Albanians and the Kosovars, the feelings of familiarity and kinship to the Kosovars. . . .

The memories of Albania seem so close yet so far away. The memories seem glued to corners of my mind, and yet there is a peaceful feeling about what we have done. It is interesting that whatever picture comes to my mind about Albania that there are always faces of the children. . . .

We are en route to the U.S. If I am lucky, I will just make Kristen's graduation. She'll be surprised. The host in business class just offered a couple of magazines. The U.S. News and World Report is devoted to the war in the Balkans. There are pictures of familiar places and familiar faces. Somehow, it's not just news anymore. I have changed my opinion about exaggeration. I have just been to the Balkans, and I should have been there. I will never be the same, and somehow I sense that those Kosovars and Albanians that we worked with will never be the same either. One of the Kosovars said as we left that he would always have an American family, and I suppose that I will always have a Kosovar family.

Epilog

Dean Byrd did, indeed, make it home in time for his daughter's graduation, and she was surprised to see him there. His work for Kosovo, however, was just beginning. Within days of his arrival, he reported to LDS Charities officials, established the necessary physical and financial supports, and trained a missionary couple, who arrived in Albania little more than a week after he left. He continues to receive reports, train missionaries, and direct progress on the situation. He had identified three areas where LDS Charities could substantially contribute to easing the crisis and stabilizing families: filling gaps between services offered by other organizations, partnering with those organizations, and training Kosovar and Albanian counselors.

Gaps in services existed both for groups of refugees and for individuals. While some camps had tents specifically designated as schools, they lacked
books and similar supplies; LDS Charities furnished the supplies. Some refugees did not have identification tags, so they were denied services, at least temporarily; Byrd and the Humanitarian Services missionaries who followed him purchased food, clothing, and medical supplies as needed in these individual cases.

Some of the gaps were filled by partnerships with other organizations. Bethany Christian Services, for example, set up an area at their headquarters in Tirana to provide at least rudimentary care for pregnant women, allow for delivery of their babies, and care for the newborns; however, many women had no way to get there. LDS Charities provided transportation.48 Byrd trained several faculty members of the University of Tirana School of Social Work in working with the displaced and grief-stricken refugees. LDS Charities provided the school with textbooks, which are now housed in a library at Bethany Christian Services; a tag on the shelf says, “Thank you to LDS Social Services.”

More Humanitarian Services missionaries specifically trained to deal with trauma survivors and to help stabilize the region were sent to the area. LDS Charities continues to operate independently of crises by establishing economic development programs designed to build local economies and promote skills and abilities. Several of these programs are under way in the Balkans. For example, forty-six Croatian families were given pregnant sows, the only stipulation being that they share two female piglets from the first litter with two other families in need. Within months, 136 families owned income-producing pigs.49 For Muslims, who do not use pork, the pig project was adapted to use chickens. The Church has distributed 21,000 eighteen-week-old chickens among 3,000 families: six hens and one rooster to each family. The hens have been bred to lay up to three hundred eggs per year and are expected to produce around one hundred per year even under difficult farm conditions. Most eggs will be eaten, but recipients are required to reserve fifteen to hatch and to give six hens and a rooster to each of two other families, who will in turn make similar contributions to two more families.50

48. In refugee situations, some of the highest mortality rates are understandably among women and their children. LDS Charities continues to develop approaches to meet these needs, including providing materials and supplies for health care, including childbirth, Dr. Joyce Foster, interviews with author, February 2000.


50. Mike Rosvall, “The Road to Rebuilding,” Daily Herald (Provo), December 19, 1999, D4. The article chronicles the activities of Lynn and Merle Broadbent, service missionaries recently returned from Macedonia.
Dean Byrd’s influence also reached beyond official assignments to people like Bradley Bush, a friend of Byrd’s son David.51 Bush and a friend, Darryl Pardi, were working for one of the most prestigious financial houses in New York City, but they wanted to help the refugees. Soon after the Kosovo crisis began, Bush contacted Byrd, who arranged for Bush, Pardi, and Bush’s brother, Christopher, to work with Mercy Corps in the Senekos camp for two weeks. The three spent the first week setting up tents, working from dawn until after dusk, aided by refugees who were already settled in tents but who wanted to help those fellow countrymen who would follow. The team’s best record was five hundred tents erected in three days; a week later the camp of 3,500 doubled in population. The second week, the three young men helped conduct elections and establish self-government among the refugees. Christopher, a history major, spearheaded the collection of essays and remembrances of the people in the camp.52 Because of the partnership between Mercy Corps and the LDS Church, Senekos became the “Club Med” of refugee camps. The Church provided funds to purchase fresh food, and the kitchen, run entirely by the refugees themselves, served two hot meals per day.53

The experience intensified Bush’s and Pardi’s social awareness. When they returned to America, they again conferred with Byrd, reporting on what they had done and what they wanted to do. They felt dissatisfied in their jobs, unwilling to spend their lives making rich people richer, so they established their own company, Catalyst Development Partners, to set up economic development programs in underdeveloped countries. Bush spent an additional six weeks in fall 1999 in Kosovo working on just such programs.

Despite the intense aid offered by companies like Catalyst, by charitable agencies, and by Western governments, acute problems remain throughout the Balkans. International pressure on Serbia has allowed some Kosovars to return to their homes or to what is left of their homes. The bitterness


52. The idea was picked up by several other NGOs and backed by one of the largest Albanian publishers, but shortly thereafter the fighting eased, and some of the Kosovars began returning to their homes, so the project was never completed. However, Bush still has photocopies of several pages of poetry in Albanian. A young girl handed him her curled-up papers the day he left; he could not bring himself to take them away from her, so he copied them and returned the originals to the author.

53. The camp director was Nigel Pont, a twenty-four-year-old Englishman who had been running such camps for Mercy Corps for over five years. He was nineteen when he established his first camp in Afghanistan.
and retribution so common to the area continue, however, with some Kosovars taking vengeance on their former neighbors. Many Serbs simply evacuated as the Kosovars returned, becoming refugees in Serbia.\textsuperscript{54} The whole of the former Yugoslavia has suffered; four months after Byrd left Albania, poverty in the Balkans had nearly doubled, with two-thirds of the populace living on less than $60 per month.\textsuperscript{55} Obviously, only changes in the hearts of the people can truly remedy situations like that in the Balkans.

Meanwhile, the LDS Church, in concert with other NGOs, continues to assist in crisis situations. The millions of dollars donated for physical relief can easily be quantified, but no one can possibly estimate the value of volunteers uniting separated families, social workers listening to traumatized individuals work through their emotions, or missionaries spending their preparation days playing with displaced children. In Kosovo, as in other crises created by nature or by human beings, “the Church stands ready to evaluate and respond to future need as circumstances may require and resources allow.”\textsuperscript{56} Since those resources include the expertise of people like Dean Byrd and the willing service of many volunteers, aid can reach beyond food and shelter to restore shattered souls as well as pillaged homes.


Colleen Whitley (ckwhitley@juno.com) is an Associate Lecturer in the English and Honors and General Education Departments of Brigham Young University. Dean Byrd is a therapist with LDS Family Services. He maintains a private practice and is an adjunct professor for the University of Utah Department of Family Sciences and a clinical professor in the Department of Psychiatry in the University of Utah Medical School. He is also an adjunct professor in Brigham Young University’s Department of Psychology. He holds a doctorate from BYU and has two postdoctorates: one from Virginia Commonwealth University and the other in behavioral medicine from Loyola University. He also has an MBA. He is the author of two books, \textit{Finding Wholeness and Happiness after Divorce} (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1997), and \textit{Willpower Is Not Enough: Why We Don’t Succeed at Change} (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1995), written with a former student, Mark D. Chamberlain.
Guðmundur Guðmundsson pictured with his goldsmith's tools. He was trained as a goldsmith in Denmark, where he joined the Church.
Fire on Ice: The Conversion and Life of Guðmundur Guðmundsson

Fred E. Woods

In A.D. 1000, the Icelandic Parliament held their annual two-week summer session in Parliament’s Field, a remote area of southwest Iceland where they had convened each year since A.D. 930. In this lush plain, where lava cliffs bear witness of fire meeting ice, Christianity was adopted as the official religion of the entire Icelandic nation.¹ The year 2000 marks the millennial anniversary of this event. It is also a year of reflection for Latter-day Saints, as the first LDS chapel in Iceland will be dedicated in the summer of 2000.

The first missionaries to preach the gospel in Iceland arrived as early as 1851. However, they met with stony opposition,² and most of the Icelanders who joined the Church at that time immigrated to Utah. The Church’s early history in Iceland and the opposition that delayed its growth can be best understood by examining the story of Guðmundur Guðmundsson,³ one of Iceland’s first converts and missionaries.⁴

Guðmundur Guðmundsson was born March 10, 1825, to Guðmundur Benediktsson and Guðrun Vigfúsdóttir on a farm at Ærtun, in the Rangarvalla district of the Oddi Parish in Iceland. He was christened a Lutheran at his home on March 23, 1825.⁵ Guðmundur remembered his parents as “poor but devout and pious; my father especially was very pious and often reminded his children . . . to honor God. . . . We were ten sisters and brothers, and I was the youngest son.”⁶

When Guðmundsson was ten years old, his parents moved. They left Guðmundur with his father’s friend Magnus Arnasson so that he would have the opportunity to get a good education and could study to become a silversmith under another family friend, Halldor Þórarson. In 1841 when Guðmundur received his confirmation, the parish priest recorded that the young man was “very capable, well-behaved, and very gifted.”⁷ In Ærtun he found a friend, Þórarinn Hafliðason Thorason, who would also join the Church and labor with Guðmundur as one of Iceland’s first missionaries.⁸

Magnus Arnasson died in 1842, and Guðmundur moved in with Hall- dor Þórarson the silversmith. Guðmundur spent the next few years learning all he could from his trade master, and in 1845 he went to Denmark to study goldsmithing. After four years in Copenhagen, he passed his journeyman’s examination and worked for a while in Denmark.⁹
Iceland’s sparsely populated Westmann Islands (Vestmannaeyjar). The first LDS missionaries to Iceland, Guðmundur Guðmundsson and Pórarinn Haflidiason Thorason, arrived in these islands in spring 1851. Many Icelandic converts to the Church came from this rocky island. Courtesy Byron Geslison.
While taking an evening stroll, Guðmundur saw a group of people listening to a preacher on a Copenhagen street corner. Before he came within range of the preacher’s call, Guðmundur heard an inner voice say, “What that man is saying is true; listen to him.” The preacher was a Mormon elder, Peter O. Hansen.10 Soon thereafter Guðmundur visited a Mormon meeting in Copenhagen. Later he reflected:

One Sabbath I went to hear those, so much mentioned and hated Mormons; it was then that I, for the first time, heard our highly beloved brother Erastus Snow. I soon had favour of the Lord to understand, and having sound judgment, and, what is still more, the Lord giving me faith to receive it, I was baptized, in the most devoted sincerity and repentance, and I testify before God and men, that my heart became renewed.11

About this same time, Guðmundur’s childhood friend, Þórarinn Hafliðason Thorason, who had come to Copenhagen to learn the trade of cabinet-making, also joined the Church.12 In the spring of 1851, Elder Erastus Snow ordained Þórarinn a priest and Guðmundur a teacher.13 According to Elder Snow, a third Icelander also joined the Church in Copenhagen about this time. In a letter to President Brigham Young dated July 10, 1851, Elder Snow noted, “In the spring three Icelanders who had embraced the faith in Copenhagen returned to their native land, with the Book of Mormon and pamphlets, two of whom I ordained and commanded them to labor among their people, as the Lord opened their way.”14

The missionaries arranged to go to Iceland on separate voyages—Þórarinn went directly to the Westmann Islands, and Guðmundur followed shortly thereafter, arriving on May 12, and went to the Westmann Islands to deliver literature to Þórarinn.15 Guðmundur then returned to his hometown, perhaps in hopes of teaching the gospel to his family. His reception was quite different from what he had expected—he had anticipated that all Icelanders would joyfully receive the glad tidings of the gospel as he had. He reported his disappointment:

I expected that every person would absolutely believe a message so desirable. . . . I had felt, that the fruit of the Gospel was more sweet and desirable
[than] any other fruit, and I wished first and foremost that my relatives
would partake of it, but, Alas! Laman and Lemuel would not; I preached to
my brothers and sisters, but they would not receive me, and my pious parents
had died, and I felt myself left alone, like Elias of old in the cave; yet, a short
time after, I found some friends that became were believing, and continued
to be faithful, though the laws were hard against us, and so were the priests
and the reports of the press. I was often rebuked and spit on and mocked, but
I was full of the love of God. . . . I did not feel the least anger or indignation
against any being.\textsuperscript{16}

Guðmundur soon returned to the Westmann Islands,\textsuperscript{17} and the young
men continued to preach the gospel, but the local papers had already
begun to publish false reports about the "Mormons." Religious leaders
warned the people not to listen to the missionaries, whom they called "false
prophets, who had come to deceive their countrymen."\textsuperscript{18}

Apparently Guðmundur received a threat that he would be turned
over to the law, so in a letter dated May 31, 1851, he appealed to the civil gov-
ernor of Iceland:

I want, of simpleness of heart, to explain for your honor, as the highest
authority over the people, my spiritual feelings, by making you aware of the
effort now which is taken against my religious teaching, against not only me
but also Almighty God and his Son's law, and those Lutheran religious teach-
ings which are built upon the Bible and not upon the teachings of man.

I know that I am detestable in the eyes of the world so I now offer only
my testimony, believing rather that each and every one of the true believers
would find the power to ask God, with a humble heart, to teach them of the
truth, such spiritual seriousness being necessary, and would soften all,
though they literally observe those holy writings which give salvation to each
human who seeks God with a humble heart and is the way intended for both
small and great.

And you would do well, O Great Leader, to consider that this is not from
me only, but of thy God and because of the truth.

I trust in thy high calling to adopt not a course of evil, as I point out,
O learned ones, and presume to allow my feelings to come to light, which are
without objection according to the will of God.

May God work a holy work through you.

G. Guðmundsson\textsuperscript{19}

However, a few days later, the Westmann Islands district sheriff, J. N.
Abel, apparently launched greater problems for Guðmundsson. On June 3,
1851, Abel also wrote a letter to the governor. Abel discussed the inherent
dangers posed by the arrival of Mormonism to the islands and mentioned
Guðmundsson, about whom the gentlemen of the islands seemed to be
uneasy because of Guðmundur's intelligence and character. The sheriff's
letter breathes a spirit of concern over the Mormons' presence:
It is disturbing to know that this unholy teaching, in their book of epistles has gained a solid hold much more quickly than was expected... A goldsmith journeyman, Guðmundur Guðmundsson, came here 12 May and not in poverty, and had with him his faith’s dogma translated into Icelandic, so I took measures to lay hold upon the information—in case he worked zealously and received a good following. The result is such that a certain poor man and his wife were rebaptized [from their church to the LDS Church] in the night between the 26th and 27th of May. Others who were preparing to be baptized were present at the ceremony and among them Loftur Jónsson, the parish clerk, mediator and member of parliament... I want to now ask you, in your high office—your honor—whether I ought to release him from the board of conciliation and replace him.20

Apparently the poor man and his wife noted in Abel’s letter were the missionaries’ first converts, Benedikt Hansson and his wife, Ragnhildur Stefánsdóttir. As a result of these conversions and their preaching, the missionaries were summoned to appear before the Westmann Islands local authorities, and they were forbidden to preach or to try to obtain any more converts. The sheriff’s letter had proved effectual.21 The missionaries had to act with greater caution and instruct interested parties in private.

Another blow to the work came when Pórarinn’s wife, who was strongly opposed to her husband’s conversion, burned his Mormon literature, and, according to Magnus Bjarnason (whom Pórarinn had introduced to the gospel), she “became desperate and threatened to drown herself.” Therefore, Pórarinn ceased to do missionary work.22 Ironically, in December of the same year, it was not his distraught wife who drowned, but rather Pórarinn himself, in a fishing accident.

Guðmundur informed Copenhagen of this tragic event, noting that twenty-four people on the islands desired baptism and that they had no one there authorized to perform the ordinance. When Elder Erastus Snow heard this sad news, he recalled that while ordaining Guðmundur to the office of teacher, he had received a prompting to ordain him to the office of elder, but “he gave the inspiration no heed as the young man seemed so enthusiastic, while his companion (Bro. Thorason) seemed more sedate.
The Westmann Islands are only about a thirty-minute boat ride off the southwest coast of Iceland, where Guðmundur Guðmundsson had grown up. During his mission, he traveled back and forth from the islands to the mainland. Pórarinn Haflíðason Thorason was married to a Westmann Islands native and spent his entire time as a missionary on the islands. Courtesy Byron Geslison.
and thoughtful." Elder Snow then needed to find the right elder to send to Iceland. Peter O. Hansen, who had baptized Guðmundur less than a year earlier, desired to serve as Guðmundur’s companion but was held back when passport officials learned of his designs. Almost two years passed before an elder was sent.

In the Copenhagen conference of April 1853, Elder Johan Lorentzen spoke of the blessings of God upon the Scandinavian people and mentioned Guðmundur Guðmundsson, who had remained faithful in spite of the severe persecutions he had faced alone on a far island. Lorentzen also expressed his desire to go to Iceland: “If it was the will of God the speaker desired, according to the call he had received, to go there [to Iceland] to preach the gospel and circulate tracts, and he hoped that God would soon make Iceland a fruitful field for the promulgation of the true work of Christ.” Before the meeting came to a close, he was sustained as president of the Icelandic Mission.

Guðmundur wrote the following report of Elder Lorentzen’s arrival in Iceland:

> When Johan P. Lorensen came to our island in 1853 I received him with an open heart and did all in my power to make his visit among us as pleasant as possible, but he could not do much by way of teaching the natives the principles of the gospel, for inhabitants of the Westman Islands could not understand Danish. Soon after his arrival we gathered our friends quietly together and we decided that we would proceed in single file by different roads to a certain private place which we had selected in a beautiful little round valley, surrounded by nature’s own mountain walls. In the midst of this most picturesque valley was found a small grassy plain, as level as a floor and containing something like 20 acres of land. We approached this place one at a time, in order to avoid being noticed by our opponents and persecutors. Here in nature’s pure embrace, with nothing but the blue canopy of heaven for our covering, we raised our hands and our voices “on high,” and prayed to the Father in the name of Jesus to bless and sanctify this lovely spot, surrounded by these romantic mountain walls. Then I was ordained an elder under the hands of Johan P. Lorensen according to instructions which he had received from the president of the Scandinavian mission. We sang hymns, prayed and preached, and I translated Elder Lorensen’s words into Icelandic. . . . [A]ll those who were present were subsequently baptized.

On June 19, 1853, Elder Lorentzen organized the first branch of the Church on the Westmann Islands, with Elder Guðmundsson as branch president. Lorentzen and Guðmundur labored together another year until Guðmundur returned to Denmark in 1854. He wrote of the difficulties he experienced during his mission to his homeland:

> After having preached in Iceland from April 1851 until July 1854 for about 3 years and 6 months, and done the best I could, yet there were but few that received the Gospel; still I believe, there are many that will receive it in
future. . . I have prayed for them in the caves of the mountains, and in private rooms, I have shed tears. . . . The Lord has softened my heart. . . . I remember having praised him when I had to eat the heads of dried fish . . . I enjoyed that meal, I thanked the Lord, because he provided for me. 29

Guðmundur was planning to immigrate to Zion, but he decided to first serve a mission in Denmark, spending about eighteen months there as a missionary. While assigned to the city of Kalundborg, he was imprisoned for preaching the gospel and then conscripted into the Danish military:

I . . . was put in prison, for about 7 weeks, and when they could find no fault with me, except that I had baptized, and had preached the Gospel, I was justified in that respect, but I was charged to serve as a soldier for 4 years in the danish armee; I was conducted by the police to Copenhagen. . . . I had to put on the military attire, they gave me a big gun, a sabre. . . . I felt dreadful bad, in this position. 30

Because his health had suffered due to poor prison conditions, he found the military training extremely difficult. He was also a victim of ridicule and scorn for his religious beliefs. His health worsened, and he was placed in a hospital. After a rigorous period of over thirteen months in the military, he was finally discharged for poor health but not before he had preached the gospel to hospital roommates and had converted a corporal. 31

Concerning his release, Guðmundur wrote:

When I had been there [the hospital] for a long time, it was determined that I should be presented for the physicians and the General of the Battailion, that they might judge whether I was fit for the service or not; this happened the very day, when the Emigration was going to have a Conference before their journey to Zion. . . . They examined my breast with their instruments, and declared, that I, on account of weakness in the lungs was unfit for military service. They then gave me my passport and my own clothes, and I came to the Conference, to the astonishment of Every one, and I myself was astonished, because I knew that my lungs were as healthful as they could be. I knew it was the work of the Lord. . . . It was proposed, that I should go to Zion, . . . and I am now here, and it is just here as I want it to be. 32

Guðmundur joined a company of 522 souls who gathered in Liverpool to cross the Atlantic. Also sailing was the Niels Garff family from Sjælland, whom Guðmundur had taught the gospel. Niels and his wife, Marie, 33 baptized March 31, 1855, had embarked from Copenhagen with their three sons and one daughter. 34

Concerning the journey to Zion, Guðmundur supplied few details: “I left Copenhagen April 18, 1857, crossed the Atlantic in the ship ‘Westmoreland’ and arrived in Salt Lake Valley September 13, 1857.” 35 In order to pay for his passage on the sea voyage, Guðmundur evidently worked as a cook on the ship, 36 but little else is known about his immigration experience.

The company of Saints left Liverpool under the direction of Matthias Cowley, who was assigned as the immigrants’ priesthood leader in
Liverpool. Six weeks later when they arrived in Philadelphia, Cowley wrote to Orson Pratt about the successful voyage. He reported that the Saints had been divided into four wards and had an organized routine of prayers and meetings, as well as times to arise and retire. A musical group had also been assigned to provide singing and dancing as they crossed the Atlantic. A noted event of the voyage was the birth of a baby boy to Marie and Niels Garff. They named him Decan Westmoreland Garff, after the captain of the ship and the vessel itself.

From Philadelphia the Saints continued their journey by train, traveling through Baltimore and Wheeling to Iowa City, the outfitting post for that year. From Iowa City, they journeyed to Florence, and from there the Garff family and Guðmundur continued west under the direction of their handcart company leader, Christian Christensen.

While crossing the plains, sickness struck the Garff family, and Niels Garff and his daughter died. Niels and Marie’s son Louis Garff recalled, “Two days journey out from Larmey [Fort Laramie] my Sister died, shortly after my Father died and was buried on the plains. The rest of our family barely escaped death, and arrived at the Grate Salt Lake City Sept. 13 1857.” However, just before Niels’s death, he made Guðmundur promise to take care of his wife and family. His dying words were, “I want her to go to Zion and be with God’s people.” Guðmundur promised, and true to his word, shortly after their arrival in Salt Lake City he married Marie Garff on October 4, 1857, and became a father to her children. Marie and Guðmundur had three sons together, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Not long after the new family was settled, the arrival of Johnston’s army caused them to leave their home in Salt Lake City and travel south. They established a home with the Icelandic community in Spanish Fork. However, less than two years later, they returned to Salt Lake City, where there were greater opportunities for goldsmithing.

Louis Garff recalled that about 1860 while they were living in the Salt Lake Second Ward, Guðmundur became involved, along with a number of Scandinavian Saints, with an apostate sect known as the Morrisites: “My step father became very much attached to their doctrin, The results was that he led my Mother and all the family save my oldest Brother Peter, to follow, and we sold out our home and effects in Salt Lake City and located at Weber.”

Guðmundur’s connection to this group did not go unnoticed. On July 8, 1861, John V. Long reported to President Brigham Young that Guðmundur and Marie Guðmundsson were among those who had “joined Joseph Morris at South Weber.” Guðmundur was very involved with the group and was listed as a member of the quorum of the twelve apostles of the Morrisite sect. However, by June 1862, the Morrisite community in Kingston Fort became fragmented when Morrisite leaders denied several dissenters the right to leave their compound and a posse of five hundred men forced the
group to disband. Many of the Morriseite followers were arrested, including Guðmundur, who was eventually convicted of resisting an officer and fined one hundred dollars. He and the others charged were later pardoned by Governor Stephen S. Harding.51

After the disbandment, as Louis Garff recalled, the family “moved to Farmanton [Farmington] where they lived but a few months. From there they moved to Camp Floyd or Fair Field, Utah Co. At this latter place we lived till about the year 1868.”52 Apparently Guðmundur hoped that this area, which was part of the main trail leading to California, would provide a business opportunity repairing watches and wagons. The business was not successful, and after seven years, Guðmundur’s expectations in Zion were yet unfulfilled.53

In 1868 the Guðmunssons sought special medical attention for Marie’s son Decan Westmoreland, who had been ill since his birth and was suffering from acute pain. They moved to Sacramento, California, where they had heard there was a doctor who was successfully operating on “gravel patients.”54 Louis Garff recalled this difficult time:

This time to Sacramento Calafornia, where again Seven Doctors were employed to preform an opperation on brother Dican. A stone the size of a hens Egg was taken from the bladder. After he getting well this time, or some time before in fact, my Sep [step] Father became insane [he evidently had a mental breakdown], and was taken to the Stockton [California] asylum. Several months he remained ill. But on returning to soundness of mind again, he was permitted to return to his family. About this time, or after having returned home, he fell into a transe, and remained in this peculiar state simi death for several hours[.] On returning to his normal state, when life was again resumed, he declared that he had receved a divine vision in which he was told that only Brigham Young, the Prophet of the Church of Jesus Christ, in Utah, could saved [sic] him and family. Mother also had a peculiar manifestation in which she saw a light, just at dusk, appering, going and coming 3 time and she was made to understand very plainly that she must go back to Utah with her husband and join the true church, which was now plainly shown.55

While Decan was convalescing, Marie and Guðmundur had time to reflect on their lives and felt something was missing. Guðmundur was having a difficult time finding employment and had grown despondent. At this time, he experienced his breakdown and recovery, and he and Marie received their individual manifestations. Marie began to pray fervently that a way would be opened for their return to Utah; Decan was not responding as well as they had hoped, and she wanted him to be blessed by the priesthood.56

Their lives soon took a dramatic change for the better when their son Abraham discovered what was probably between five and six thousand dollars hidden beneath the wooden floor of an abandoned sawmill—apparently the loot from an old stagecoach robbery. With the blessing of the local authorities, Guðmundur’s family kept the money, paid off Decan’s medical
bills, and returned to Utah in 1869 with renewed faith.\textsuperscript{57} The family settled at Draper, where, Louis Garff noted, “we were all baptized.”\textsuperscript{58}

Following their rebaptism, Guðmundur and Marie made a trip to visit President Brigham Young. According to Marie, “the prophet put his arms around them and joyfully welcomed them back.”\textsuperscript{59} Many years later, in a letter to Andrew Jenson regarding a short biography of Guðmundur, his son Isaac wrote, “He died in full faith of the Gospel. . . . Just give a little of his life’s work omitting the little slip he made causing him so much sorrow in life.”\textsuperscript{60}

The family lived in Draper for about two years, probably because Peter Garff (Marie’s oldest son) had begun homesteading there.\textsuperscript{61} Guðmundur and Marie later moved with two of their sons (Abraham and Isaac) to Lehi, where in 1871 Guðmundur set up the first jewelry shop on West Main Street.\textsuperscript{62} Guðmundur spent most of the remaining years of his life there, working with precious metals.\textsuperscript{63} Plagued by poor health, Guðmundur Guðmundsson died on September 21, 1883, at age fifty-eight in Logan, Utah, where he was working temporarily while staying with one of his stepsons, Christian Garff. Christian wrote the following letter to his mother:

Dear Mother: It is with peculiar feelings I packed father’s tools for the last time, as I have helped him do so many times in his moving around from place to place in the last twenty-five years, but I suppose all is as it should be and I am sure he is happy, then why should we not be. I think we are, in as much as we do our duty from day to day. . . . that when our day comes for departure we shall feel content and satisfied to go, even as he was.\textsuperscript{64}

Guðmundur’s body, dressed in temple clothing, was shipped by train to Draper, and he was buried in the cemetery there.\textsuperscript{65} Toward the end of his life, Guðmundur, who had experienced both the fire of conversion and the ice of apostasy, expressed the peace that had ultimately come to him: “This is Zion, if Zion is in my heart. . . . I feel to keep to the rod of Iron, and I feel, that if I did all for the spreading of the Gospel, it would be nothing on my part. . . . I feel that all my heart is in this kingdom.” Although there is no known written obituary and no gravestone at his burial place, Guðmundur Guðmundsson, as a pioneer of the gospel in Iceland, left his mark in the hearts of Icelandic Saints.\textsuperscript{66}
Fred E. Woods (fred_woods@byu.edu) has been Associate Professor of Church History and Doctrine at Brigham Young University since 1998. He received a B.A. in psychology in 1981, an M.A. in international relations with an emphasis in Near Eastern Studies in 1985 from Brigham Young University, and a Ph.D. in Middle Eastern Studies in 1991 from the University of Utah. In 1999, Professor Woods was the research fellow for the Mariner’s Museum.


2. “Unfortunately, the reaction of the Icelanders to the revelation of the Mormons is by no means a patch of sunshine in the religious history of Iceland. . . . The Mormons who came here as missionnaires were persecuted and reviled more than any other advocates of religious views in Iceland before or since.” Halldór Laxness, *Tale of the Promised Land*, as quoted in Lavon Brunt Eyring, comp., “The Life History of Guðmundur Gudmundsson” (n.p., 1984), 60–61, L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

3. “Guðmundur Gudmundsson changed his name to Guðmund Gudmundsen after arriving in Utah.” Eyring, “History of Guðmundur Gudmundsson,” title page. He is also referred to in some accounts by the first name Guðmund; others use the surname Gudmundson. The author recognizes these variables and has chosen to use his proper Icelandic name of Guðmundur Guðmundsson.

4. In the summer of 2000, the Icelandic Association of Utah will erect a monument on the Westmann Islands to commemorate the first Icelandic converts to Mormonism. In Hólsós, Iceland, where the Icelandic Emigration Center is housed, a new building will also be dedicated that will feature a permanent exhibit telling the inspiring story of LDS Icelandic emigration to Zion (America) and the story of the reemergence of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Iceland since 1975.

5. Oddi Parrish Records, Lutheran Church, Rangarvalla District, Iceland. These records were provided by Sigriður Sigurðardóttir and Valgeir Sigurðsson, who are native Icelanders.


8. Eyring, “History of Guðmundur Guðmundsson,” 3, 6. Apparently Eyring estimated Guðmundur’s birth date as March 23, 1823, as it occurs under this date in the Copenhagen Branch membership records. However, Oddi Parish records indicate that Guðmundur was born on March 10, 1825, and his christening was on March 23, 1825. Johnsen notes that Þórarin also was born on March 10, 1825, which would make Þórarin and Guðmundur exactly the same age. Copenhagen Branch, Record of Members, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives; Johnsen, “Þórarinn Hafiðason,” 114; Oddi Parrish Records.


11. Guðmundsson, “Autobiography,” [1]. Erastus Snow, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, was called at the October conference of 1849 to preside over the Scandinavian Mission. For a sketch of his life, see Jenson, “Erastus Snow,” in LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, 1:103–15. Copenhagen Branch membership records verify that Guðmundur was baptized on February 15, 1851, by Peter O. Hansen and was confirmed by Christian Christiansen the same day.


13. Pórarinn was ordained a priest on March 10, 1851, and Guðmundur was ordained a teacher on April 18, 1851. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, 1850–55, microfilm, March 10 and April 18, 1851, LDS Church Archives.

14. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, July 10, 1851. The third convert was probably Jón Johannesson, who had also gone to Denmark to learn the art of goldsmithing. It is not known why he was not sent back to Iceland as a missionary, and little is known of his life in the Church. He apparently moved to Keflavík, and it is not known whether he kept his faith. LaNora Allred, “The Icelanders of Utah,” copy of typescript, 8–9, in author’s possession. Apparently, the missionaries used Peter O. Hansen’s Danish translation of the Book of Mormon. The translation may not have been quite finished by the time of their departure for the Westmann Islands. See Millennial Star 13 (March 15, 1851): 88. The “popular pamphlet” they used was En Sandheds-Rast (A Voice of Truth), which was printed in Copenhagen by October 1850. Peter O. Hansen had translated the pamphlet into Danish from the English version written by Erastus Snow. See Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, October 4, 1850. Magnus Bjarnason, who had lived with Pórarinn Haflíðason for a year before he went to Copenhagen, stated:

[Pórarinn] came to my house, introduced a conversation about religion, and present[ed] me with a little pamphlet entitled “En Sandheds Rost.” He also gave copies of the same pamphlet to a number of the other inhabitant[s] who were willing to receive them. As soon as I had read the little pamphlet, I believed in the doctrines it advocated and prayed to the Lord to give me an understanding about the truth. In the course of a month’s time I was converted to “Mormonism.” (Manuscript History of the Icelandic Mission, 1854, microfilm, LDS Church Archives)


19. The original letter is housed in the National Archives of Iceland in Reykjavik. A copy of it in its original Icelandic was provided by the archivist Björk Ingimundardóttir, and it was translated by Darron S. Allred.

20. Jón Gíslason, “Endurnýjun í vatni og hugsjónum nýrrar aldar. Nýr forustumáður Mormóna kemur til Vestmannaejja,” in part six of Sögur og Sagnir (n.p., n.d.), 11, translated for author by Darron S. Allred, copy in author’s possession. Guðmundur had lived with Loftur Jónsson for a time. Jónsson had probably first heard about Mormonism and the arrival of Guðmundur from Pórarinn. Loftur joined the LDS Church, immigrated to Spanish Fork in 1857, and returned to Iceland to serve a mission in 1873. He was later killed in an accident on September 9, 1874, near Palmyra, Utah. Eyering,

21. Jenson, "Scandinavian Mission: Iceland Conference," 9. Elder John Thorgierson indicates that the baptism of this couple led to the charge for the missionaries to stop proselytizing. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, April 1851. However, one documentary source notes that Benedikt and Ragnhildur emigrated to Copenhagen and were then baptized on December 10, 1852. In any case, apparently it was their conversion that sparked the opposition. This source further notes that the Hansson family immigrated to America in 1859, but Benedikt died in Omaha, Nebraska, on route to Utah. Ragnhildur was left to continue her journey with her two children (Ephraim and Mary), arriving in Utah in 1862. "Ragnhildur and Her Children," in Our Pioneer Heritage, 7:492–93; Jean Mouser to David Ashby, email, February 29, 2000, copy in possession of author. After remaining in Salt Lake City for a time, the Hansson family moved to Spanish Fork and joined the community of other Icelandic Saints who had previously gathered there. The Vestmannaejjar Parish Registers, Iceland, substantiate the fact that they emigrated from the Westman Islands to Copenhagen in 1852 and further note that Benedikt was thirty-five years old and Ragnhildur thirty-seven years old at the time of their emigration. See Index to Persons Emigrating from Vestmannaejjar, Iceland to Copenhagen, Utah, Hafnarford, Reykjavik, Seydisfjordur, and America, from 1823–1913, extracted by John Y. Beanum from Registers GS #12712, parts one and two, GS #12594, parts one and two for the Genealogical Society, [1970?], 13, 30, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.


23. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, April 1851. In her history of Guðmundur, his great-granddaughter states, "Anyone who knew Guðmussen well might have understood Erastus Snow's hesitation. . . . He was capable of finding the humor in almost any situation." Eyring, "History of Gudmundur Gudmundsson," 62.


25. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, April 10, 1853. Three days after the conference adjourned, President Willard Snow wrote a letter stating that he had appointed Elder John F. F. Dorius on a mission to Iceland during the previous conference in Copenhagen, but Dorius had been imprisoned in Norway along with several other elders. Therefore, Snow appointed Lorentzen to preside over the Icelandic mission and indicated that he was to sail to Iceland "as soon as navigation opens up the way." Willard Snow to S. W. Richards, April 13, 1853, in Millennial Star 15 (May 14, 1853): 315.


28. According to the Vestmannaejjar Parish Records, Guðmundur left the Westman Islands for Copenhagen in 1854. See Index to Persons Emigrating, 11.


33. Marie Garff is sometimes referred to as Mary or Maria in the sources used for this article.
34. Louis Garff, Reminiscences of Louis Garff, 58, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives. The ship manifest shows that the Garff family were among the 522 passengers on this spring voyage of the Westmoreland from Liverpool to Philadelphia. Niels is listed on the customs list as 46 years old, and Marie is listed as 36. The names and ages of the children at the time of embarkation were listed as Peter [Niels] age 6, Christen [Christian] age 5, Lauritz [Louis] age 2, and Trina [Josephine Patricia] age twenty-one months. “Report or Manifest of All the Passengers Taken on Board the Ship Westmoreland,” Balch Institute, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, copy in possession of author. The names and ages appear to be correct, with the exception that Peter Garff was born February 17, 1843, and was therefore fourteen at the time of the voyage, not six. See Garff, Peter Niels Garff, x.

35. Garff, Peter Niels Garff, 15.


37. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission notes that the Saints arrived in Philadelphia on May 31, 1857, where they were received by Cannon. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, April 18, 1857. However, the Westmoreland Custom List for the port of Philadelphia gives the date as June 1, 1857.


40. Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, April 18, 1857.

41. For details of the journey between the Copenhagen departure (April 18, 1857) and the arrival at Salt Lake City (September 13, 1857), see Manuscript History of the Scandinavian Mission, April 18, 1857. For additional details of the journey with the Christian Christensen Company, see LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann W. Hafen, Handcarts to Zion: The Story of a Unique Western Migration, 1856–1860 (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press; Spokane, Wash.: Arthur H. Clark, 1960), 157–64.

42. Garff, Peter Niels Garff, x.


45. Eyering, “History of Gudmundur Gudmundsson,” 83, 93. See also Myrl Gudmundsen to Richard S. Van Wagoner, February 12, 1988, Lehi Public Library. According to records from the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Marie was sealed to the deceased Niels Garff for eternity and married for time to Guðmund on April 20, 1861. Garff, Peter Niels Garff, 16–17.


49. Journal History of the Church, July 8, 1861.


57. For details of this discovery, see Eyering, “History of Gudmundur Gudmundsson,” 118–20; and Gudmundsen to Van Wagoner. Gudmundsen asserts that they consulted a friend who was a judge, while Eyering maintains that the money was turned into the mayor.

58. Garff, Reminiscences of Louis Garff, 60. The family was rebaptized on November 14, 1869, in Draper, Utah. Eyering, “History of Gudmundur Gudmundsson,” 120.


63. Guðmundur passed his trade onto his sons Abraham and Isaac. When the boys matured, Guðmundur started an itinerant business of repairing watches and sometimes left his sons alone to run their jewelry store in Lehi. He advertised with circulars in the surrounding areas. Eyering, “History of Gudmundur Gudmundsson,” 122.


65. According to one of Guðmundur’s granddaughters, Guðmundur appeared to her in his temple robes the night he died and adjusted one part of his clothing. After the casket had been shipped home, the family discovered that particular part of his clothing had not been put on properly. Eyering suggests that “God may have allowed this unusual occurrence to take place as a witness to Guðmundur’s posterity that his temple clothes and hence the gospel were of great importance to him and that he had died as a member in good-standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.” Eyering, “History of Gudmundur Gudmundsson,” 125–26.

66. On March 18, 2000, I met Ralph A. Trane (a grandson of Guðmundur) at the pioneer cemetery in Draper (Draper Corporation Cemetery). We had been trying to find the burial place of Guðmundur, and Ralph thought that he might be buried in Draper because some of the Garff family were buried there. We were delighted when the cemetery director, Scott Howell, searched his records and was able to identify the plot where Guðmundur was buried. In May 2000, Ralph and his family placed a marker on Guðmundur’s grave to honor him.
Tomizo and Tokujiro:
The First Japanese Mormons

Shinji Takagi

In August 1901, Heber J. Grant and his companions arrived in Japan to open the first permanent mission in Asia and begin their difficult proselytizing labors among the Japanese.¹ It took them almost seven long months to claim the first fruit of their labors. On March 8, 1902, on the shore of Omori in Tokyo Bay, Hajime Nakazawa, a professed Shinto priest, was baptized, confirmed, and ordained an elder. This event was symbolic indeed. For one thing, Nakazawa was presumably affiliated with a religious sect whose roots went back to the ancient indigenous religion of Japan.² For another, more interestingly, the name Hajime signifies “beginning” or “first” in Japanese.

Although the baptism of Hajime Nakazawa undoubtedly is the first of the missionary fruits to be claimed in Japan, it hardly represents the first fruit of the Church among the Japanese. Frequent contacts between the Japanese and the Mormons prior to the opening of the mission in Japan in 1901 are well documented. Following the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, Ogden, Utah, became an important railroad junction, where just about every Japanese traveler stopped on his way to much of the United States and Europe.³ Some even stayed in Utah and its surrounding regions.⁴ Contacts were also made in Hawaii, where, following the beginning of large-scale Japanese emigration in 1885,⁵ frequent contacts were reported in Laie and other places. Some of the Japanese people so contacted affiliated themselves with the Mormons well before 1901.⁶

This paper will tell the stories of two such people, Tomizo Katsunuma (1863–1950) and Tokujiro Sato (ca. 1851–1919). Both were born in Japan during the final days of the Tokugawa or Edo period (1603–1868)⁷ and came in the latter half of the nineteenth century to what is now part of the United States. Tomizo received the best education available in Japan, became a veterinarian, came to the United States in part to pursue further studies in veterinary science, and spent most of his life as a United States immigration officer, veterinarian, and prominent citizen in Hawaii. In contrast, Tokujiro had little formal education, came to Hawaii at a young age as a contractual immigrant worker, married a native Hawaiian, and earned his living as a carpenter, butcher, cook, and taro farmer. The purpose of this article is to cast their lives against the economic, political, and social conditions of their day and to appreciate their struggles as pioneers in a strange land.

BYU Studies 39, no. 2 (2000)
Tomizo Katsunuma

In 1937, Edward L. Clissold began his summary of notable events in the ministry of the Church among the Japanese people of Hawaii in these words:

Any story of the Japanese members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Hawaiian Islands should begin with the arrival in Hawaii in 1898 of Dr. T. Katsunuma, a then recent graduate of the Utah State Agricultural College [sic], and a member of the Church holding the office of a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood.

Tomizo Katsunuma was a prominent and respected man of some influence in the Japanese and non-Japanese communities of Hawaii during the first half of the twentieth century, when the Japanese constituted about 40 percent of the total population.

Tomizo, who was a veterinarian by training and practice, worked for the United States government as an immigration inspector in Honolulu from 1898 to 1924. Because of this role and because he was responsible for initiating the emigration of Japanese to Hawaii from his home prefecture of Fukushima, he was honored as the Father of Immigrants. Among Mormons in Hawaii, he was respected as one of the Church's first documented members of Japanese ancestry.

Early Years in Japan. Tomizo Katsunuma was born on October 6 in the third year of Bunkyu (or November 16, 1863) in the castle town of Miharu, Banshu (now Fukushima Prefecture). He was the third son (and fourth child) of Naochika Katogi, a samurai of the Miharu clan, and his wife Yo (or Yoko). After studying the Chinese classics at the clan school, he entered an elementary school in Miharu, where he was in the first graduating class under the new educational system of the Meiji period (1868–1912). He then went on to study Chinese books and Western learning at a newly opened middle school in Miharu until 1878, when at the age of fifteen he was enrolled in the Sendai Foreign Language School in the principal city of Sendai, where he studied English reading and writing.

In 1880, Tomizo moved to Tokyo and entered the Preparatory School of the University of Tokyo in Hitotsubashi. There he completed three years of study in liberal arts. However, he gave up the idea of pursuing a higher education because of a lack of funds. After returning home, he took
a job for meager pay at a silk-reeling factory, then as the principal of an elementary school in the village of Michiwatashi for a monthly wage of ten yen. When a middle school was opened in the village of Tatsuta, he was appointed as assistant professor to teach English.

This area of the country (Tamura County) was a breeding center for horses, and a need was felt to train a resident veterinarian with county funds. In 1885, Tomizo was requested by the county commissioner to attend the Tokyo School of Veterinary Science\(^{16}\) for a monthly allowance of fifteen yen. He subsequently transferred to the department of veterinary science at the Imperial College of Agriculture in Komaba and, upon graduation in 1888, was appointed assistant researcher at the school.

**Arrival in the United States.** In the late 1880s, there was a sort of emigration fervor in Japan. In part, this reflected the depressed state of the economy. Following the Satsuma Rebellion (armed uprisings carried out by former samurai of the Satsuma clan) of 1877 and the inflationary consequence of financing the war, the Meiji government began to pursue a deflationary policy in the early 1880s under the leadership of Finance Minister Masayoshi Matsukata. The agrarian distress created by the deflationary policy of the 1880s was so severe that the government changed its previously cautious attitude towards emigration and instituted a program of supervised emigration to Hawaii in 1885.\(^{17}\) At the same time, the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, which halted the immigration of Chinese laborers, had created a demand for Japanese workers in the United States. In this atmosphere, Tomizo determined to look for a chance to emigrate.

The chance came rather quickly. Upon hearing that one of his elder brothers, Shigenori, was going to the United States to survey the electric power industry, Tomizo decided to go along. On April 25, 1889, the two dream-filled brothers departed in a steamboat for America, leaving behind a Meiji Japan agitated over the establishment of the National Diet. Tomizo was twenty-five years old and had been married to Mine Endo\(^{18}\) for less than a month, the wedding having taken place on March 30. According to his biographer, Mine nevertheless encouraged his decision, allowing her husband to move ahead in pursuit of his purpose and dream.\(^{19}\)

On May 10, 1889, the two brothers arrived in San Francisco. After staying with Tomizo for several days, Shigenori traveled on the transcontinental railroad to observe electricity-related enterprises in the East and remained in the United States until January 1890.\(^{20}\) Being left alone, Tomizo stayed in the vicinity of San Francisco, visiting the ranches in the surrounding communities with the help of Sutemi Chinda, the Japanese Consul in San Francisco.\(^{21}\) He subsequently engaged in raising sheep and cattle at a large-scale vineyard managed by a Japanese man by the name of Nagasawa in Santa Rosa, California.\(^{22}\)
In those days, there was an association of Japanese in San Francisco called the Patriotic League, whose principal members included the founder, Yoshizo Kasuya (later the speaker of the House of Representatives), and others who would also become prominent in Japanese politics. In the 1880s, Japan was swept by a nationwide popular political movement called the Popular Rights Movement, in which certain dissatisfied elements of society were demanding a reform of the Meiji government along Western democratic lines. The government dealt forcefully with the movement, imprisoning many of its leaders and executing a few. The Patriotic League was initially organized in January 1888 by dissident leaders who had fled the country, although it is not clear how much of that political zeal remained once the Meiji constitution (with a nominal democracy) was promulgated in 1889. Under these circumstances, Tomizo was invited to join the League, became involved in its work, and participated in political discussions with his compatriots.

**Encounter with the Mormons.** Tomizo’s introduction to Mormonism came as a direct consequence of his connection with the Patriotic League. In the early 1890s, members of the League established the business of providing mail handling, remittance, translation, letter writing, and other services to Japanese immigrant workers.²³ The first subcontractor was a man by the name of Tadashichi Tanaka, who set up his office in 1891 in Nampa, Idaho, and staffed it with student laborers from San Francisco. One of the student laborers supplied by the Patriotic League, Tomizo worked in Tanaka’s Idaho office as his right-hand man. As Tanaka had earlier managed a house of ill repute in the railroad town of Ogden, Utah, it is possible that Tomizo first went to Utah in 1890 before moving to Nampa in 1891.²⁴

Tomizo’s business and other activities in the early 1890s must have taken him to places in Idaho, Utah, and other Western states and territories. In 1891, another brother, Shutaro, came to the United States to study dairy farming at the Agricultural College of Utah (now Utah State University). During his studies, Shutaro made trips to Salt Lake City to conduct experiments in sericulture,²⁵ almost certainly accompanied by Tomizo. Although it is not known how Tomizo ended up in Logan, Utah (where he would be baptized into the Church), it is likely that his departure from Idaho was triggered by Tanaka’s dismissal as the field agent in spring 1893, on charges that wages withheld from the workers on the Oregon Short Line were mishandled.²⁶ The decision to relocate in Logan may have been a joint decision with his brother. Shutaro stayed in the Idaho-Utah area from 1891 to about 1895.²⁷

While in Logan, Tomizo first entered Brigham Young College, a Mormon academy, and completed a course in “theology,” probably religious education. His enrollment at Brigham Young College may have been
inspired by his desire to study Mormonism or may have been only a precursor (in terms of mastering the English language) to his studies in veterinary medicine at the Agricultural College. The registrar's office at Utah State University has records of Tomizo's enrollment for the academic years 1895 and 1896. It is not clear, therefore, if he actually graduated from a degree-granting program. According to his biographer, however, he completed the course of study in agriculture in three years, upon which he became an assistant for a Dr. Fischer, a German professor in veterinary science.\textsuperscript{28}

While in Logan, Tomizo naturally had frequent contacts with Mormons, prominent among whom was Carl Christian Amussen, a wealthy Danish convert to the Church and the father, with his third wife, Barbara McIsaac Smith, of Flora Amussen, the wife of Ezra Taft Benson, the thirteenth President of the Church. After retiring from his successful jewelry business in Salt Lake City, Amussen was living in a two-story, French-style villa in Logan, with "marble fireplaces, a great winding stairway in solid mahogany with turned balustrades, two grand porticos, one facing each street, a steam heating plant, and modern plumbing."\textsuperscript{29} His initial contact with Tomizo was likely related to the fact that Amussen was a horseman who was proud of his white Arabian horses. It may be recalled that, even before coming to Logan, Tomizo was a veterinarian skilled in the handling of horses.

As Amussen was a wealthy man, he spent his winters in Santa Barbara or the Monterey Peninsula in California. During those winter months, according to the Amussen family historian, "he entrusted his house to a Japanese student by the name of Katsunuma. Before he left Logan, the Japanese friend had been converted to the Church, typifying and exemplifying the missionary zeal which characterized the entire life of Carl Christian Amussen from the time of his conversion until the day of his death."\textsuperscript{30} Tomizo was baptized by Guy W. Thatcher and confirmed a member of the Church by Joseph E. Lewis on August 8, 1895. He was subsequently ordained a deacon by R. M. Lewis on January 25, 1896.\textsuperscript{31} It was also during his Logan years that Tomizo became a naturalized U.S. citizen—citizenship was possibly granted in recognition of his service in the Utah National Guard\textsuperscript{32}—and in 1896 cast his first vote, for Democratic presidential candidate William Jennings Bryan.

Relocation in Hawaii. In 1894, the Japanese government terminated its program of supervised emigration to Hawaii.\textsuperscript{33} In response, there was a rise of private emigration companies that recruited laborers for profits. In 1898, for example, there were nine such companies, which shipped 12,293 laborers abroad, mostly to sugar plantations in Hawaii.\textsuperscript{34} While in Utah, Tomizo was recruited by one of those companies, the Hiroshima Emigration Company. The Hiroshima Emigration Company had had a
long-standing relationship with the Patriotic League and hired some of the League members as its executives. Tsutau Sugawara, a prominent member of the Patriotic League, was one of them, and he had set up an office in Honolulu in 1895. The recruitment of Tomizo may have been initiated more directly by Tatsusaburo Matsuoka, Tomizo’s office mate in Nampa, who also became an executive of the Hiroshima Emigration Company upon his return to Japan in 1897. Accepting the Hiroshima company’s offer, Tomizo left Utah for the Pacific and arrived in Honolulu on January 15, 1898.

However, Tomizo’s involvement with the Hiroshima Emigration Company was apparently brief because, in the early spring of the same year, he made his first trip home under contract with the Kumamoto Emigration Company. Until that time, most of the immigrants to Hawaii had come from the regions in western Japan, including Kumamoto, Fukuoka, Yamaguchi, and Hiroshima. The Kumamoto Emigration Company was the first of the major emigration companies to pay attention to the Tohoku region, and the charge given to Tomizo was to recruit immigrants from that region, including from his home prefecture of Fukushima. Upon his return home, he gave stirring speeches in his Tohoku accent and inspired many to emigrate to Hawaii. Tomizo returned to Hawaii on July 26, 1898, accompanied by a group of about one hundred Fukushima immigrants.

Obviously, the highlight of his first trip home was the reunion with his wife, Mine, whom he had not seen for almost ten years. He had not even seen their son, Katsumi, who was born in Miharu following Tomizo’s departure for the United States. For a few months in the first half of 1898, they lived in a detached room in the eastern part of the Enjo house in their hometown of Miharu. Thus Tomizo indisputably became the first Japanese Mormon to live in Japan. Their union was not to be disrupted again by a long absence. Soon after the birth of the second child, Kiyomi (in January 1899), the family traveled to Hawaii to be with Tomizo.

Life in Hawaii. Upon his permanent settlement in Hawaii, Tomizo became an immigration officer of the U.S. government. Given his earlier connections with Japanese emigration companies, his U.S. citizenship and his ability to speak English (though not without a strong accent) must have been important factors in this appointment, as Hawaii was being annexed to the United States at the time of his appointment (the process of annexation was completed in August 1898) and was to become a full territory of the United States in June 1900. With this changed status of Hawaii, the period of contractual immigration ended, only to be succeeded by a period of free immigration. A flood of Japanese immigrants continued to come, and the U.S. government needed someone of Tomizo’s background to handle the arrival of those immigrants, which averaged about sixty per ship.
Whenever a group of Japanese immigrants arrived, as an immigration inspector for the U.S. government Tomizo took a launch with customs officers to the ship, which was temporarily anchored awaiting their arrival. The team would then make a preliminary check of passengers as the ship was being docked along the pier. Things would generally move smoothly for the first-class passengers. Immigrants and other third-class passengers would be housed in the Immigration Department in order to go through the necessary investigation. Tomizo worked in this capacity until June 30, 1924, the day before the Johnson-Reid Immigration Act, which barred from entry all aliens ineligible for citizenship, took effect.

During that period, hardly a single Japanese immigrant landed in Hawaii without being inspected by Tomizo. Because of that status, he was well respected in the Japanese community, and many, including those who arrived as picture brides (in other words, women whose marriages to resident immigrants were arranged across the Pacific through the exchange of photographs), came seeking his advice even on personal matters. He was called “Doctor Katsunuma” or sometimes simply “Doctor” in the Japanese community, not because he had a doctorate (which he did not), but out of respect for his professional training in veterinary medicine, which he continued to practice and which he continued to regard as his true vocation in life.

He was known for his sharp wit, humor, and jovial personality. According to historian Yukiko Kimura, he was “unconventional, unpretentious, and had an open and direct way of doing things. . . . Japanese residents of Hawaii, rural and urban, accepted him with affection and respect because of these characteristics.” Yasutaro Soga, a friend and a prominent figure in the Japanese community of Hawaii, wrote:

Dr. Katsunuma, who was always called “Roko” among us and “Dr. Party” among the people, was a popular figure in the society circles of Honolulu. This was true not only among us the Japanese, but also among the White, Chinese, Kanaka (native Hawaiian), and Portuguese peoples. Regardless of race, religion, social status or age, he would talk to any acquaintance he might meet on the streets of Honolulu with the same familiarity. Whenever I was with him, his conversation with an acquaintance would become so long that I was sometimes distressed. . . .

Like myself, he did not drink much. At parties, however, he was famous for his Japanese limerick, which went something like “it is human to have facial pits, horses don’t have them.” At Rotary Club socials and other functions, he would make people burst into laughter by imitating a cock crow or a horse laughter. In this manner, Dr. Katsunuma was a unique personality among us, his associates in Hawaii.

Arriving immigrants were sometimes dumbfounded by the words that came out of Tomizo’s mouth, which were spoken with a Tohoku accent and
were full of humor and wit. Towards the immigrants from Fukushima Prefecture, his paternalistic feelings were sometimes manifested violently, particularly when he was young. His biographer cites one eyewitness account:

It [The man] was a Matsumoto or something like that from Adachi County. When we arrived at Honolulu harbor, Mr. Katsunuma told us to gather together, so we all went upon the deck. This man came up considerably late. He was wearing an unlined summer kimono with splashed patterns, and walked up pattering his wooden clogs of medium height, with a tobacco case hanging down from his waist. Even we could tell that he was in trouble. Furious with anger, Mr. Katsunuma ran up to that man, kicked him with the shoe, trampled on him two or three times when he fell, yelling, “Where do you think you are? You are a disgrace to Fukushima.”

The biographer interpreted Tomizo’s behavior as reflecting “his constant passion for the improvement of younger immigrants.”

A Community Leader. With no propensity for smoking or drinking, Tomizo had as a favorite pastime reading and writing. In 1907, when the old and deteriorating Japanese Consulate building (purchased by the first consul in 1886) was put on sale, Tomizo purchased the building, moved it to Metcalf Street, and, upon renovation, called it Bashoan after his pen name, Basho. He was often found reading a book in a wisteria chair on the verandah of the house. His writings reveal that he was an avid reader, knowledgeable about many things, both East and West, old and new. For example, he wrote on such diverse subjects as the Japanese beetle, tattoos, and the contemporary Japanese haiku poet Meisetsu Naito.

Writing almost became his profession. With the printing press and movable types that he had shipped from his brother in Tokyo, he upgraded the Yamato Shinbun (a mimeographed newspaper with which he was associated from the earliest days) to a printed daily paper. In 1906, Yasutaro Soga (originally of Tokyo) was invited to become the president and editor-in-chief, and the title was changed to the Nippu Jiji (later the name would change again, to the Hawai'i Times). Tomizo supported the newspaper company by serving as vice president and by frequently writing columns that enjoyed wide readership and commanded considerable influence among the Japanese-reading public. Tomizo obviously loved the newspaper business because he was engaged in it until just before his death.

In describing Tomizo's writing style, Soga expressed himself in these words: “[Dr. Katsunuma] had an inquisitive mind, had passion for newspapers, and had a first class style of his own when it came to writing. His ‘Tohoku’ accent even manifested itself in writing. Because ‘e’ and ‘i’ were reversed, we were always troubled.”

A collection of Tomizo’s essays that appeared regularly in the Sunday columns of the Nippu Jiji from April 1922 to June 1924 was later published as a book under the title of Kansho no Shiborikasu (Strained Lees of Sugarcanes),
with ten thousand copies printed by the Nippu Jiji Company. This three-hundred-page book not only is revealing of Tomizo’s witty character but is also a great source of information on the social history of Japanese immigrants in Hawaii.

Tomizo often acted as an arbitrator in public or private disputes. In 1900, when a number of Chinese workers were killed in a major collision, the Japanese offenders were sentenced to death. Tomizo resolutely stood up in their defense and eventually succeeded in reducing the sentence. From this time on, Tomizo became a great advocate of the Japanese community in Hawaii. In 1909, Tomizo and his newspaper repeatedly demanded that the working conditions of Japanese plantation workers be improved, and they supported the strike of seven thousand plantation workers. When an incident of serious consequence occurred in the Japanese community, Tomizo was often called to intervene and find a peaceful settlement.\textsuperscript{51}

For many years, Tomizo was a confidant of Japanese consuls stationed in Honolulu. When a Japanese consul was preparing for the festivities of the first emperor’s birthday (to be held on November 3, 1900) after Hawaii had become a U.S. territory, he recognized the need to be sensitive and requested that Tomizo become a member of the planning committee. Tomizo was also a charter (and the first non-Caucasian) member of the Rotary Club of Honolulu. He was involved in many community functions and activities, including the management of the Japanese hospital; the March 26, 1922, reunion of the first Japanese immigrants (called \textit{gan-nen-mono}) and their descendants;\textsuperscript{52} and the festivities held on February 8, 1935, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of the government-supervised program of emigration. He had a close association with both Christian and Buddhist leaders of the Japanese community, and Japanese dignitaries visiting Hawaii often called on him.

As a leader of the Japanese community in Hawaii, Tomizo twice represented the community in attending the imperial coronation ceremonies in Japan. The first time was in September 1915 when Tomizo made his third trip home,\textsuperscript{53} leading a group of about fifty people. Before traveling west to Kyoto to attend the coronation of Emperor Taisho, the group was invited by Marquis Shigenobu Okuma, then prime minister of Japan, to his residence in Tokyo, where Tomizo is said to have “mystified Marquis Okuma by giving a formal reply which was both relevant and witty.”\textsuperscript{54} The second occasion was in 1928, when he made his fourth and last trip home to attend the coronation of Emperor Showa (or Hirohito), which was held on November 13.

**Early Association with the Church.** Writing in 1937, Clissold explained that when Tomizo first arrived in Hawaii almost forty years earlier, he “attended services regularly at Auwaiolimu (in Honolulu) for
several months. As the services were held entirely in Hawaiian, however, he became discouraged and for many years attended church only at conference time. During these periods of inactivity, he continued to claim membership and never hesitated to admit that he was a Mormon. The festivities of the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Hawaiian Mission, which were held in December 1900, might have been one of those occasions when Tomizo attended church. A picture taken on that occasion features Tomizo with George Q. Cannon, one of the first missionaries to Hawaii, who returned to represent the First Presidency.

According to Clissold, Tomizo also met with Heber J. Grant, then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve:

> When President Heber J. Grant passed through Hawaii on his way to preside over the Japanese Mission, Dr. Katsunuma met him and offered his services as missionary. For some reason he was not called to the mission field and continued to live in Hawaii as the only Japanese member.

The statement that Elder Grant passed through Hawaii on his way to Japan is obviously incorrect, as the Empress of India, which carried the first missionaries to Japan in August 1901, did not visit Honolulu. The timing of Tomizo's meeting with Elder Grant must have been in March 1902, when the Apostle did visit the Hawaiian Mission on his way back from Japan to attend the April general conference. Whether Tomizo at that time was the only Japanese member in Hawaii, as Clissold says in his statement, is also subject to question.

Apparently, Elder Grant and his companions knew about Tomizo from the earliest days of their mission in Japan. It is possible that they had heard about him from George Q. Cannon while they were still in Utah. Alma O. Taylor, one of the first missionaries to Japan, writes that on August 19, 1901, they received at their boarding house in Yokohama a man by the name of Ushida, “who at one time went to school for about 4 months in the L.D.S. College . . . and was well acquainted with Thomaz [sic] Katsunuma who now lives in Honolulu, H.I. and is a member of the Church.” On the same day, the missionaries received a letter from “Mr. Katogi the Brother of T. Katsunuma . . . [who] had been in Salt Lake City and appreciated the kindness of the Mormons in helping him in the raising of silk.” Shutaro Katogi, who must have found out about the arrival of the Mormon missionaries by reading newspaper accounts, invited Elder Grant to come to see him in Tokyo and offered some assistance to the Church. On August 25, the editors of the Tokyo newspaper Shakai Shimpô came to interview the missionaries in Yokohama, as recorded in Taylor's journal:

> They brought with them a letter of introduction from Mr. Katogi with whom Bro. Grant had become acquainted while in Tokio a few days ago. . . . These gentlemen told us that . . . if we would go to Tokio that they wanted to call a large meeting and give us the opportunity of addressing through an
interpreter, the Japanese people. They also said that the proprietor of their paper Mr. Oda told them that he would take great delight in introducing us to the people of his country. They also were the bearers of a message from Mr. Matsuoka, . . . telling us that he would furnish us a house without charging rent if we would only come to Tokio.  

During his second trip home in 1904, Tomizo himself sought out and visited the mission home in Tokyo. Taylor describes the visit:

Learned upon returning to headquarters that Bro. Katsunuma from Hawaii had visited Pres. E[nsign] on Monday the 4th [of April 1904]. Bro. Katsunuma is the first Japanese to join the Church in all the world. He was converted in Utah many years ago. He has become an American citizen and is now in the civil service at Hawaii. He having received a month’s furlough, is in Japan visiting friends & relatives. He sought “Mormons” out the first thing and seemed pleased with what they had accomplished & were doing. He was glad to see some Latter-day Saint Hymns in his native language and gave the sect. of the Mission ¥10.00 towards further translation.

A Japanese Mormon in Hawaii. During the early years in Hawaii, in addition to the language difficulty, his wife’s attitude toward religion may also have played a part in Tomizo’s general inactivity in the Church. She was a staunch Methodist and did not think much of the Mormons. The rest of the family apparently attended the Methodist Church. As English increasingly became a dominant language in Hawaii, however, Tomizo must have become a more active participant in Mormon services. Certainly by the early 1920s, Tomizo was an active participant. In a Sunday newspaper column published on November 6, 1921, he talks about the visit of an English professor from Utah and mentions that they became acquainted with each other because of their association in the Church.

In the early 1930s, Tomizo was instrumental in the organization of a Japanese Sunday School class in the Kalihi (Honolulu) Branch in May 1934 and the subsequent establishment of the Japanese Mission in Hawaii. In the critical meeting of key individuals held in the Hawaiian Mission home on April 6, 1934, Tomizo was present, along with Castle H. Murphy (mission president) and Edward L. Clissold, and offered the opening prayer. In connection with the First Presidency visit in Hawaii in the summer of 1935, J. Reuben Clark Jr. writes that “among the Japanese Saints in Honolulu [is] . . . Dr. Tomizo Katsunuma, who at one time attended college in Utah.” In Clark’s account, Tomizo was undoubtedly a member of the group of Japanese Saints who “gave to President Grant and his group a delicious dinner and afterward a delightful entertainment of song, dance, instrumental music and recitation.”

Writing in 1939 about the establishment of the Japanese Mission in Hawaii in February 1937, John A. Widtsoe mentions Tomizo as one of the seventeen Church members of Japanese ancestry found by Hilton A.
Robertson, the incoming mission president. On October 1, 1939, following the establishment of the Japanese Mission, Tomizo was ordained an elder by Robertson. Widtsoe describes Tomizo as “a student of Brigham Young College and the Utah State Agricultural College [sic], and the first Japanese baptized into the Church” and as “active in the service of the mission in Honolulu.” He goes on to say that there is “much friendliness among the Japanese for our work” and that the “Japanese daily, Nippu Jiji of Honolulu, under the able leadership of Mr. Yasutaro Soga . . . made frequent timely references to the work of the Latter-day Saints among the Japanese.” This is to be expected. Soga was one of Tomizo’s closest friends, and Tomizo himself was involved in the editorial work of the Nippu Jiji.

After retiring from the Immigration Department in 1924, Tomizo returned to his real vocation as a veterinarian and continued the pleasant pastime of writing. Such retirement days were quietly spent until the summer of 1950, when he was hospitalized at Kuakini Hospital. He gradually weakened because of advancing age and, on September 11, closed his colorful life of almost eighty-seven years. Mine and other close relatives were at his bedside. The funeral was solemnly held on September 13 at the Church’s large tabernacle on Beretania Street, with Edward L. Clissold conducting. The tabernacle was filled with flowers, and many dignitaries were in attendance. The memorial addresses were given by Yasutaro Soga and Chomatsu Tsukiyama (president of the Senate). It was said to be the largest funeral held there in many years, with no room left even to stand. An obituary appeared in the English-language Honolulu Advertiser, under the large headline “Dr. Katsunuma, first Japanese Mormon, Dies.”

Tokujiro Sato

Tokujiro Sato, also known in Hawaii as Toko, Toku, or Sasaki, is another person who has a claim to being the first Japanese Mormon. Unlike Tomizo Katsunuma, however, very little is known, let alone written, about him. However, the contrast with Tomizo goes beyond the availability of reliable information. In all likelihood, Tokujiro was a person of humble means and little education.

An Eyewitness Account. The best place to begin is the only published eyewitness account of him, which describes the 1919 encounter of Tokujiro or Toko with Elias Wesley Smith, the son of Joseph F. Smith and president of the Hawaiian Mission:

During my recent visit, through the different conferences on the Islands of Maui and Hawaii, I had the privilege of meeting the first Japanese convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who is now living at Kukuihaele, Hawaii. We held an interesting meeting in his home and spent the night there.
Becoming interested in Brother Toko, I learned that he was born in Tokio, Japan, in the year 1849 [sic]. At the age of seventeen [sic] he worked his way to Hawaii, arriving here in 1866 [sic]. In 1879 [sic] he married a Hawaiian by the name of Kalala, and they have happily passed their ruby anniversary. He joined the Church in 1892 [sic], and has been and is still a faithful member.

He related to me many interesting incidents that took place here many years ago, among which was the Walter Murray Gibson trouble, and how he witnessed Gibson's unlawful rise to power, and his dishonorable failure. . . .

Brother Toko is now seventy [sic] years of age, hale and hearty, and able to work six days a week raising Kalo (a Hawaiian vegetable used in making poi) for the market. In this way he earns an honest living. He has a large family of bright children.75

Smith's statement is extremely valuable as a starting reference, not because it is entirely correct (which it is not), but because it raises so many questions. For one thing, the arrival date of 1866 means that Tokujiro left Japan when the country was still under Tokugawa rule. Could he have left then? Very likely the dates of both his birth and arrival, if not anything else, are incorrect.76 Moreover, even if we take those dates at face value, how is it possible for someone who arrived in Hawaii in 1866 and joined the Church in 1892 to witness the Walter Murray Gibson trouble of 1861–64, if the statement refers to Gibson's unlawful administration of Lanai, the gathering place for the Hawaiian Saints?77 Maybe Smith was putting his own words into Tokujiro's mouth, when Tokujiro was thinking of something else.

Smith's statement, however, convincingly demonstrates that in Kukuihaele on the island of Hawaii there was a Japanese man who claimed to have arrived in Hawaii long before the government-supervised program of emigration began in 1885 and whom a Church leader regarded as belonging to the Church, the man having been baptized before the opening of missionary work in Japan in 1901. Furthermore, Smith's encounter with Tokujiro is entirely probable. Smith arrived in Honolulu on June 25, 1919, replacing Samuel Edwin Woolley, who had served as mission president for twenty-four years from 1895 to 1919.78 Thus, the new president was in need of quickly acquainting himself with the conditions prevailing in various parts of the islands. Because Smith was born in Laie during his father's exile (1885–87)79 and had himself filled a mission to Hawaii from 1907 to 1910, he spoke Hawaiian fluently, as did Tokujiro (albeit with a Japanese accent). So the conversations, which must have taken place between June 25 and October 22 (when the report was filed),80 were undoubtedly conducted in that language.

Gan-nen-mono. As previously mentioned, organized immigration of Japanese workers to Hawaii did not begin until early 1885, when the Japanese government initiated a supervised program of emigration under
a provisional agreement with the Kingdom of Hawaii. The first group of 948 Japanese immigrants arrived in Hawaii aboard the City of Tokyo on February 8, 1885, to work mostly on sugar plantations. Tokujiro Sato's arrival in Hawaii predates the first group of government immigrants by almost twenty years, because he came in 1868 (not 1866, as stated by E. Wesley Smith) as a member of the only group of immigrants who left Japan before the commencement of government emigration. As the year 1868 was the first year of Meiji, this group came to be called collectively "first year men," or gan-nen-mono in Japanese.

With declining population and the emergence of sugar, pineapple, and other agricultural industries, Hawaii was anxious, at least from the early 1850s, to receive foreign workers to cover the shortfall of labor. Desiring to secure Japanese workers and knowing Japan was opening to international intercourse in the late 1850s, the Hawaiian authorities approached the Tokugawa shogunate about the matter in 1865 by appointing Eugene M. Van Reed, a Dutch-American businessman living in Yokohama, as Hawaii's consul in Japan. No formal agreement could be secured because the shogunate objected not only to the idea of emigration itself but also to a businessman acting in a diplomatic capacity. However, on April 22, 1868, Van Reed was finally successful in obtaining the permission of the shogunate to recruit up to 350 Japanese immigrants to work on sugar plantations in Hawaii for three years.

Van Reed contracted with Japanese agents to recruit immigrant workers on the streets of Edo (present-day Tokyo) and Yokohama. The recruitees were mainly city dwellers, who had little experience in farming. Perhaps about half of the group were vagabonds, coolies, gamblers, drunkards, and other troublemakers who infected the urban streets of Japan during that period of great political and social unrest. Some were the second and third sons of small merchant houses, struggling in the economic depression of the time. Others were carpenters, plasterers, and other construction workers who had been employed in the rapidly developing open-treaty port of Yokohama. An overwhelming majority of them were young, over two-thirds of them being in their late teens and twenties.
Their contract was for three years (counting from the date of arrival in Hawaii), during which time they would be required to work twenty-six days a month for four dollars (or three dollars in the case of women). Transportation, food, lodging, and medical care would be provided by the employers, free of charge. The recruits responded to these terms, thinking that they would be rich when they returned home in three years. Uneducated as they were, they had no idea what Hawaii meant, let alone where the country was located. They called the place tenjiku, the ancient name for India, or simply a faraway place.

The fourth year of Keio (1868) was the year during which political power was transferred from the Tokugawa shogunate to the new imperial government of Emperor Meiji. The transfer of power was far from peaceful, however. Early in the year, following the declaration of imperial rule at the Imperial Palace in Kyoto, a civil war broke out. Strengthened by their victories in earlier battles, the imperial (now government) forces were marching towards Edo just about the time the immigrants were being recruited on the streets. Unfortunately for Van Reed and his party of immigrants, the Meiji government completely took over the political control of the port of Yokohama on May 9, 1868, just about the time the chartered British ship Scioto was preparing to leave with the immigrants on board. On May 6, the immigrants had already begun boarding, upon the satisfactory completion of a medical examination.

The new authorities stationed in Yokohama disapproved the shogunate's earlier agreement to allow its subjects to emigrate to Hawaii as contractual workers. Van Reed protested, saying that it would be a breach of diplomatic protocol not to honor the international agreement of a previous regime. On their part, the Meiji authorities argued that Hawaii was not a commercial treaty partner. Furthermore, they did not think that the terms of the contract were satisfactory and objected to the credentials of Van Reed as Hawaiian consul. They were also aware of the prevailing public opinion that the immigrant workers would be made slaves once they reached Hawaii.

Seeing the intransigence of the Japanese authorities, Van Reed appealed to the last resort measure. On the early morning of May 17, 1868, with customs clearance from the British (but not Japanese) authorities, he allowed the Scioto, carrying 150 Japanese immigrants (144 men and 6 women), to leave Yokohama harbor under the cover of darkness. As the ship slowly moved out to the open sea, there was much rejoicing among the passengers because they were finally freed from the lingering fear that they would be arrested and punished by the government authorities. The immigrants had generally been ignorant of the intricacy of either politics or diplomacy but understood only that their departure was in question and their lives were possibly in danger.
The ship arrived in Honolulu on June 19. On the following day, the 149 immigrants (one had died at sea) were allowed to go ashore. While on board, all the men, except for two who would do so later, had had their characteristic topknots chopped off on board as a token of gratitude for having survived the voyage across rough seas and also possibly as a symbol of their severance from their old world. After two weeks of vacation in Honolulu, the immigrants were assigned to different employers, who were required to pay seventy dollars per immigrant to the government and to make an advance of ten dollars in cash to each immigrant, which would then be deducted from monthly wages.

In the meantime, the unauthorized departure of the Scioto had become a diplomatic embarrassment for the newly established government. To restore national dignity, the government tried in vain to work with the resident diplomatic community to explore ways of punishing Van Reed and to secure the return of the immigrants. Just at that time, complaints of mistreatment, poor diet, and other hardships began to surface among the immigrants in Hawaii. For one thing, the immigrants were city dwellers unaccustomed to a rural lifestyle, let alone farming. Besides, their working conditions were severe, as they were made to work twelve straight hours a day under the heat of sun. There were at least two natural deaths and one suicide. There were also complaints of inadequate pay, particularly when half the wages were withheld for deferred payment upon their return home. These and other problems were undoubtedly compounded by language difficulties. The plight of the Japanese immigrants reached the Japanese consul in San Francisco, and several letters arrived from Tomisaburo Makino, the leader of the immigrants in Hawaii, requesting the Japanese government to intervene on their behalf.

In consequence, the Japanese government decided to send twenty-five-year-old Kagenori Ueno as special envoy to Hawaii. Traveling by way of San Francisco, Ambassador Ueno arrived in Honolulu on December 27, 1869, and immediately began to investigate the situation and to negotiate with the Hawaiian authorities. Ueno proposed two alternatives. One was that all immigrants be returned to Japan immediately at the expense of the Japanese government. The other was that only those wishing to return immediately be returned at the expense of the Japanese government but the remainder be returned at the end of the three-year contract period at the expense of the Hawaiian government. On January 10, 1870, the Hawaiian government accepted the second of the two proposals, subject to the condition that the agreement was "limited by the general law of all nations and of this country [and] by the fact that should any desire to remain the Hawaiian Government has no authority to compel them to go." In the event, forty-two immigrants returned to Japan, and the rest (including two women) remained. The working conditions and general treatment of the remaining
immigrants were also improved so that no more serious complaints were reported during the rest of the initial contract period.

**Life in Japan.** Because the unauthorized departure of the *Scioto* in 1868 was a major diplomatic incident, there exist several government and semi-official records that detail the names, ages, and, in some cases, occupations of the immigrants. The trouble, however, is that much discrepancy exists across different records, owing not only to poor record keeping but more importantly to the fact that the immigrants (with the exception of four or possibly five) were commoners without surnames. During the Tokugawa period, there was a definite hierarchical ordering of society based on occupational categories consisting of samurai (including aristocrats and clergymen), peasants, artisans, merchants, and undercaste people. To have a surname was a privilege reserved for samurai, some landed farmers, and favored townspeople, including artisans and merchants of wealth and distinction. Only four of the 150 gan-nen-mono had surnames, and the rest frequently changed their names after arriving in Hawaii, making it difficult to trace individual immigrants through time.

The various records show that there were two immigrants by the name of Tokujiro (with no surname). The statement of E. Wesley Smith, however, establishes that the Tokujiro we seek is listed as eighteen years old when he boarded the ship, the other Tokujiro being listed as twenty-seven years old.²⁹ In the old Japanese way of counting age,³⁰ this means that he was born during the fourth year of Kaei (or the twelve-month period from February 1, 1851, to January 29, 1852, and not 1849 as Smith claims) and that he was sixteen or seventeen years old in terms of Western counting when he came to Hawaii, depending on the exact date of his birth.³¹ It is almost certain that Tokujiro was not of the samurai class, despite the claim of the family oral history to the contrary.³² For one thing, he did not have a surname, or at least it is not recorded that he did. For another, Tatami-machi (or Tatami-cho), which is believed to have been his place of residence,³³ was in the Kyobashi section of Edo,³⁴ a small area southeast of Edo Castle, and was where artisans specializing in the making of *tatami* (mat extensively used in the furnishing of Japanese-style houses) were concentrated. Given the definite demarcation that existed between the sections for samurai and townsmen, no samurai could have possibly lived in that part of town.³⁵

By the time he left home at the age of sixteen or seventeen, Tokujiro may well have already been an accomplished tatami maker in his own right. Family oral history has it that he was skilled in carpentry and helped build houses in the Waipio Valley on the northeastern coast of the island of Hawaii.³⁶ That he was a skilled carpenter cannot be disputed, as the house which he built for himself some one hundred years ago still stands today.³⁷ These carpentry skills could have been acquired as part of his apprenticeship
in tatami making, which involves mastering the use of carpentry tools. His supposed samurai status, undoubtedly of his own or his family’s concoction, may be traced to the possible contractual relationship that his shop had with one of the hatamoto (Tokugawa retainer) families. Tatamimachi was linked by a bridge over the outer moat to the cluster of large hatamoto houses, which faced the inner moat of the castle. Tatami makers were placed in that precise location for the very purpose of serving the needs of those households and even the Tokugawa household itself.

In 1868 the town that Tokujiro was leaving behind was in the state of economic and social chaos. With the opening of Japan to international trade in the late 1850s, the relative prices of basic commodities began to change, resulting in a sharp redistribution of wealth. With trade came a rise in the relative prices of exportables such as silk and tea, while those of importables such as sugar and cotton fell. The wholesale merchants of Edo were particularly hard hit, as the flow of commodities was diverted to Yokohama and new merchants emerged to exploit the new business opportunities created by the opening of trade. To make matters worse, the Tokugawa shogunate began to stockpile rice and other essential commodities in preparation for the impending showdown with the antishogunate forces. With shortage and inflation, poverty was rampant.107 The Keio period (1865–68) was a period of great social unrest, during which there were at least five major riots in Edo.

In spring 1868, it was under these economic and social conditions that the townspeople of Edo heard that the imperial forces were coming to destroy the city. Although Edo Castle was handed over to the imperial forces on May 3108 in a peaceful settlement and the city was spared from being burned, the people in general were not fully informed of these developments. For some time, the streets remained filled with people carrying household effects in their attempt to flee the city. For Tokujiro and the other newly recruited immigrants from Edo, the call for laborers to work in Hawaii was not only an opportunity for life in a new land but also an opportunity to escape from economic depression and possible death in the old land. This sense of terror and urgency to escape is captured by the following quote from the (not-so-reliable) family oral history of Tokujiro:

Tokujiro and thirteen other [sic] of his fellow samurai [were told that] if they were caught by the Imperial forces they would be beheaded. Seeing that they could not escape death if they remained in Japan, their leader suggested them to find a way to run away to some far away country. Until Tokujiro and his fellow guards could find a way to escape they had to stay in hiding to prevent being captured by the Imperial forces.109

What is remarkable about this story, which Tokujiro must have told his family members in one form or another, is its seeming resemblance to the
well-known story of a group of immigrants from Edo called *Imado-gumi*, headed by Komemichi Sakuma. The Imado-gumi group of twenty-five immigrants left the street of Imado in the Asakusa section of Edo on May 7\textsuperscript{110} for their thirty-mile journey towards Yokohama. Heading south, they walked through the chaotic downtown streets of Edo and came to Takanawa, when they saw a large army of government soldiers marching into town. Caught by terror, they suddenly stopped and hid themselves in a grove of trees upon a hill in Shinagawa\textsuperscript{111} and remained there until the last of the soldiers was seen walking up north to the central part of Edo. Other than the samurai reference, the resemblance between the two stories is so striking that one wonders whether Tokuijiro was a member of Imado-gumi, with Komemichi being the leader. Or perhaps, the Imado-gumi story is only representative of a similar scene experienced by all of the forty or so immigrants from Edo.

**Life in Hawaii.** The records filed by the gan-nen-mono chief Makino indicate that, when the time came to allocate the 148 immigrants (excluding one infant) among different employers, 51 were sent to Oahu, 71 to Maui (of this, 51 went to Haiku Sugar Company alone), 20 to Kauai, and 4 to Lanai (under the employ of W. M. Gibson).\textsuperscript{112} E. Wesley Smith's statement that Tokuijiro witnessed the Walter Murray Gibson trouble may well mean, if taken literally, that he was one of the four immigrants assigned to Lanai in the employ of Gibson. By 1868, the Gibson trouble had been long over, but Gibson still lived in Lanai. We know from a different source that, of the four assigned to Lanai, three (including a married couple) returned home in connection with the visit of Ambassador Ueno in early 1870.\textsuperscript{113} The fourth immigrant assigned to Lanai might have been Tokuijiro.

Or just as easily, Tokuijiro could have been sent to Maui. After all, almost half the people were sent there. Lanai, particularly the valley of Palawai, where Gibson likely lived, was only a short distance from Lahaina, Maui, across the channel. As Lanai lacked most amenities of life, Gibson must have frequented Maui to purchase basic supplies. Even in Maui, Tokuijiro and others could easily have had opportunities to see Gibson from time to time. In fact, the family oral history states that Tokuijiro was first sent to Maui. Yet again, it is also possible that he first went to Lanai but moved to Maui in conjunction with the promise of the Hawaiian government, made with Ambassador Ueno, to improve the working conditions of the Japanese immigrants. He would not have stayed in Lanai if the conditions there had been so bad that three out of the four initial immigrants decided to leave.\textsuperscript{114}

Interestingly, the list of gan-nen-mono filed on May 21, 1871, by Makino with the Hawaiian government designates “Toku Jilo” as desiring to go to the United States after the conclusion of the initial three-year
contract period. In early 1871, in response to an inquiry by Makino, the Japanese government authorized the remaining one hundred or so immigrants to return home, remain in Hawaii, or go to the United States without penalty. Judging from what we know about his later life experiences as well as his generally limited ability to speak English, however, it is almost certain that Tokujiro did not go to the United States when the contract was fulfilled in June 1871. As he was prepared to leave whatever place he was in, he may well have left for the island of Hawaii at that time.

With the enactment in Japan of the Household Register Law in 1871, it may have been around this time that Tokujiro took the surname Sato. Initially, when he arrived in Hawaii, he chose to be called Toku or Toko. Shortening of Japanese names to adapt to the Hawaiian manner of speech was an extremely common practice in those days. When the time came to pick a surname, he could have easily adopted the name chosen by his family in Tokyo. When we recognize that he claimed that he was from Tatashimachi, Kyobashi-ku, Tokyo, and that the Kyobashi section of Tokyo became a city ward (ku) only in November 1878, we can be reasonably sure that he maintained some contact with his family at least until some time after that date. Alternatively, the fact that he also used the surname Sasaki at least for a while may indicate that he chose the name Sasaki first, only to find out later that his family had adopted a different name.

Whether by choice or by assignment, Tokujiro's years in Maui were followed by a permanent move to the island of Hawaii. According to one source, Tokujiro went to Waipio on the northeastern coast to work as a butcher and to farm taro. On the other hand, the family oral history states that he went to Waimea (on the highland about ten miles south of Waipio) to work for Samuel Parker at his ranch as a carpenter and a cook and that the two developed a friendship that lasted a lifetime. Samuel Parker (1852–1920) was the flamboyant grandson of John Palmer Parker (1790–1868), who jumped ship in Hawaii, befriended King Kamehameha I, and built a large and prosperous ranch on the Waimea plain. Whether Tokujiro first went to Waipio or Waimea, he finally ended up in Kukuihaele (about five miles south of Waipio along the Pacific coast), where he built his own home and spent his final years. Information is so scanty that we cannot possibly reconstruct the sequence of his life in Hawaii. One thing we know for sure is that his entire life on the island of Hawaii was spent in a relatively small triangular region connecting Waimea, Waipio, and Kukuihaele. His life in the three principal locations may well have been overlapping and not necessarily sequential.

Sometime after arriving on the island of Hawaii, Tokujiro married Kalala Keliihananui Kamekona, a Hawaiian with mixed Irish and Chinese lineage. According to family sources, Kalala Keliihananui Kamekona was
the daughter of Kamekona (from the Waipio Valley) and Kaiahua (from the neighboring Waimanu Valley).\textsuperscript{120} She is said to have been born in Mana or Waipio circa 1851, but this date cannot be correct because it would make her fifty-five or fifty-six years old when the last child, Kaniela, was born in February 1907. According to E. Wesley Smith's account, Tokujiro and Kalala were married in 1879 and had "happily passed their ruby anniversary" by 1919. The reference to the ruby anniversary must be Smith's creation and not Tokujiro's comment because it is difficult (though not impossible) to believe that she did not have children for almost ten years after marriage (until the latter half of the 1880s) when she was fertile enough to give birth to ten children during her lifetime.\textsuperscript{121} These considerations seem to suggest that Tokujiro's marriage to Kalala took place in the middle of the 1880s and that Tokujiro was then in his early thirties and Kalala in her early twenties (having been born around 1862).

Kalala's possible birthplace of Mana is interesting because, in all likelihood, it refers to Mana Hale (in Hawaiian, House of the Spirit), the house built by John Palmer Parker outside of Waimea on the lower slope of 13,796-foot-high Mauna Kea. Undoubtedly, Mana later began to mean the whole compound of the Parker home or even the whole community of ranchers, workers, and their families working on Parker Ranch.\textsuperscript{122} Samuel Parker and his royal wife, Harriet Panana Napela, had a lavish lifestyle, alternating their residence between Mana and the king's palace in Honolulu. They were part of Hawaii's high society and regularly entertained "world travelers and socialities." Their parties are said to have "rivalled even those of King Kalakaua, a close friend of theirs."\textsuperscript{123} Kalakaua was on the throne from 1874 to 1891. During 1878–87, the king's close confidant and advisor was Walter Murray Gibson, who, after being excommunicated from the Church in 1864, tried his hand in Hawaiian politics and served as the premier and minister of foreign affairs before being forced to flee the country for a life of exile in California. No doubt, Gibson was one of those distinguished guests at Parker's home in Mana, and Tokujiro had plenty of opportunities in his capacity as the family chef to get to know Gibson. In this light, Tokujiro's presumed witness of Gibson's rise and fall takes on a new meaning.

Given Tokujiro's work and Kalala's family connection in Mana, it is possible that the two met and were married in Mana. Tokujiro may have obtained work as a cook at Parker Ranch because of his previous experience as a butcher in Waipio. Or his Parker Ranch job may have been his first in Hawaii. At any rate, after being married, the couple must have spent much of their married life in Waipio,\textsuperscript{124} where Tokujiro raised taro, built homes as a carpenter, and after 1885, when Japanese immigrants began to arrive in Hawaii, helped them with the Hawaiian language and Hawaiian
culture. A story is told of Sentaro Kawashima, a young Japanese immigrant, who was taught by Tokujiro to speak Hawaiian and English, farm taro, and make poi and okolehau (homemade Hawaiian whiskey). Tokujiro had become fluent in the Hawaiian language so that sometimes he was asked by a court of law to act as an interpreter. Such an assignment was not unusual for the gan-nen-mono who stayed in the Hawaiian islands, because, with very few or even no other Japanese around, they had to assimilate into the Hawaiian community.

It is said that when Tokujiro moved to Kukuihaele and built a house for his own family he carried lumber from the Waipio Valley on an ox wagon. Kukuihaele is only a short distance from Waipio, but it is located at least a few hundred feet above the valley. To carry the lumber up the steep hill must have been a strenuous and arduous task, a task that cannot possibly be carried out by someone in his old age. Thus when the house was built in Kukuihaele, he was perhaps in his late thirties or early forties (in other words, the house was probably built sometime during the 1890s). It is almost certain that the house was built by 1901, because Tokujiro was there when Kawashima arrived at the Kukuihaele plantation during that year. In Kukuihaele, Tokujiro raised taro (as he had done or possibly continued to do in Waipio) on an irrigated farm adjacent to the back of his house. The farm was about half an acre in size and stretched out on a moderate slope overlooking the Pacific ocean. For a time, the couple had a store, selling poi or taro and beef. The beef might have been procured through his old connection with Samuel Parker, indicating that Tomizō’s association with him was a long one.

Association with the Church. According to E. Wesley Smith’s statement, Tokujiro supposedly joined the Church in 1892 and had been and was still a faithful member of the Church when they met in 1919. Tokujiro may well have joined the Church, but there is no record to support the claim that his baptism took place in 1892. It is difficult to have faith in the validity of that date, when every other date in Smith’s statement has turned out to be incorrect. Moreover, even the descendants of Tokujiro generally are skeptical of the claim that he was a member of the LDS Church, although they do not deny the possibility. However, a handful of Church records do exist to establish his association, if not affiliation, with the Church.

The membership records of the Waipio Branch in the Northern Hawaii District do list Tokujiro (as Toko Sr. born circa 1845), although no baptism information is given. His wife, Kalala, is also listed (as Clara Toko baptized in Mana), although no date is given for either birth or baptism. The children’s baptisms, when they did occur, are more accurately recorded. The records show that at least six of the nine children were baptized: Mary Mele-laulani and Hana on December 7, 1902; John (listed as Toko Jr.) on December 9, 1902; Pula on March 6, 1904; Willard Matsu (Kanuka) on November
1913; and Kaniela on April 17, 1919. No records exist, however, for the other three children, Ohumukini, Emily, and Fukui.\textsuperscript{131}

Given the very fact that membership records exist for Tokujiro, that almost all of his children were baptized, and that the visiting mission authority considered him a faithful member, the weight of the evidence seems to suggest that Tokujiro was a baptized member of the Mormon Church.\textsuperscript{132} Considering that, when the first three of the children were baptized in December 1902, the oldest child (Mary) was fifteen years old, there is a reasonable basis for believing that Tokujiro was baptized prior to her eighth birthday, namely, August 29, 1895, if he was baptized at all. Otherwise, Tokujiro and Mary (then over eight years old) would have been baptized at the same time. On the other hand, to believe that he was baptized after Mary is difficult (though not impossible) because then the baptism would have more likely been recorded, given the better record-keeping practice in later years. This conjecture provides some credibility to E. Wesley Smith's statement that Tokujiro was baptized in 1892. If Tokujiro's baptism was during the latter part of the period preceding Mary’s eighth birthday, it was remarkably close to Tomizo Katsunuma's baptism date of August 8, 1895. It may be that Tokujiro was baptized along with the eldest daughter Ohumukini, whose baptism information is not available but who is considered to have been a member.\textsuperscript{133}

The Tokujiro Sato family, however, was far from being the typical Mormon family of contemporary America. Their religious understanding and practice were constrained both by the cultural settings of the day and by the different expectations that the Church had of its members. The descendants remember Kalala as fond of drinking \textit{okolehau} and as being “cranky” most of the time, possibly because of her drinking habit.\textsuperscript{134} In his later years, perhaps with the increasing population of Japanese, Tokujiro came to emphasize his Japanese identity. Although he exclusively spoke Hawaiian to his children, he spoke Japanese to some of the grandchildren as they developed proficiency in that language; he also apparently encouraged at least one of his daughters to marry a Japanese and gave up one of his sons for adoption to a Japanese family.\textsuperscript{135}

For one reason or another, none of the children took the name Sato, although John and John’s son Albert carried it as their middle name. After all, Sato was a name foreign to Tokujiro. John took the name Toko, Willard (who was given up for adoption) carried the name Yamamoto, and the two youngest sons decided to use their mother's honored Hawaiian name of Kamekona. Whatever shortcomings Tokujiro and Kalala might have had as Mormon parents, a host of practicing Latter-day Saints are found among their descendants today, particularly those who have come through the Ohumukini, Fukui, and Kaniela lines.
Tokujiro died in his home shortly after his meeting with E. Wesley Smith in 1919,\textsuperscript{136} and after a funeral held presumably at a Latter-day Saint chapel, he was buried in a cemetery located on the Pacific shore.\textsuperscript{137} His grave no longer exists because it was washed away in a tidal wave. His house, however, still stands today on the same spot, and the legacy of hard work and perseverance that he exhibited throughout his life continues.

Conclusion

Tomizo Katsunuma and Tokujiro Sato each has a legitimate claim to being the first Japanese Mormon. Both happened to be at the crossroads of some major historical transformations making their conversion possible. First, with the western frontiers secured, the United States was becoming a Pacific military and economic power, eventually annexing the peaceful and independent kingdom of Hawaii. Second, following the opening of the country to international intercourse, Japan itself was rapidly developing into a modern nation-state, and a host of adventurous Japanese were venturing out of the country to explore opportunities abroad. Finally, against these major transpacific political developments in the background, the Mormons were trying to solidify their base in the Intermountain West and were engaged in an aggressive proselyting program. Without the changes created by these currents in the surrounding power and opportunity structures, neither Tomizo nor Tokujiro would have been freed from the shackles of tradition to embrace a new religion in a new land and to be Mormon pioneers of Japanese ancestry.

Some may challenge the use of the term “pioneer” to describe these early members, at least in the usual sense in which the term is understood. After all, they never walked the plains for a thousand miles. They were never harassed or molested for their religious beliefs. They never helped, at least in a major way, the institutional establishment of the Church in their community, let alone in their native land. They held no leadership positions in the Church to speak of. In some ways, they were marginal affiliates of Mormonism.

Perhaps they can more appropriately be called path breakers, a special type of pioneers separated from the binding root of a certain cultural tradition and serving as a bridge between the real pioneers (who are to come) and their old world.\textsuperscript{138} Indeed, neither Tomizo nor Tokujiro may have been stalwart converts in the full sense of the word; they may have been marginal affiliates of the Church. However, path breakers they were—even pioneers in their internal struggle to reconcile the tenets of Mormonism with the demands of Japanese culture, the same struggle that has continued to this day among their fellow Mormons of Japanese ancestry.
Appendix:
Children of Tomizo and Tokujiro

*Children of Tomizo and Mine*¹³⁹

Katsumi, son, born on May 12, 1890, Miharu, Fukushima.
Kiyomi, daughter, born on January 24, 1899, Miharu, Fukushima.
Takeo, son, born on February 20, 1902, Honolulu.
Yasuko, daughter, born on May 13, 1904, Honolulu.
Yoshiko, daughter, born on September 8, 1906, Tokyo.
Woodrow, son, born on March 9, 1913, Honolulu.

*Children of Tokujiro and Kalala*¹⁴⁰

Ohumukini, daughter, birthdate unknown, Hawaii.
Mary Melelauani, daughter, born in 1887, Hawaii.
Hana, daughter, born in 1889, Waipio, Hawaii.
John, son, born in 1892, Waipio, Hawaii.
Pula, son, born in 1895, Waipio, Hawaii.
Emily, daughter, birthdate unknown, Hawaii.
Fukui, son, born in 1901, Hawaii.
Willard Matsu (Kanuka), son, born in 1904, Waipio, Hawaii.
Kaniela (Daniel), son, born in 1907, Waipio, Hawaii.

---

Shinji Takagi, who can be reached by email through BYU Studies (byu_studies@byu.edu), is a visiting Professor of Economics at Yale University. He is currently on leave from his position as Professor of Economics at the University of Osaka, in Osaka, Japan. He received his Ph.D. in economics at the University of Rochester in 1983. He is the author of over fifty professional publications in economics, but this is his first serious attempt at biography. He thanks Greg Gubler, Armand Mauss, Sue Takagi, Jessica Ueno, Ronald Watt, and two anonymous referees for useful comments on an earlier draft.

1. The most comprehensive treatment of Mormon labors in the Japan Mission (1901–24) is found in Shinji Takagi and William McIntyre, *Nihon Matsujitsu Seito Shi, 1850–1980* (Japan Latter-day Saints history, 1850–1980) (Kobe, Japan: Beehive Shuppan, 1996), chapters 1–5. For a shorter treatment in English, see Ronald W. Walker, “Strangers in a Strange Land: Heber J. Grant and the Opening of the Japanese Mission,” *Journal of Mormon History* 13 (1986–87): 21–43. The formal name of the mission established in Japan in 1901 was the Japan Mission, although it was frequently referred to as the Japanese Mission. The missions established later in Hawaii (in 1937) and in postwar Japan (in 1948) were both officially called the Japanese Mission.

2. Judging from the circumstances surrounding his contact with the Church, however, it does not seem appropriate to consider him a ceremonial priest of a Shinto shrine. More likely, he held a pastoral office in a religious organization based in part on Shinto principles. In Japanese religious terminology, such Shinto offshoot groups are collectively called Sect Shinto (of which there were thirteen sects during the Meiji period), as opposed to State Shinto. See Takagi and McIntyre, *Nihon Matsujitsu Seito Shi*, 69–70.
3. Given the frequency of transpacific and transatlantic passenger service and the timely railroad connections, the most convenient and often fastest way to travel to Europe was via the transcontinental railroad in the United States, even after the completion of the Suez Canal in 1869.


6. The first recorded contact was made at the Church school in Laie in the late 1880s, when several Japanese pupils were enrolled. Church membership records suggest that there was a baptism of a Japanese woman by the name of Miki in Maui. See Andrew Jenson, comp., *The History of the Hawaiian Mission of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, as quoted in Russel T. Clement and Sheng-Luen Tsai, “East Wind to Hawaii: Contributions and History of Chinese and Japanese Mormons in Hawaii,” in *Proceedings, the Second Annual Conference of the Mormon Pacific Historical Society*, 1981, typescript, in possession of the author.

7. Having received the title of *shogun* (military general) from the emperor, the Tokugawa family, or the shogunate, ruled Japan from its castle in Edo (present-day Tokyo) during this period. The inherent contradiction of the Tokugawa regime, namely, the system of rule by one dominant clan over less dominant yet competing clans, became evident when Japan was dragged into contact with foreign powers in the early nineteenth century. It was simply not possible for the Tokugawa family to assume the role of government of a modern nation-state based on the revenue from its fiefs alone. In early 1868, the Tokugawa family was obliged to return the right to rule to the imperial family in what is known as the Meiji Restoration.

8. A prominent Church member in Oahu, Edward L. Clissold was particularly active in Church affairs among the Japanese. At various times, he served as president of the Waikiki Branch, chairman of the Oahu District Council, counselor in the presidency and president of the Oahu Stake, acting president of the Japanese Mission (in Hawaii), and thrice president of the Hawaiian Temple. From 1948 to 1949, he served as the first president of the Japanese Mission (in Japan) after its reestablishment following the conclusion of World War II. As the quoted summary of the beginning of work among the Japanese in Hawaii appears at the beginning of the president’s reports concerning the newly created Japanese Mission (in Hawaii), Clissold was apparently writing at the request of the incoming mission president, Hilton A. Robertson, to summarize some of the notable events in the history of the Church among the Japanese people of Hawaii up to that time.

9. Edward L. Clissold, “Missionary Work among the Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands,” in the Central Pacific (Japanese) Mission, Mission President’s Reports, 1937–49, University Archives, BYU Hawaii, Laie, Hawaii, 1937. At the time Tomizo attended, the school was called the Agricultural College of Utah.


11. Japan was on the lunar calendar until December 2 in the fifth year of Meiji (or December 31, 1872). For this reason, an attempt will be made throughout this article to list both Japanese and Western dates for important events and incidents within Japan through the end of 1872. Several different dates have appeared in various documents for Tomizo’s birthday, including October 6 (Church membership records; Tsuyoshi
Ebihara, Katogi Yasuji no Jinsei Techo [Memoirs of Yasuji Katogi] [Yokohama, 1977]), November 1 (Kanji Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsunuma Tomizo Sensei [The life of Dr. Tomizo Katsunuma, the father of immigrants] [Honolulu: Bunkichi Suda, 1953]; Hatsutaro Yunojiri, Katogi San Rokyo dai [The three venerable Katogi brothers] [Tokyo: Denki-no-tomo, 1932]), November 11 (the obituary in the Hawaii Times, September 12, 1950), and November 18 (the obituary in the Honolulu Advertiser, September 12, 1950). It is likely that October 6 was the correct (lunar) date and that the November dates are wrong solar transformations of that lunar date. Unless otherwise noted, the biographical information in this section comes from Yunojiri, Katogi San Rokyodai; and Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsunuma Tomizo Sensei.

12. Naochika was born in Taira on September 15 in the fourth year of Tempo (1833) as the fourth son of Isota Katsunuma, a retainer of Tsushima-mori Ando, the lord of the Taira clan. For a long time, he was a teacher of Toda-school judo. At the persistent request of the lord of the neighboring Miharu clan, Naochika made the decision to move to Miharu and transferred the charge of the judo school to his most trusted disciple. At that time, according to the wishes of the Miharu clan, Naochika succeeded the old Katogi family and formally became the clan’s judo teacher. As Naochika could not face the prospect of losing his Katsunuma name, Naochika asked the youngest son Tomizo to retain the Katsunuma name.

13. Yo was the daughter of Koroku Hanazawa, a retainer of the Taira clan.

14. The Meiji period under the reign of Emperor Meiji began when the restoration of direct imperial rule was proclaimed in early 1868.

15. At that time, students completing the three-year course of study in liberal arts at the Preparatory School were offered admission to the University of Tokyo to study law, letters, and science. Because of this privilege, admission to the Preparatory School was extremely competitive and was based on an entrance examination covering many subjects. See University of Tokyo, Tokyo Daigaku Hyakunen Shi (Centennial history of the University of Tokyo), vol. 1 (Tokyo: University of Tokyo Press, 1984), 551–600.

16. The Imperial College of Agriculture was founded in 1878 by the Ministry of Home Affairs and became a part of the Imperial University (later Tokyo Imperial University) in 1890, when the University of Tokyo (with programs in law, letters, science, and medicine) was upgraded to become a comprehensive university with the addition of agriculture, engineering, and the Graduate School. See the University of Tokyo, Tokyo Daigaku Hyakunen Shi, 742–83.

17. A preliminary agreement with the Kingdom of Hawaii was signed in 1884, succeeded by the formal Immigration Convention of 1886.

18. Mine was the eldest daughter of Tuneshi Endo, senior clerk of the Tamura County government.


20. After returning to Japan, Shigenori Katogi became an engineer at the Miyoshi Electric Factory and, during his spare time, published a magazine called Denki no Tomo (literally, Friends of Electricity). He later became independent, established a company called Denyu-sha, and was engaged in business in the Ginza district of Tokyo.

21. Ebihara, Katogi Yasuji no Jinsei Techo, 252. Chinda later served as Japan’s Ambassador to the United States.

22. Tomizo Katsunuma, Kanse no Shiborikasu (Strained lees of sugarcanes) (Honolulu: Katsunuma Kinen Shuppan Koenkai, 1924), 113.

23. A commercial firm called the Japan-U.S. Contracting Company was established in 1892, and a formal agreement was signed with the Hiroshima Emigration Company for the provision of immigrant labor. See Ichioi, First Generation Japanese Immigrants, 48–51. However, it is likely that the business itself was established much before 1892.
24. Ichioeka, *First Generation Japanese Immigrants*, 49–50. According to Takahashi, *Imin no Chichi Katunuma Tomizo Sensei*, 7, Tanaka lived in Salt Lake City and, in 1890, invited Tomizo to come to manage his business of distributing everyday necessities to railroad workers and receiving orders from them. The designation of Salt Lake City as the place of Tanaka’s residence is probably wrong, but if the year 1890 is right, Tomizo must have lived in Ogden, Utah, at least for a while. According to Ebihara, *Katogi Yasuji no Jinsei Techo*, 239, when Shutaro Katogi, the elder brother of Tomizo, arrived in the United States in the fall of 1891, Tomizo was already in Idaho. Shutaro’s specific purpose in coming to the United States was to acquire skills in dairy farming, but he had to first study English for about eighteen months until April 1893. This latter date coincides with the dismissal of Tanaka as the labor contractor for the Oregon Short Line. See the paragraph immediately below.

25. Ebihara claims that Shutaro met with Brigham Young on one of his visits to Salt Lake City. Ebihara, *Katogi Yasuji no Jinsei Techo*, 239–40. Of course, this cannot be true as Brigham Young had been dead for over ten years, prompting one to question the authenticity of some of the historical events discussed in his book.


27. During this time, the two brothers visited the Columbia Exposition (the so-called Chicago World Fair) of 1893 and New York City. In the summer of 1894, they traveled from Logan to Salt Lake City to visit His Imperial Highness Prince Yorihito, who was on his way home from France by way of the United States. Katsunuma, *Kansho no Shiborikasu*, 152. After leaving Logan, Shutaro spent a year in Wyoming learning cattle-raising techniques before going back to Japan in 1896. Upon his return, he attempted a large American-style dairy operation but failed. See Ebihara, *Katogi Yasuji no Jinsei Techo*, 240–41.


31. Deceased member records, 1941–88, Archives Division, Historical Department, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City (hereafter cited as LDS Church Archives). However, no other Aaronic Priesthood ordinations are recorded.

32. Although the generally accepted interpretation of naturalization laws at the time was that Japanese were ineligible for citizenship, the final interpretation was in the hands of local officials, and according to one estimate, as many as 460 Japanese were granted citizenship by local judges. This flexibility was abolished, however, in 1922 when the Supreme Court ruled that naturalization was limited to “free white persons and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent.” Japanese remained as “aliens ineligible to citizenship” until the passage of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act in 1952. See William K. Hosokawa, *Nisei: The Quiet Americans* (New York: William Morrow, 1969), 89–91; and Yukiko Kimura, *Isssei: Japanese Immigrants in Hawaii* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1988), 40. Incidentally, the obituary on Tomizo published in the September 12, 1950, issue of the English-language *Honolulu Advertiser* states that he was granted citizenship because the judge thought he was a Caucasian. The author considers this to be a rather far-fetched explanation.

34. Ichioka, First Generation Japanese Immigrants, 48.
37. According to Tomizo’s own account, when he “returned home for the first time in the spring of the 31st year of Meiji, [he] became an agent of the Kumamoto Emigration Company and recruited emigrants to Hawaii in the Tohoku region.” Nippu Jiji, January 13, 1934. The author’s translation of the Japanese original.
39. Alma O. Taylor, Journal, August 19, 1901, L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. He was not the first Mormon to live in Japan, however. In a journal entry on August 14, 1901, Alma O. Taylor, one of the first missionaries to Japan, wrote about visiting the widow of the late Mr. Ponsforte, who “had at one time lived in Salt Lake City and was a member of the Church.” This man “apostatised before leaving the U.S.” and “some twenty or twenty five years ago... came to Japan and married a Japanese woman.”
40. The claim of Kimura that the family traveled together (Kimura, Japanese Immigrants in Hawaii, 33) is obviously incorrect, as Kiyomi was born in Miharu. In an interview with the author, Kiyomi said that Tomizo had called the family to Hawaii only after getting a permanent job as an immigration officer. Kiyomi Katsunuma Suzuki, interview by author, Honolulu, Oahu, February 1, 1997. Although the exact time cannot be ascertained, the family must have joined Tomizo relatively soon, as a picture taken in December 1900 shows Tomizo and Mine together and the couple’s second son Takeo was born in Honolulu in February 1902.
41. Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsumuma Tomizo Sensei, 13. From July 1894 to 1908 (when the U.S.-Japan Gentlemen’s Agreement, which severely restricted the entry of Japanese laborers, came into force), a total of 108,534 contractual or free immigrants traveled from Japan to Hawaii under private (nongovernmental) schemes. From 1908 to 1924 (when the Johnson-Reid Immigration Act, which prohibited the immigration of Japanese nationals, came into force), a total of 62,277 immigrants (many of whom were “picture brides”) traveled to Hawaii by invitation only. See Yamashita, Nippon Hawaii Koryushi, 19, 339–40.
42. Kimura, Japanese Immigrants in Hawaii, 40.
43. A story is told that, when His Imperial Highness Prince Sadachika made a visit to Honolulu on his way back from the United States, one of the fine horses on board given as a gift to the imperial family fell sick. Tomizo was called and successfully treated the sick horse. See Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsumuma Tomizo Sensei, 16; and Katsumuma, Kansho no Shiborikasu, 232.
44. Kimura, Japanese Immigrants in Hawaii, 42.
45. Roko is an honorific title used to address an elderly person.
46. Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsumuma Tomizo Sensei, preface; author’s translation.
47. Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsumuma Tomizo Sensei, 13–14; author’s translation.
49. See, for example, Katsumuma, Kansho no Shiborikasu.
50. Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsumuma Tomizo Sensei, preface; author’s translation.
51. Takahashi, Imin no Chichi Katsumuma Tomizo Sensei, 16–17.
52. For gan-nen-mono, see the second part of this article on Tokujiro Sato. On this occasion, all four surviving members of the first group were present. If Tokujiro had lived a few more years, there would have been a meeting of Tomizo and Tokujiro, the main characters of our story. Katsumuma, Kansho no Shiborikasu, 1–4.
53. The second trip was made in 1904, during which Tomizo visited the mission home in Tokyo. See the last section of this part of the article.
57. Clissold, “Missionary Work.”
58. *Empress of India* was a steamship of the Canadian Pacific fleet, which did not include a stop in Honolulu in its transpacific passenger service between Vancouver and Yokohama.
59. In a letter addressed to President Samuel E. Wooley of the Hawaiian Mission, dated April 21, 1902, Horace Ensign, secretary of the Japan Mission in Tokyo, acknowledged the receipt of money and writes, “We trust that the time spent with our beloved President, Apostle Grant, was profitable.” Japan Mission, letterpress copybooks, 1901–23, LDS Church Archives.
60. See the second part of this article on Tokujiro Sato.
63. Taylor, Journal, April 9, 1904. Ten yen was exactly five dollars when converted at the gold parity (both Japan and the United States were on the gold standard at that time). One yen was more than twice the average monthly newspaper subscription rate and would be more than three thousand yen when converted to current yen in purchasing power terms. Hence, in very rough terms, ten yen would be now equivalent to around three hundred U.S. dollars, which was a considerable sum, given the much lower level of wages. See Takagi and McIntyre, *Nihon Matsujitsu Seito Shi*, 104–6.
64. Suzuki, interview.
70. Deceased member records, 1941–88.
76. Unfortunately, some Mormon writers have taken the wrong dates at face value without checking them against available historical fact. See, for example, Clement and


78. Britsch, Mormons in Hawaii. Smith is credited for moving the headquarters of the mission from Laie to Honolulu.

79. Joseph F. Smith, second counselor in the first Presidency since 1880, came to Hawaii to escape the harassments of U.S. marshals associated with polygamy and remained in Laie from February 1885 to June 1887. In late June, he left Hawaii for Utah upon hearing of the ill health of John Taylor, who subsequently died in July 1887. R. Lanier Britsch, Unto the Islands of the Sea, 141–43.

80. This fact convincingly refutes the family oral tradition that Tokujiro died on November 11, 1918.


82. The new era of Meiji was declared on September 8 of the fourth year of Keio (according to the lunar calendar), or October 23, 1868, and made retroactive to January 1 of that (lunar) year.

83. The population of Hawaii, which stood at 130,313 in the 1852 census, declined to 84,165 in 1850, and then to 69,000 in 1860. Shinsato, "Gannen Mono," 181.

84. The initial importation of Chinese workers began in 1852, followed by, among others, Polynesians (1859), Japanese (1868), Portuguese and Micronesians (1878), Puerto Ricans (1900), and Koreans (1903). See Yamashita, Nippon Hawaii Koryushi, 20.

85. Or March 31, according to the lunar calendar.

86. Or April 17, according to the lunar calendar.

87. Although the ship was built in 1849 at Brunswick, Maine, and was owned by George F. Lovett of Boston, it flew the British flag, having been registered in Gibraltar under British law. Goto, Children of Gan-nen-mono, n.p.

88. Or April 14, according to the lunar calendar.

89. Because of the generally poor health of the people then, only 141 people out of some 400 applicants passed the medical examination. Because the ship left in a hurry, the quota of 350 immigrants was not used up. Nine of the rejected applicants smuggled onto the ship, making the total 150. See Yamashita, Gan-nen-mono no Omokage, 30–31.

90. Or April 25, according to the lunar calendar.
91. Under the terms of the Ansei commercial treaties, Western powers, including Britain, France, Russia, the Netherlands, and the United States, were given extraterritorial privileges in Japan.

92. An alternative figure for the number of immigrants, 153, is widely accepted among Japanese historians. The ship's American physician, David J. Lee reported the figure of 148. Goto, *Children of Gan-nen-mono*, n.p. Based on admittedly secondary evidence presented by various authors, the present author is satisfied that the most reasonable figure is 150.

93. Or November 25, according to the lunar calendar.

94. Shinsato, "Gannen Mono," 186.

95. Or December 10 of the second year of Meiji, according to the lunar calendar.


97. When the initial three-year contract period ended, twelve immigrants (including one born in Hawaii) returned to Japan at the Hawaiian government's expense, about forty moved to the continental United States, and about fifty remained in Hawaii as *gan-nen-mono*. Because one of the two remaining women left for Japan, only one woman remained in Japan as a *gan-nen-mono*.


99. In the old Japanese system, a child is one year old when he or she is born, and a year is added on each New Year's day.

100. Hence, Tokujiro was around sixty-eight years old (not seventy years old) when he met E. Wesley Smith in 1919.

101. The oral history, as summarized in Joelle Segawa Kane, "Gan-nen-mono," n.d., states that Tokujiro was "a samurai of the Hatamoto class, which was the rank of the loyal guards of the Tokugawa Shogun."

102. Yamashita, *Gan-nen-mono no Omokage*, 73. This fact is corroborated by the family portrait of Tokujiro, on which it is stated (most likely by Tokujiro himself) that he is from Tatami-machi, Kyobashi-ku, Tokyo.


104. Two additional facts from the Hawaii period add strength to our conjecture that Tokujiro was not of the samurai class. First, later in Hawaii, Tokujiro was engaged in the butchery business, considered to be the most desplicable profession in Tokugawa Japan. Second, before settling on Sato, he chose two surnames, Sato and Sasaki, as if he did not know which one to keep.

105. Albert Sato Toko, interview by author, Kamuela, Hawaii, June 12, 1999. Toko is the grandson of Tokujiro.

106. In an interview with the author, Leslie Lactaoen, the current resident of the house, testified of the solid construction of the house, which has stood the test of time. Leslie P. and Renee Lactaoen, interview by author, Kukuihaele, Hawaii, June 12, 1999.

107. According to an incomplete survey conducted in the fourth year of Keio (1866), there were about seventy-four thousand people in Edo who were considered destitute. Of this figure, about two thousand were in the Kyobashi area. Another source states that there were about three hundred thousand people in poverty in the second year of Meiji (1869). See Hiromichi Ishizuka, *Tokyo no Shakai Keizai Shi* (Social and economic history of Tokyo) (Tokyo: Kinokuniya Shoten, 1977), 21–24.

108. Or April 11, according to the lunar calendar.
109. Kane (not dated).
110. Or April 15, according to the lunar calendar.
114. In a personal interview, one of the descendants of Tokujiro told the author that Tokujiro might have fathered children in Maui.
116. As another example, the *gan-nen-mono* leader Tomisaburo Makino (Makino being his samurai surname) chose to be called Tomi Saburo, as if Saburo was his surname. Sometimes, he signed his name T. Saburo. Yamashita, *Gan-nen-mono no Omokage*, 66.
120. Kamekona family records, provided by Noelani Kamekona, Pearl City, Hawaii.
121. This statement should be qualified by the possibility that the unnamed child who died in infancy had been the first child and was born much earlier.
122. The headquarters of Parker Ranch moved in 1879, when John Parker II, the son of Jon Palmer Parker and the uncle of Samuel, moved to a more central location in Waimea. Samuel, however, continued to live in Mana. See Parker Ranch Foundation Trust, “Parker Ranch Historic Homes,” n.d., Parker Ranch Visitor’s Center, Kamuela, Hawaii.
124. The predominant population of Waipio consisted of Hawaiians and Chinese, with a few Japanese. There were no plantations, but rice was cultivated on its fertile soil. Toko, interview.
127. Lactaeon, interview.
128. According to Nakano, “Japanese Settlers of Waipio Valley,” 14, Tokujiro told Kawashima to quit the plantation and to farm taro in Waipio and served as a go-between in arranging a marriage with a Hawaiian woman named Kaimoa. Apparently, Tokujiro maintained two residences, one each in Waipio and Kukuihaele, through the early years of the twentieth century.
129. In an interview with the author, Albert Sato Toko, the grandson of Tokujiro, recalled a story told by his father John to the effect that he (John) had one day left school to go to see his father in a mountain home. As John Toko was born in 1892, this story must mean that Tokujiro still worked at Parker’s mountain compound in the 1900s. Albert also speculated that, as Tokujiro and Kalala were thus physically separated during periods of substantial length, Kalala was unfaithful and gave birth to children of other men.
130. Taise, interview; Toko, interview.
131. See the appendix for the list of children in order of birth. According to Kaniela, the youngest son, as told by his daughter, all the children of Tokujiro were baptized as children except for Fukui. However, even Fukui later joined the Church, as he married an active Hawaiian Latter-day Saint.

132. As an interesting sidelight, Sentaro Kawashima, Tokujiro's student in taro farming and the Hawaiian way of life in general, later joined the Church on March 7, 1927, and was ordained an elder on October 24, 1929. He is said to have remained a well-respected and stalwart member of the Church until his death on October 17, 1956. Nakano, "Japanese Settlers of Waipio Valley," n.p.; deceased member records, 1941–88.

133. Noealani Vera Kamekona, interview by author, Pearl City, Oahu, February 7, 1999.
134. Taise, interview; Toko, interview.
135. Taise, interview.

136. Based on Kaniela's best recollection, it has been believed that Tokujiro died in Kukuhihaele on November 11, 1918. This date cannot be correct, because we know that he was alive when Wesley Smith came to see him in 1919.

137. Kamekona, interview.


139. Hatsutarō Yunojiri, Katogi San Rok'yōdai (The Three Venerable Katogi Brothers) (Tokyo: Denki-no-tomo, 1932), 67. Katsumi's reported birthday of May 12, 1890, more than a full year after the departure of Tomizo for the United States on April 25, 1889, may be an error.

140. Family sources, supplemented by Yasuo Baron Goto, Children of Gan-nemono: The First-Year Men (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 1968); Membership records, Waipio Branch, Northern Hawaii District, LDS Church Archives. As there are discrepancies across different sources, the years of birth are only approximate. In addition, there was another child who died in infancy.
The Least of These

Kael Moffat

One Saturday in February 1997, while my family and I lived in Orange, California, I had the opportunity to volunteer at a free medical clinic in Santa Maria, Baja California, Mexico. At the time, I worked in the marketing department of a large medical group, and the clinic in Mexico was run by one of our sister facilities. Since I’m neither a doctor nor a nurse and cannot speak Spanish, all I was good for was grunt work—carrying and organizing boxes of donated food, clothing, and medicine.

After a couple of hours in the clinic, Dr. Sunati, the head physician, asked me if I would like to accompany him on a house call. I eagerly put together two large bags of food, clothes, and plastic utensils; picked up the small bag of medicine that the doctor had set aside; and rushed out to his van.

A minute or two later, Dr. Sunati came out with his nurse, Sonya Valdez, and her five-year-old son, Michael. Dr. Sunati is a large Iranian man who had escaped to the United States seven years after Khomeini seized power in Tehran. He climbed into the driver’s seat, turned to Sonya, and picked up the conversation they had been having in Spanish, a language he seemed more comfortable speaking than English. Sonya is a bit shorter than I am, with a slight build, an infectious smile, and the brightest dark eyes I have ever seen. Michael is loud—in both English and Spanish.

We backed out of the clinic and started down the muddy road, which was cratered and washed out by recent storms; then we headed up one of the steep hills overlooking the village. We stopped on a street near the top and climbed out of the van into sticky, tannish yellow mud that sucked the bottoms of our boots like tar. I stood for a moment facing west, the afternoon sun hidden by clouds, the Pacific breeze ruffling my hair. Across the street, fifteen houses made of rotting four-by-sixes and warped sheets of plywood clung to the doughlike hillside, most of them surrounded by whitewashed walls of unevenly laid brick.

Down the street, six boys and three middle-aged men with large oval bellies and bottles of Corona in their hands jeered and prodded two loud, snappy mutts held apart from one another by struggling boys who jerked the dogs’ necks by twisting and pulling their rope collars. They yelled phrases I remembered from high school when fights broke out between rival gang members. Up the street the other way, a bus started up, its cough and rumble almost as loud as the snarls of the dogs, who were suddenly released and set upon each other with their yellow eyeteeth and black claws slashing the air.
Dr. Sunati led us down a narrow set of stairs made of mud-filled, concrete cinder blocks to an even narrower alley between two of the poorer “houses” on the downslope of the street, which were made of rotting two-by-fours and green-painted plywood. We ducked into a doorway on the right. Dr. Sunati stepped over to an old woman standing at a small electric stove, stirring a pan of rice.

“Maria, ¿qué pasa?” he said.

She shrugged her shoulders, looked down, slapped her small thigh with her free hand, “Ohh...”

The small room was lit by a single forty-watt bulb dangling from the ceiling, and although there was a stiff breeze in the alley, the room smelled as if it had never been aired out. On one of the two twin mattresses pushed together in the corner lay a gray-haired old man dressed in a tank top and shabby blue pants. Running his hand through his stringy hair, he regarded all of us suspiciously—but me most of all, I think, because I was the gringo.

Dr. Sunati and the old woman mumbled to one another; then she took the rice off the burner, laid the spoon down on the stove top, and walked toward me, turning her shoulders and hips sideways and slipping past me into the alley. I backed out and let the others go ahead of me.

We followed the old woman to a small concrete patio littered with rusty old brackets and hose clamps, rubber tubing, chicken wire, and old milk cartons, all covered by an overhang made of studs and sagging pressboard held up by braided electrical wire. A chicken coop stood a foot away from the concrete pad, full of Leghorns and a couple of Banties. A skeletal apricot tree struggled in the middle of it all.

The old woman hurried to a small shack to the left of the patio. Its walls were unpainted and its door, which she held open, was a faded brown, almost red. I was the last visitor to step into the room, the old woman following behind me, rattling off that swift Baja California Spanish. The room was smaller than the other we had been in, but less cluttered. Its inside walls were bare, the west-facing window cataracted by dust, both inside and out. Against the wall across from the door, an old open-tub washing machine chugged and rocked back and forth, sloshing the thick gray blanket of bubbles inside it. Behind the washing machine, on the two-by-four spacers between the studs, stood a bottle of laundry detergent, a Mason jar filled with screws and nails, a plastic motorcycle, and the torso, head, and arms of a Barbie doll. A candle with the image of the Holy Virgin stood beside the doll.

Against the walls opposite the window and immediately adjacent to the door were two twin-sized beds, and on each lay what looked like a child about age nine or ten, both with extreme cases of cerebral palsy and a large bulge on their heads. Each was dressed in a diaper and thin T-shirt. One of the children began to wail as soon as we entered the room.
As Dr. Sunati and the old woman spoke together, Sonya leaned over to me and, in short bursts of English, explained the case history of these two patients. They were brother and sister—he was seventeen and she was nineteen—and they had never been outside of the room. Born with encephalitis, both were blind and had been abandoned by their mother. The old woman found them alone and had been taking care of them ever since. The children, she said, should have died long ago, considering their poor living conditions and the fact that they had only recently received any medical attention at all.

The doctor started with the boy. Curled on his dingy gray-, lime-, and orange-striped sheets, he turned his head upwards as Dr. Sunati touched the fine black hair on his misshapen head. The boy wore a permanent half grin. Under different circumstances, he would have been called a “happy child” rather than “blissfully ignorant.” The doctor gave him a quick examination, turned to the bag of pharmaceutical samples I held, gave the old woman a handful of antibiotics, murmured some instructions, and walked over to the girl’s bed.

Every couple of minutes since we had entered the room, she had dropped her cry to a whimper and scanned the room as if she could actually see and gauge us; then she turned her face to the ceiling, folded her legs to her chest, pulled her blanket up to her chin, and sobbed again. But, as the doctor approached, her cry reached an almost panicked pitch. Dr. Sunati motioned the old woman over to him, and she whispered to the girl as they pried the blanket loose from the girl’s fingers; pulled it back, exposing her to the cold wind coming through the door; and stretched her legs out straight. The doctor checked the sores on her legs, then her mouth and ears, then her scalp.

As his sister was being examined, the boy moved his head around, smiling, every once in a while reaching his hand out toward the cluster of voices whispering in Spanish and English near his head. Sonya and her son went over to the boy and held his hands.

The walls above the beds were covered with pictures from magazines. Above the boy’s bed were pictures of soccer players—Carlos Valdarama and Mauricio Cienfuegos—as well as advertisements of exotic sports cars with bikini-clad women on the hoods. Above the girl’s bed were pictures of elegant models and couples holding hands. I supposed the old woman had taped these images to the wall to cheer herself up during the many hours she spent in the room with the sightless children. One particular picture, a clothing ad, stood out. It showed a woman with long, bleached-blonde hair, dressed in a white tank top and jeans and looking over her shoulder. As I looked again at the picture of the model in the tank top, I could imagine the old woman holding the girl, telling her how beautiful she was. The pictures were a shrine to both futility and hope.
Dr. Sunati finished examining the girl and backed away from her, talking to the old woman and reaching for another box of antibiotics. The girl, nearly frantic, pulled the blanket over her head, cried, then stuck her head out to scan the room again.

I stood looking at her, thankful she was blind so that I could watch her intently and not have either of us feel ashamed. Pity filled every corner of my body. I thought of the mother and wondered where she was and whether she had any other children (I kind of hoped not). I wanted to do something for the girl but was painfully aware that I could do nothing significant for her, nothing of any long-term value. All I could really do was help her stop crying. I felt a distinct desire to help her feel loved, lovely, and loveable, but all I could offer her was an insufficient moment of respite from the terror she was feeling—terror on a scale I could never comprehend.

"Let her feel love . . . let her feel love," I prayed as I stepped toward her and touched the locks of jet hair that curled about her face like runners from a grape vine. She quieted down to a whimper; raised her hand up, palm facing the ceiling; and rested the back of her hand on her chin. I rested my index finger on her palm, and she clamped down on it. I extracted my finger and offered her my whole hand. She snatched it up and moved the back of my hand to her warm, moist cheek and held it there. I sat down next to her on the bed from which she had never risen. Her sheets and blankets stank of urine and feces. Her legs were no longer than toy baseball bats, and her back was twisted from lying down for almost twenty years. She squeezed my hand again and emitted a tiny sigh of relief.

As she held my hand to her face and I felt her tears and the sharp bones beneath her papery skin, the song "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" stirred within me—"These deeds shall thy memorial be"—and I was suddenly struck with how insubstantial my memorial had been. I thought of how I would leave the village later that afternoon and go back to a warm home with plenty of food in the cupboards, a computer, shelves of CDs and books, and, most importantly, my wife and two healthy children. I could drive, play soccer, fish, and watch movies with my son and daughter. In spring I would camp, fish, and hike. I thought about how, at the same time, this young woman and her brother would spend dark nights in this cold room, which they had never left for almost two decades, about the meager warmth their worn sheets and tattered blankets offered, about how, during the next rainstorm, water would run under the door and pool against the wall beneath the window, causing the studs to mildew again.

I thought of what Christ told his disciples: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me." I suppose that thought should have comforted me, but it did not, and as I sit here almost a year later and write this in my comfortable apartment in Stillwater,
Oklahoma, it still does not. This scripture tells me that what I did was good and right, but it cannot cancel the heartbreak I felt holding that girl’s hand, knowing that the rest of her life would be uncomfortable and terrifying—as it always had been. And, while I believe that after the resurrection the Savior will take her into his arms, tell her how much he missed her, and welcome her into his kingdom, I cannot escape the sense of tragedy I feel whenever I think back on her tears and small angular body.

The trials and tribulations of others can, and ought to, try us as well. Didn’t Alma teach that baptism should signify our willingness to “mourn with those that mourn . . . and comfort those that stand in need of comfort”? Maybe what Alma was trying to teach us is that between the intellectual apprehension, the testimony, and the honest application of a gospel principle there is a space where the emotional impact of our experiences should overpower us, should drive us from merely counting our blessings and occasionally acting in a Christlike way to actually being Christlike.

I still feel the effect of that space when I think back on that girl and her brother shivering together in their dark worlds and of how, before following Dr. Sunati, Sonya, Michael, and the old woman out of the room, I leaned over and kissed the girl on her forehead. If I had spoken her language, could I have said anything important? I simply kissed her and left the room, and, as the old woman closed the door behind me, I heard the girl begin to weep again.

Kael Moffat (moffatj@okstate.edu) is a master’s candidate in English at Oklahoma State University, and a Brigham Young University graduate (1996). This essay won second place in the 1998 BYU Studies essay contest. Kael lives in Stillwater, Oklahoma, with his wife and two children.
Winter Quarters, by C. C. A. Christensen, undated (probably 1880s). This intimate scene of Winter Quarters captures a pleasant time. Note the men and women working, the dark smoke billowing from the blacksmith’s forge, and the children sledding on the hillside.
“Pleasing to the Eyes of an Exile”: The Latter-day Saint Sojourn at Winter Quarters, 1846–1848

Jennifer L. Lund

Early on the cold, clear morning of November 21, 1846, John D. Lee “arose from sleep,” dressed, and “walked out” into the streets of Winter Quarters. Struck by his first view in daylight, he wrote:

I was astonished when I looked around and saw what serious enterprise and industry had brought to pass within 6 weeks past. A city of at least 400 houses had been erected in that short space of time, through the ingenuity and industry of the Saints. No other people but the Saints of God has ever been known to accomplish as much in so short a time.²

Lee’s astonishment and accompanying pride in his industrious fellow Saints were justified. As if overnight, a city appeared on the western banks of the Missouri River to shelter nearly four thousand Latter-day Saint exiles. It boasted an air of permanence and prosperity as tents and wagon boxes were exchanged for solid log cabins and plows turned the prairie sod. By all appearances, Winter Quarters heralded abundant promise as a new outpost on the American frontier.

Yet the settlement’s hundreds of orderly cabins, outbuildings, gardens, and fields belied the expectations of its inhabitants. Winter Quarters was designed to be only a temporary settlement. Within just a few years of its founding, the city lay deserted. By the summer of 1848, most of its inhabitants had moved west, their hearts set on a new Zion in the Rocky Mountains. Those who remained moved across the river in accordance with a government demand that the Saints vacate Indian lands. Buildings and fields were stripped and eventually burned, leaving little but a small cemetery on the bluff west of town and the outlines of the settlement in the dirt.

Nevertheless, Winter Quarters has retained a prominent place in the collective memory of the Latter-day Saints. From this temporary headquarters, the “Word and Will of the Lord” went out to the world as Church leaders sought inspiration, deliberated, and instructed the Saints (D&C 136:1). The town was home to most of the Church leadership. The first wagon trains rolled west from Winter Quarters, and even following its demise, it continued as a staging ground for wagon and handcart companies for more than a decade.

BYU Studies 39, no. 2 (2000)
A sketch of Cutler’s Park by Peter O. Hansen, drawn in Heber C. Kimball’s diary, 1846. The bottom half of the sketch is actually a continuation of the top as if attached on the right side. The inscription reads, “North end of the city of the Saints at Cutler’s Park as build year 1846.”

It is not the accomplishments of the Saints, however, which loom large in latter-day memories. It is, instead, the illness that ravished the camp and caused many to lay down their lives in one final sacrifice for the kingdom. Winter Quarters, especially its small cemetery on the hill, is symbolic of the forced exile from Nauvoo. Not only does Winter Quarters call to mind those who died within its walls, but it represents all those who lost their lives in nearly one hundred settlements scattered along the banks of the Missouri River and across Iowa between 1846 and 1853. Avard Fairbanks’s impressive monument in the Winter Quarters cemetery eloquently memorializes this defining chapter of trail history. The pathos evoked as grief-stricken parents gaze into the grave of an infant child reminds each visitor that the Latter-day Saints were willing to sacrifice everything for their faith in God and their desire to build his kingdom upon the earth.

The Saints faced unspeakable tragedy at Winter Quarters, yet they labored to build part of that kingdom there on the banks of the Missouri. Their efforts were all the more remarkable because of their understanding, from the very beginning, that everything they built would soon be left behind. The memory of their sacrifice in the face of adversity should be coupled with an admiration for their industry, determination, resilience, and
ingenious in pioneering a new life and a new land. Winter Quarters, long a
symbol of tragedy, should also be remembered for its triumphs, for the
place truly was, as Mary Richards wrote, "above all things pleasing to the
Eyes of an Exile in the Wilderness of our afflictions."²

Finding a Winter Campsite

In the fall of 1845, facing increasing political pressure and acts of mob
violence, Latter-day Saint leaders concluded that the time had come to
abandon Church headquarters at Nauvoo, Illinois, and its surrounding set-
tlements. They intended to find refuge in the West and had planned for an
orderly exit the following spring. However, continuing unrest in the sur-
rounding community and rumors of plans to arrest Church leaders and
stop the exodus forced an early departure. Nearly three thousand Saints left
Nauvoo in the snow and ice of February 1846 and were followed by ten
thousand more in the ensuing months. By July, the majority of Saints were
on the trail, strung out across Iowa and headed west. The vanguard groups,
led by Brigham Young, had already begun crossing the Missouri River in
hopes of sending an advance party all the way to the Rocky Mountains that
same year. Unfortunately, their hasty exodus had taken a toll. Many of the
Saints were inadequately prepared for the journey. Provisions were scarce
and companies were disorganized. Unusually warm weather had bogged
the first companies down in mud sometimes as deep as a wagon axle. And
finally, they had just encouraged almost five hundred of their ablest young
men to join the U.S. Army to fight in the war with Mexico.³

By early August 1846, it was clear that not even a small portion of the
Latter-day Saints then spread out over the rolling hills of Nebraska and
the prairies of Iowa could continue on to the Rocky Mountains that sea-
son. As Parley P. Pratt recalled:

The lateness of the season, the poverty of the people, and, above all, the tak-
ing away of five hundred of our best men, finally compelled us to abandon
any further progress westward till the return of another spring. The camps,
therefore, began to prepare for winter.⁴

The vanguard companies, principally those led by Brigham Young and
Heber C. Kimball, initially planned to stay at Cold Springs camp, where
they were then stopped, but the site soon proved too small to accommo-
date those who joined them on the western banks of the Missouri. Moving
fourteen miles north, they founded a settlement, christened it "Cutler’s
Park" in honor of Alpheus Cutler (who located the site), and busily set
about preparing for winter. During the next few weeks, the Saints at Cut-
ler’s Park organized a municipal government, cut nearly two thousand tons
of hay, and constructed a handful of cabins, corrals, and fences.⁵
Missouri River Area Settlements, 1846–1850. While Winter Quarters and Kanesville were the Saints’ major settlements, there were a multitude of smaller settlements spread through the region.
Unfortunately, Cutler’s Park was situated on land disputed between two groups of Indians: the Oto and the Omaha. Brigham Young and other Church leaders met with chiefs of both tribes in late August to negotiate the rights to stay on the land and to use timber and other resources. Although the Saints received a warm welcome, it was evident that neither tribe was content with the settlement’s current location. Following an offer from Omaha chief Big Elk to move further north onto land firmly in control of the Omaha, an expedition set out to explore the area around abandoned Fort Atkinson. The party returned discouraged by the lack of timber and the crumbling ruins of the fort. In response, the Oto expressed their hope that the Mormons would not move onto Omaha land, denying the Oto a share in the fruits of Mormon friendship.6

It is not clear exactly why Church leaders decided to abandon Cutler’s Park. Concerns about the site’s ability to sustain such a large encampment, vulnerability to possible Indian or mob attack, and exposure to high prairie winds likely played a role. However, the decision came quickly on the heels of the councils with the Omaha and Oto. Apparently, Church leaders wanted to withdraw from disputed territory. Once established, Winter Quarters was always identified as being located in the “Omaha Nation,” suggesting that the Saints did indeed move onto land firmly in Omaha hands.7

Aware that the cool nights of fall and the freezing rain of winter were fast approaching, Church leaders felt pressured to find a suitable location for a settlement. On September 11, members of the Quorum of the Twelve walked directly north of Cutler’s Park, where they selected a site on the banks of “Willow Creek.” Here they spent the next six days “laying out a city for the winters encampment.” Beginning at the site selected for a council house, they surveyed the city, marking off streets, blocks, and lots, and established a cemetery.8

The Saints in Indian Territory thought they had finally found a home for the winter. Church leaders selected lots and voted to begin moving to the new site immediately. The following day, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, and Alpheus Cutler rode three miles east to a stretch of tableland near the river to select a site for farming. What they saw apparently pleased them—not only for farming but for the settlement as well. The relatively flat strip of land was bordered on north and south by creeks, on the west by a high bluff, and on the east by a steep descent to the river’s edge. The rich loess soil promised an abundant harvest, and the bluffs provided shelter from the prairie winds. The site was also near the newly established ferry.9

Following a visit to the tableland with members of the Twelve and the high council on September 18, Brigham Young called a special meeting of
the municipal high council. After more than seven months of living out of wagons and several false starts at settling in, he asked them to consider one final change of plans. Instead of moving north to the townsite already laid out on the prairie, he proposed that they move east to the tableland along the river. The discussion was lively, and an initial vote was evenly split. Some argued in favor of Cutler’s Park. Others spoke for the settlement already surveyed to the north or a site near the abandoned Fort Atkinson. Still others praised the tableland for good farming, health, and protection from the prairie winds. Finally, Brigham Young rose to speak:

It is wisdom for this Camp to locate togeather as much as possible in order for our protection and saftey from Mobs of Missourie or the Indians ... if we scatter here it will take a long time if a difficulty should happen to occur; before we could concentrate our forces in order to protect our selves and property ... I recommend therefore that all the breathren concentrate themselves and settle togeather on this Table land.10

A final vote was unanimous, and the Saints again began laying out a townsite for a winter encampment.

Laying Out a City

Surveying commenced in earnest on September 19, and the lines of an orderly settlement were inscribed in the sod. In its basic form, the plat of the new city reflected the principles of Joseph Smith’s “City of Zion,” which provided a blueprint for the establishment of the physical Zion. Order was its hallmark, a concept the high council emphasized in a letter describing the settlement: “It is true we are building a mud and log city with regular

Thomas Bullock’s plat of Winter Quarters, drafted December 1846. Following the example of Joseph Smith’s plat for the city of Zion, the Saints carefully laid out their temporary town. The area below the lots on the south side of Joseph Street was never settled and was used as farmland.
lots and streets, all in order just as we do everything.”

This orderly layout was unique among the temporary settlements established in Nebraska and Iowa that winter; it seemed particularly appropriate for Winter Quarters, the largest of the settlements and the seat of Church government.

Comparing the plat of Winter Quarters to Joseph’s original plat of the city of Zion and his later revision demonstrates that Winter Quarters contained elements of both and was loosely arranged on half scale. Joseph’s vision originally prescribed towns one mile square, but Winter Quarters was first platted to one mile in length and slightly less than a half mile wide. Rectangular blocks stretched twenty by forty rods (330' x 660', about 5 acres) and were divided into twenty individual lots (each four rods by ten rods, or 66' x 165', about a quarter acre), each block and lot being exactly one-half the size of Joseph’s ideal. Additional square blocks reflected adjustments made in a revision to the original plat of the City of Zion, as did varying street widths. Although no maps or diaries record the width of the streets, it is likely that the two principal streets were the standard eight rods (132') wide, while the cross streets were narrower. The main axis clearly followed the line of the bluff, which was only a few degrees off the prescribed north-south orientation. Also in harmony with Joseph’s concept, a block near the center of town was reserved for religious and public use, and farmland was located outside the city limits. Many of the basic elements of the newly planned Winter Quarters echoed earlier Latter-day Saint settlements based on the plat of the City of Zion.

Of course, there were departures from the City of Zion plat as well. The intended brevity of their stay, limited resources, and the fast-approaching winter dictated the use of logs, sod, and mud in place of brick or stone. Also there was little need for a temple or quorum buildings in what was intended only as a temporary stop on the way to a new gathering place in the West. In addition, the extremity of their situation required crowding on a scale not considered in the designs for an ideal Zion. Nevertheless, the original plans for the city reflected the Saints’ devotion to establishing Zion, even in a temporary way station on the edge of the frontier.

**Settling In for the Winter**

On September 23, the first wagons arrived on the tableland at the river’s edge—“a beautiful place for a City,” according to Isaac Haight. Each company was assigned a particular block or section of the city. Wilford Woodruff’s company of forty families, for instance, was allotted block thirty-four. Individual lots were distributed immediately, and the Saints set to work building a winter encampment with what one pioneer recalled was “nothing but labour and toil all the day long.”
Men traveled north to large stands of cottonwood trees, which they felled and rafted down the river to the new campsite. They built corrals for livestock; dug wells, cellars, and privies; cut sod; laid foundations; and raised cabin walls. What John D. Lee referred to as "serious enterprise and industry" gave birth to a city in a matter of a few weeks. Even those who had toiled the long hours were impressed with their progress. In a letter to his brother, George Alley boasted, "It is astonishing what a city of Log cabins has been created in a few short weeks, looking at a little distance like a great city of long standing."  

Since the days at Cold Springs camp, the Saints often referred to their winter camping place with the military term "winter quarters." In fact, this generic title, usually written in lowercase letters, was applied to a variety of potential stopping places. The discussion over a name for the new "city of Log cabins" must have lasted several days, as indicated by Willard Richards’s custom of beginning each diary entry with a different name for the same location—first "Winter Rest," then "Council Plain," and finally "Winter Quarters." The crowning selection, apparently made at a council meeting on Sunday, September 27, 1846, officially elevated a common military term to describe a winter refuge for the Camp of Israel.  

The city plan for Winter Quarters reveals that Church leaders originally intended to fill up the entire tableland between the two creeks. However, with settlers scattered over nearly a mile, Indians crept in by night to spirit away the cattle. It was evident that the settlement plan left them open to theft and, potentially, to attack. At a meeting on October 18, Brigham Young exhorted the Saints to "begin at the north end and pack close till the people are all together." He intended that the cabins on the perimeter be positioned adjacent to one another in order to form a protective wall. A week later, leaders appointed a committee to realign the perimeter and voted to erect a picket fence to secure the city. The south third of the tableland was abandoned, with all its residents encouraged to move above the south line of Joseph Street. The closer quarters provided a semblance of security, although little was done on the stockade. There were more pressing matters at hand before winter set in—the most urgent, of course, being shelter.  

**Building a City**  

While the "ingenuity and industry of the Saints" may be seen in many aspects of life in Winter Quarters, it is nowhere more evident than in the physical reality of the city that they built on the banks of the Missouri. Homes, schools, stores, factories, corrals, stables, chicken coops, fields, fences, and a council house all bore eloquent witness to the triumph of hard work, determination, organization, and cooperation. Unfortu-
nately, since the townsite was abandoned and eventually destroyed, there are few tangible remnants to speak to later generations. However, a careful reading of the historic sources allows us to create a partial image of this city on the frontier.

**Homes and Lots.** Anticipating the winter's blast, most Saints were secure in some form of permanent shelter by the end of 1846. A survey taken in December enumerated 538 log cabins and 83 soddies, distributed somewhat unevenly throughout the city. In the bluff at the foot of Cahoon Street, the poorest of the Saints burrowed out holes for dugouts in an area nicknamed "Gopher Hill." While a few additional cabins were constructed the following spring, it is doubtful that the total number of cabins exceeded seven hundred.

When Eliza Lyman moved into her cabin on October 25, she remarked with considerable relief, "I feel extremely thankful for the privilege of sitting by a fire where the wind cannot blow in in every direction and where I can warm one side without freeing the other." Shelter against the wind and cold was of utmost importance, and log cabins provided the most effective protection. George Alley provided his brother with a detailed description of his family's accommodations:

I will show you my log cabin, it is 12 by 14 feet in the clear, 6½ to the eaves, with one door & one little place for a 6 pane 7 by 9 peep hole, the roof is covered with willows put on the ribbs, then a coat of long prairie grass, & that covered with about 6 inches of earth, well trod down, which makes it tight & warm—A row of sods form the cornice & weather boards of the gable ends, and then a row of good thick sods, make the saddle boards, on the ridge pole. It looks pretty well in the warm season, when the grass is green. . . . The spaces between the logs is filled with clay morter, which makes it tight—The logs are of course in their rough state.

While Alley notes with satisfaction that the dirt roof made his cabin "tight and warm," others were not so fortunate. Water and mud drizzled through less carefully constructed shelters, and one pioneer arrived home to discover "to [his] astonishment [that] one side of the roof of [his] house had slid and blown off, filling everything with dirt."

Slabs of prairie sod were an important building material in Winter Quarters. Alley records that he used sod for the cornice, gable ends, and saddle boards in his snug cabin. Although he does not mention the chimney, it is likely that it too was built of sod, as were the great majority of hearths and chimneys throughout the village. Sod was unlikely to burn, and it was plentiful as the settlers cleared ground for cabin foundations, garden plots, and farmland. A few, like Louisa Pratt, built their entire cabins with prairie sod:

I hired a man to build me a sod cave. He took the turf from the earth, laid it up, covered it with willow brush and sods. Built a chimney of the same. I hung up a blanket for a door, had three lights of glass to emit light. I built a
fire, drew up my rocking chair before it, and that moment felt as rich as some persons (who have never suffered for want of a house) would be to be moved into a costly building.25

Unfortunately, sod structures were not as stable as log ones. Louisa’s chimney eventually collapsed, forcing her to move into a dugout “five feet under ground.”26

Apparently, two types of dugouts were used at Winter Quarters: caves dug horizontally into the bluff wall and vertical pits similar to Native American pit houses. Lyman Hinman described one of these pit houses, to which he was carried while in the depths of illness:

[I was] taken on a chair and carried to a house shall I say house, or a place, a place I will say for it was a hole dug in the ground with some poles laid over and some grass and dirt thrown on top of the poles a hole to go in and out of for a door and window an old blanket hung up for a door and that was our habitation.27

As Louisa Pratt noted, living in these dugouts “was a very damp unhealthy situation.” Brigham Young was so concerned with their instability, in fact, that he exhorted those living in dugouts and sod-covered cabins to abandon them for tents and wagons before the spring rains set in.28

Despite the variety of homes, each residential lot evoked a sense of order. In a deviation from the principles of the City of Zion, which required that homes be set back from the road twenty-five feet, Brigham Young instructed the Saints to build their cabins at the street’s edge. Wells were to be shared among several families, and vaults for privies were to be dug on the center line of the block. The backyard between house and privy was used for stables, cellars, corrals, sheep pens, chicken coops, and haystacks. Every lot had at least one wagon parked in the yard, and many Saints reserved enough space for a small kitchen garden. Despite the brevity of their stay, they built enough of a homestead to care for their animals, to provide for their families, and to prepare for the journey to come.29

By June 1847, many cabins were left empty as the large Emigration Camp headed for the West. There was much buying and selling as the more destitute, who were unable to make the journey that year, traded up for better accommodations. Most log cabins sold for between five and ten dollars, and dugouts and soddies were abandoned.30

Stockade. The safety of the Saints was a primary concern for Brigham Young and other Church leaders, who worried about their vulnerability in the midst of Indian Territory. The artillery company, with at least three cannons in their charge, was quartered on a bluff north of town. From their vantage point, they had several miles of range both along the river and to the west across the prairie.31
In October 1846, community leaders decided to stockade the city, yet little work was actually done beyond encouraging the Saints to concentrate their cabins in the northern section. However, as the vanguard company prepared to leave the following spring, Brigham Young renewed his campaign with vigor, and a new perimeter was defined. Homes outside the revised borders were either abandoned or pulled into a line to be used as walls in the fortification, including all homes south of Joseph Street, west of Second Main, and north of Turkey (later Mill) Creek. Spaces between cabin walls were filled in with pickets that were seven and a half feet high and sharpened to a point. Gates provided access at principal roads, with two gates on the south and west and one gate each on the north and east. Much of the east side of the city, which bordered the river, was left unprotected, the water and the steep banks of the bluff providing a natural barrier. Work on the stockade was probably completed by June 1847, just in time for the departure of the large Emigration Camp; the camp left the city secured by the stockade but with fewer men and no artillery.  

**Public Square.** During good weather, religious activity at Winter Quarters centered on the public square, an open spot of ground near what was originally the heart of the city. Here the Nauvoo Temple bell called the Saints to gather and leaders preached. The stand and benches, which could seat three hundred, were relocated from Cutler’s Park. Church leaders had originally intended to build a large council house on the site of the public square, but their plans were apparently abandoned in favor of a small council house and individual ward meeting places.

**Meetinghouses.** As the cold winds of winter blew in, meetings at the stand became less and less practical. Brigham Young suggested instead that “the bishops will have to prepare a large room in each ward and meet once a week.” His instructions represented a major development in Church government, with wards gathering for weekly meetings presided over by a bishop. These meetings were generally held in the largest house in the ward, although apparently in a few instances ward schoolhouses were also used for worship.

**Council House.** Although plans for a large council house were discarded, a smaller council house, intended primarily for meetings of the Quorum of the Twelve and the municipal high council, was built on a rise near the north end of town. Construction began in December with Brigham Young’s request that members of the Twelve and high council and the bishops each contribute one log. The building, which measured twenty-four by thirty-two feet, was dedicated on January 23, 1847. The week that followed was “a kind of Jubilee” as Saints gathered night after night to dance and rejoice in the Lord’s blessings. Quorum meetings, preaching, dancing, and social gatherings prevailed in the house until it was abandoned, along with the town, the following year.
Winter Quarters, 1846–1848. The exact location of structures at the north end of town is unknown. The cemetery shown on this map was the third one used by the Saints in the area. Some Saints lived in homes dug into the bluffs at a spot nicknamed Gopher Hill.
Willard Richards's Octagon House. Just a short distance east of the council house stood the most intriguing building in town, an octagon-shaped log structure with an ell to one side and a cupola emerging from its dirt-covered roof. Willard Richards, who constructed the building as his home and office, endured considerable ribbing from lighthearted friends who referred to the building as the “potato heap,” the “windmill,” the “tabernacle,” and the “doctors den.” If they didn’t appreciate its looks, however, they did appreciate its size, the central room being approximately thirty-five feet in diameter. Until the council house was completed, most meetings of the governing councils were held in the “doctors den.”

Brigham Young Residence. Brigham Young's one-and-a-half-story log home was located immediately to the west of the Octagon at the head of one of the two principal avenues, probably Second Main. A hint in a poem penned by plural wife Eliza R. Snow suggests that he also had a second home to house his large family, but the location is unknown. Additional wives, including Eliza, made their homes with friends or family.

Kimball Row. While Brigham Young and Willard Richards settled close together, Heber C. Kimball, the third member of the executive committee of the Twelve, gathered his family on the south side of Turkey (Mill) Creek. Here they constructed a row of thirteen cabins, many with shared walls, for the extended and adopted Kimball family. The row was anchored on one end by Kimball's own residence, which featured four rooms on the ground floor and two on the second half story. At the other end, Newel K. Whitney built his home and the bishop's storehouse. In between stood a series of one-room log cabins, each with one door, a window of four panes of glass, and a roof and chimney made of sod. Kimball's daughter Helen Mar Whitney recalled her misfortune at “having a chimney that seldom drew [up] the smoke.” She “shed many unbidden tears” before replacing the chimney with brick from Fort Atkinson. Helen Mar provides a vivid description of the little cabin she shared with Horace K. Whitney, her husband of just nine months:

Our floors we managed to cover with canvas or pieces of carpeting, which had outlived the storms and the wear and tear while journeying from the States. We made curtains serve as partitions to divide the bedrooms, repositories, etc., from the kitchen. Most of our furniture we had made to order—such as cupboards and bedsteads—they being attached to the house, also tables, chairs and stools, and an occasional rocking chair, relics of other days, graced our ingleside.

Markets. On the street that bordered Kimball Row, a small business district developed, inspired no doubt by the gristmill constructed at the far west end and Whitney's bishop's storehouse. The store provided goods for
the entire community, as well as distributed necessities to the poor and the “battalion widows,” whose husbands were serving in the Mormon Battalion.\textsuperscript{41} Several other stores were also in the same general area of town, including one operated by Albert Rockwood and John D. Lee. Vilate Kimball rented her dining room as a showroom to another pair of entrepreneurs. Even non-Mormon merchants took advantage of the potential customers in Winter Quarters: George Alley noted, “Some St. Louis merchants have opened within a day or two a very full store, within a few steps of my log cabin.”\textsuperscript{42}

**Mills.** The most vital businesses in town were mills that ground corn and grain into flour. Even before plans for the new settlement were announced to the general populace, Frederick Kesler scouted out a site for a mill. The two-story gristmill with an overshot wheel was built with Church labor on Turkey (Mill) Creek in the north end of town. Unfortunately, the mill pond dam broke on several occasions, and the mill was not operational until March 20, 1847. By the following winter, three additional small mills, all horse or oxen powered, were also in use.\textsuperscript{43}

**Cooperatives and Manufacturing Shops.** Several enterprises provided work for the most destitute Saints. Near the north gate, the seventies quorums built a house where workers learned to make baskets that were shipped to Missouri for sale. A carding house was also erected for the processing of wool. Cattle herds were sent to the rush bottoms near Fort Atkinson, while sheep grazed under the watchful eyes of boys and young men to the north and west of Winter Quarters. A fishing cooperative cast nets into the river and fed many. These cooperatives provided for the poor, as well as shared the burdens of work on the frontier.\textsuperscript{44}

In addition to the stores, mills, and cooperative ventures, there were many other businesses in Winter Quarters. One settler recalled, “A meat markit was erected several blacksmith shops sue [shoe] shops chare makers, and nerly all kind of work as if the peple was going to stay for years.”\textsuperscript{45} Perhaps they weren’t going to stay for years, but they were certainly intent on
building a community and preparing for their journey. This pioneer’s simple statement does not do justice to the work at hand. One blacksmith shop, operated by Thomas Tanner, functioned on a factory scale. Tanner employed enough smiths to keep fourteen fires going at once.46

Farms. The most successful and most productive business in Winter Quarters was farming. Recognizing their precarious position, the Saints worked tirelessly to provide for themselves and their families and to provision the journey to come. Although the settlers began clearing land in the fall of 1846, farm work did not begin in earnest until spring. The land south of town was apportioned out in five- and ten-acre parcels, the choicest lots going to those who agreed to fence the most land. The plowing was done in great, long furrows “for we ar all one family”47 and then planted with corn, buckwheat, turnips, potatoes, squash, melon, and cabbage. The fields, bordered by a neat sod fence, extended for miles below town. As one pioneer noted, “Farms sprung up in all directions and the wildness was fast being made to blossom with the fruit of the husbandmen.”48

Ferry. Immediately after the first wagons crossed the Missouri River in June 1846, Church leaders saw the need to construct a ferry. Not all of the pioneers could pay the high fees charged at the lone existing ferry. The Saints soon established their own ferry to the north and then in September moved it even further north to a spot near their new settlement. It was no easy task to ferry wagons loaded with goods, passengers, and oxen across the wide Missouri, as noted by Frederick Piercy, who crossed in 1853:

The ferry-boats are flat-bottomed, and large enough to carry 2 wagons of the ordinary size. The starting point is usually chosen a considerable distance up the stream, so that the current may assist in conveying the boats to the landing place on the opposite side of the river. Ferrying is hard work. When the boat is pushed from the bank the rowers are obliged to ply their oars most vigorously, as it is no slight matter to row across a river a quarter or half a mile wide, with a current running at the rate of 4 or 5 miles an hour.49

In 1850 the Church moved the ferry down the Missouri River to a spot just below the confluence of the Platte River, serving emigrants traveling on
the south side trail. Peter Sarpy and other investors then operated a small ferry at the Winter Quarters site; that ferry was eventually replaced by a steam ferry.50

Steamboat Landing. Near the southern section of town, steamboats were welcomed at a flat section of beach. Unfortunately, during the first few months of settlement, the river was so low that the great paddle-wheelers could not travel upriver to Winter Quarters. Church leaders had hoped to bring in provisions from Missouri by steamboat, but they were forced to send wagons overland instead. Steamboats did ply the waters to Winter Quarters in 1847 and 1848, transporting goods and returning missionaries to town.51

Cemetery. Of all the landmarks in Winter Quarters, the little cemetery on the hill is the most enduring, one of only two remnants of the settlement to survive into modern times.52 However, there are actually three cemeteries associated with Winter Quarters. The first, located near Cutler’s Park, gives rest to the many who died of fevers during the Saints’ six-week stay at that location. The second was laid out on September 15, 1846, “about 1/2 mile S. E. of the bluff” where the then-newly-platted settlement north of Cutler’s Park was located. Later that afternoon, Wealthy Lovisa Richards, three-year-old daughter of Franklin and Jane Snyder Richards, was laid to rest.53 Although the site for this settlement was abandoned almost immediately, the sexton’s report shows fifty-six burials between September 15 and November 15.54 There may have been additional burials as well, since the sexton complained to the high council in early November that “people would go and bury in the grave yard un be knowns to him & some times bury between the graves . . . and that he did not know who were buried there neither those who buried them.”55

The distance to that northern cemetery was soon too great for the frequency with which the inhabitants of Winter Quarters were forced to travel the lonely road to the burial ground. Therefore, on November 11, the high council voted to establish a new cemetery on the bluff immediately west of Winter Quarters. This third site was surveyed a few days later, and a grave was prepared for one-year-old James Brinkerhoff, the first to be interred. Before the city was abandoned in June 1848, 304 identified burials were recorded at Winter Quarters. An additional nineteen grave sites were numbered, probably the sites of burials that were never reported to the sexton. If so, there were probably 323 burials in this third cemetery during the 1846–48 Latter-day Saint sojourn at Winter Quarters.56

Despite the existence of an official record book, the number of deaths at Winter Quarters has often been overstated. In an 1850 published speech, Thomas L. Kane commented in a footnote, “I am furnished with something over 600 as the number of burials in the graveyard there.” Kane’s
speech was widely distributed and is the source for many estimates of burials at the cemetery. Unfortunately, Kane did not provide a source for the figure of “something over 600 deaths.” He had visited Cutler’s Park in August 1846, when he was not only a witness to the fevers that ran through the camp but also a victim. However, he left several weeks before Winter Quarters was founded, so he was not an eyewitness for most of the two years in question. He likely received the estimate from one of his many correspondents among Church leaders. Although Kane ascribes the number of “600 deaths” to the “graveyard” at Winter Quarters, this estimate may have originally included a much larger region. However, 600 graves—even in all three cemeteries—is inconsistent with the carefully kept burial records. Kane’s estimate was much too high for the Winter Quarters settlements alone.

A reliable estimate of deaths in the Winter Quarters area can be established using the sexton’s record and other sources. Although there is no official accounting of the deaths at Cutler’s Park, an estimate of forty-seven is consistent with the death rate during the first two months of record keeping. This estimate assumes that the same afflictions, primarily fever and chills, continued to take their toll into the fall of 1846.

Fifty-six burials were recorded at the second cemetery with sixty-three numbered graves. Taking into account two double burials, there were nine numbered but unrecorded graves. Finally as noted above, there were likely 323 burials in the graveyard currently identified as the Winter Quarters cemetery. Thus the estimate for the three cemeteries, including a small margin for numbered but unrecorded graves, is 433 burials. There were also as many as eighteen burials at Summer Quarters, a farm community to the north that had its own cemetery. That number brings the total to 451 for all the Latter-day Saint settlements in the Winter Quarters region west of the Missouri River between August 1846 and May 1848. This figure might be expanded to between 460 and 500, but it is still considerably less than the 600 deaths often cited.

The reassessment of the number of deaths in the Winter Quarters area should not, however, diminish our appreciation of the trials and sacrifice that the Saints endured during their sojourn there. Even just 451 deaths represent a death rate of almost 113 per thousand—a rate of epidemic proportions. In some cases, death was a welcome relief to those that suffered. The fevers and chills of summer, childhood diseases, and accidents alternated with the excruciating scurvy or “black leg,” which “commences by the feet swelling & turning black” and “continues to ascend up into the limbs.” While some families withstood the onslaught and recovered, others were devastated. Theodore Turley buried seven of his family at Winter Quarters in less than ten months, including two wives, four
children, and a granddaughter. It is no wonder that the residents’ memories were seared with images of “the small mournful-looking trains that so often passed” on their way to the cemetery on the hill.63

The cemetery itself was a dreary place. Many of the graves were marked only in the hearts and memories of the living. In preparation for leaving Winter Quarters in May 1848, Wilford Woodruff, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith, W. Porter, and P. W. Woodruff carried a load of stones to the cemetery to mark the graves of their family and friends. Yet within a few years the site was “so grown up with grass and weeds” that Allen Stout could “scarcely designate” the grave of his late wife.64 The forlorn graveyard captured the attention of Amelia Hadley, who passed by in 1851 and confided in her diary, “There burying ground covers an acre and were just as thick as they could dig the graves, It beat anything I ever saw.... The old burying yards stands open and look lonely and solemn. One cannot but help drop a tear to see how providence will order every thing.”65

Viewing Winter Quarters

Although the cemetery held a prominent place in the community, other features of Winter Quarters stood out, particularly in the writings of its inhabitants. They described the ravages of illness with awful vividness and occasionally bemoaned their difficult circumstances, but their comments about the city itself are surprisingly cheerful. All seemed to agree that the tableland near the river was a “beautiful site” for a city.66 Parley P. Pratt described the spot as both safe and lovely, the “land sloping up from the immediate banks of the river sufficiently high to be secure from high water, and then stretching away in an unbroken plain to the hills, which swelled up at less than half a mile distant in beautiful rounded grassy points, or in rising benches, one above another.”67 In addition, the location provided “good land good watter and plenty wood handy.”68 These measured but positive assessments were augmented by the exuberant declaration of Mary Richards that “the place where we have settled for winter quarters is one of the most beautyfull flats I ever see.” In her eyes, the scene could even be “quite Romantic.”69

Complaints were seldom evoked by general conditions but rather by individual circumstances—usually due to inadequate housing. Eliza R. Snow recalled being ejected from her wagon box, which was needed for a supply trip, and moved into a cabin “having been built of logs, with openings only partly chinked and mudded.” As a result, the wind cold and blustering, found plenty of crevices on the sides through which to play; while the roof was shingled only on one side, with a tent-cloth thrown over the other: and besides, it was minus a chimney, and when a fire was kindled, the smoke so filled the house, that a breathing
apparatus was of little use, and the fire was put outside. . . . cooking done out of doors, etc., until past the middle of Nov., when our chimney was built—the house chinked, and other improvements added, which we were prepared to appreciate.\textsuperscript{70}

Her situation, like those of many others, improved as settlers put the finishing touches on their homes. Besides, even a poorly chinked cabin was preferable to living in a tent or wagon box; Fanny Murray noted, “Some are very good log houses, and others about the medium, and many poor indeed, but better than none.”\textsuperscript{71} Perhaps Mary Richards put it best when she confided in her diary:

Our little house seemed to me almost like a Palace I rejoiced to think that after passing through such a dreary Winter living in a Tent, and wandering from house to house to keep from perishing with the Cold, suffering almost every inconvenience and often very unpleasant feelings I had once more a place I could call my home.\textsuperscript{72}

Most of the Saints at Winter Quarters did have a place to call home, and they viewed themselves as blessed—and even comfortable. In fact, several inhabitants described their situations in just such words; for example, Ursulia Hascall assured her sister and brother-in-law in the spring of 1847, “We have lived in our log cabin through the winter very comfortably.”\textsuperscript{73}

However, the cooperative efforts of the entire camp were what inspired the Saints to wax eloquent about their little city on the Missouri. Late arrivals, obviously expecting much less, were pleasantly surprised. The very day of his arrival in November 1846, Thomas Bullock walked through the city that had been under construction for less than three months and marveled, “Where, nine weeks ago there was not a foot path or a Cow track, now may be seen hundreds of houses, and hundreds in different stages of completion.” In his view, there was “every prospect of a large City Being raised up here.”\textsuperscript{74} There was not only prospect but reality. John Pulsipher noted that the “Camp of Winter Quarters’ is a respectable city for one of its age,” and Fanny Murray proposed to a relative, “If you could sail up the river and take a peep at our town, you would say it was romantic and even grand, notwithstanding the log huts.”\textsuperscript{75} Together the community of Saints had built a city that reflected order, industry, and accomplishment. The inhabitants’ pride in their city is evident in their letters, diaries, and reminiscences. Oliver Huntington summed up the feelings of many when, before his departure, he reflected:

The great celebrated city of Mormons was a curious sight to see, all log huts with sod and stick chimneys, and to contemplate the work that was to be seen, had been done; was wonderfull and maraculous, when the condition and circumstances of the people that done it, is taken into consideration.\textsuperscript{76}
There truly did seem to be something “wonderfull and maraculous” in the city that sheltered the Saints from the winter’s blast. There was a sense that, even in their extreme and desperate circumstances, they had been blessed. Several Saints noted their favorable circumstances: George Alley wrote, “It is very fortunate to our slip shod condition, that the weather is so favourable. The Lord does indeed, temper the weather, to the shorn lamb.”  

The Saints felt blessed not only in weather, but in location, resources, skill, determination, and foresight—all of which helped to sustain them in the trials they faced on the edge of the frontier.

Perhaps the record is skewed, but when it comes to the physical makeup of Winter Quarters, the comments are generally positive, if not glowing. It may be that those who wrote were more inclined to see the world through rose-colored glasses. However, those same authors give us vivid descriptions of despair at death’s door, suggesting that their writings are not slanted but are accurate reflections of their own perceptions. Those Saints knew that without Winter Quarters their losses might have been much greater and that they would have been unable to launch the massive emigration west in 1847 and 1848. Winter Quarters gave them protection, resources, and the ability to recoup and reorganize for the challenges to come. In addition, their perspective was tempered by their unshakable faith in God. As Fanny Murray noted, “There has been great destruction of life, both with man and beast, since we left Nauvoo, but none of these things move us while we are keeping the commandments of our Lord and Master, for we know that whether we live or die we are His.”

Brigham Young’s wagon. Brigham used this wagon to travel from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake Valley.
Abandoning Winter Quarters

Shortly after their return from scouting a new home in the Salt Lake Valley, the Quorum of the Twelve met to discuss the future of the settlements along the Missouri. Winter Quarters was of particular concern since from the beginning the commissioner of Indian Affairs had opposed their presence on Indian land. Captain James Allen, who had recruited volunteers for the Mormon Battalion, had offered the Saints permission to winter on the banks of the Missouri, including temporary settlements on the Indian lands of the west bank if necessary. The local Indian superintendent was apparently unaware of this special provision, and documents forwarded to Washington accounted only for the east bank settlements. In addition, the Mormons had the audacity to negotiate directly with Indian tribes, a clear violation of U.S. policy at the time. Perhaps exacerbated by the efforts of Thomas L. Kane to mediate, the situation reached an impasse, and the commissioner of Indian Affairs rescinded permission for the Saints to remain at Winter Quarters, although he later granted an extension until the spring of 1848.

The Twelve were also concerned with the status of the Latter-day Saints spread throughout Iowa and the need to populate the new Zion in the West. Thus, on November 14, 1847, Brigham Young announced plans to abandon Winter Quarters the following spring. Those who were not yet ready to go west moved back across the river to the Iowa settlements, while the rest packed their wagons for the long and arduous journey to the Salt Lake Valley. When the last wagons rolled out on July 3, 1848, Winter Quarters appeared “a perfect desolation.”

The Omahas visited the site on occasion to collect forgotten potatoes from cellars and harvest volunteer squash from abandoned garden plots. Emigrants who traveled the north side of the Platte, crossing at the Mormon Ferry, often camped nearby, wandering through the deserted streets and wondering upon “the old Mormon Village.”

By mid-1850, however, only “the prints of their old houses and Gardens” were left to be seen. All other evidence of habitation, including more than seven hundred buildings, had disappeared. Ever-provident Saints ferried boards and timbers to the Iowa settlements before being cautioned not to remove anything from Indian lands. The wood scavengers who regularly plied the river in search of fuel for steamboats may have also taken their share. But it was a prairie fire that scoured the table-land clean. On the night of April 29, 1850, William H. Kilgore, camped nearby, witnessed the devastation: “It dark by this time & the wind blew a perfect hurricane, whirled the tents topsie teryv an the fire Came in flames & Sparks filling the whole heavens.” Nearly all of the “old
Council Bluffs, Iowa. Frederick Piercy sketched the Winter Quarters area as he passed through in 1853. He noted, “The camping place on the west side of the Missouri was about a mile from the landing, in the vicinity of 2 springs, near the site of Winter Quarters. I paid a visit to the old place, and found that some person had set fire to the last house that remained of the once flourishing settlement.” *Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley*, ed. James Linforth (Liverpool: Franklin D. Richards, 1855), 81.

Mormontown” was on fire. By morning, many of the buildings were gone, and others stood charred and dilapidated. Within a few years, the remaining walls disappeared as well, leaving but little trace of a once-thriving community.

**Remembering Winter Quarters**

Stories of Winter Quarters have survived into the present day with both power and poignancy. For those who know the story, the very mention of the name Winter Quarters evokes images of faith, commitment, and sacrifice. In this city of refuge, these abstract religious principles were
made manifest in the lives of people. Those who suffered and died in Winter Quarters and throughout the trail experience should always be remembered. However, those who worked to build this city of refuge and then left it behind should be honored as well. Winter Quarters was indeed an astonishing accomplishment. The story of its founding, its layout, its structures, the testimonies of its residents, and the Saints' willingness to abandon it—all call forth those same images of faith, commitment, and sacrifice. Those who labored to fell trees, build cabins, cut sod, plow fields, plant gardens, herd cattle, and create a community, all with the knowledge that "even now we are preparing to move on again," are the hidden heroes of the triumphal chapter of Winter Quarters history.84

On July 9, 1847, with Winter Quarters at the height of its prominence, Mary Richards and her friends Amelia Richards and Ellen Woolley went for a stroll upon the bluff. Mary later reflected, "We gazed with delight upon our City of 8 months growtheth its beauty full Gardins and extensive Fields' Clothed with the fast growing Corn and vegetables of every description."85 Like a prairie flower that blooms only briefly, Winter Quarters flowered on the banks of the Missouri for a short season as a refuge for the Saints of God. Although their sojourn was brief, those who left in the late spring and summer of 1848 could look back on a Winter Quarters, "above all things pleasing to the Eyes of an Exile in the Wilderness of our afflictions."86

Jennifer L. Lund (lundjl@ldschurch.org) is Curator of Education at the Museum of Church History and Art in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has worked at the museum for fourteen years. She received a B.A. in English from the University of Utah (1984) and an M.A. in American history from Brigham Young University (1986).

An earlier version of this article was presented as a site paper at the Mormon History Association in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1997. This article is based partly on research conducted to document and construct a three-dimensional model of Winter Quarters for exhibit in the Mormon Trail Center in Omaha, Nebraska. The author wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of former Church service missionaries Richard and Lois Cook and Lorraine Hales, who helped survey nearly three hundred primary and secondary sources for any mention of the physical features of the settlement.


2. Mary Haskin Parker Richards, Winter Quarters: The 1846–1848 Life Writings of Mary Haskin Parker Richards, ed. Maurine Carr Ward (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1996), 151. Mary Richards’s diaries, in particular, paint a positive view of Winter Quarters. Students of the period have also pointed out that the community’s strengths have sometimes been overlooked. See Kenneth W. Godfrey, "Winter Quarters: Glimmering Glimpses into Mormon Religious and Social Life," in A Sesquicentennial Look at Church History (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University, 1980), 149–61; and Richard E. Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 1846–1852: "And Should We Die . . . ."


5. Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 68–70.

6. Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 70–73. Contemporary accounts often mention the abandoned fort at Council Bluffs, identified today as Fort Atkinson. United States soldiers were stationed at Fort Atkinson from 1820 to 1827 to protect fur trade and overland routes. The fort, near present-day Fort Calhoun, Nebraska, was located at the site of Lewis and Clark’s 1804 council with Oto and Missouri Indians. Kent Ruth, ed., Landmarks of the West (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986), 132; Fort Atkinson, 1820–1827: A State Historical Park (Fort Calhoun, Nebr.: Nebraska Game and Parks Commission, n.d.); Brigham Young, Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 1846–1847, ed. Elder J. Watson (Salt Lake City: Elder J. Watson, 1971), 359–61.

7. See Municipal High Council Records, Winter Quarters, September 18, 1846, holograph, microfilm, Archives Division, Historical Department, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City (hereafter cited as LDS Church Archives) for a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of the Cutler’s Park site. Although Holmes argues that the Indians considered the Winter Quarters site as a “public highway . . . not open to contest,” it is clear that the Saints felt they were on Omaha lands. Holmes, “Prophet Who Followed,” 140. There are numerous letters and diary entries penned from Winter Quarters and headlined “Omaha Nation.” See particularly letters from Church leaders included in Messages of the First Presidency, comp. James R. Clark, 6 vols. (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1965), 1, 306, 308, 315, 329, and 340 (November 6, 1846; January 6, 14, and December 23, 1847; and April 22, 1848). In addition, a letter from Orson Spencer reporting a meeting with Thomas L. Kane states specifically that the Saints had the “permission of government to remain on the Omaha lands.” Young, Manuscript History, 488–89.


9. Woodruff, Journal, 3:83 (September 17, 1846). On the evening of September 17, Brigham Young and Willard Richards drew “three drafts of the design plot for the new
location.” Willard Richards, Journal, September 17, 1846. As the men had just scouted out the tableland that morning, it is unclear whether the new location mentioned is the site on the tableland or the former site north of Cutler’s Park. If they did lay out plans for the tableland site, Young had apparently already made his decision prior to a vote of the presiding councils.

10. High Council Records, September 18, 1846. Additional accounts of the discussion can be found under the same date (September 18, 1846) in Willard Richards, Journal; Woodruff, Journal, 3:83; and Young, Manuscript History, 390. Previous authors have ignored this platted but unsettled site north of Cutler’s Park. The record is confusing because this site too is referred to as “Winter Quarters.” However, a careful comparison of dates, geography, and the layout described in Willard Richards’s journal clearly shows that this location is distinctive from Winter Quarters. Although Bennett misses this point as well, he does realize that there were likely three cemeteries.

Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 287 n. 40.

11. Alpheus Cutler, in behalf of the high council, to Major M. H. Harvey, November 6, 1846, quoted in Young, Manuscript History, 442.


13. A plat map of Winter Quarters omits dimensions but does reveal a slight difference in width between main and cross streets, suggesting that cross streets were the standard eighty-two and a half feet called for by the revised plat of the City of Zion. See Plan of Winter Quarters, ca. 1846, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives; Hamilton, Mormon Architecture, 25.


16. George Alley to Joseph Alley, January 26, 1847, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives.


20. Journal History of the Church, December 31, 1846, 6, Library Division, Historical Department, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City (hereafter cited as LDS Church Library); microfilm copy in Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; Willard Richards, Journal, January 10, 1847.

21. In letters dated January 7 and February 15, 1847, Brigham Young estimates seven hundred cabins; journal entries show very little new construction after that time. Young, Manuscript History, 494, 600.


23. George Alley to Joseph Alley, January 25, 1848, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives.


29. Young, *Manuscript History*, 416 (October 18, 1846); Willard Richards, Journal, September 22, 1846. For examples of structures included on individual lots, see Horace K. Whitney, *Journal*, December 2, 12, 14, 16, and 19, 1846; Brooks, *On the Mormon Frontier*, 1:266, 289 (July 12–13 and November 2, 1847); Woodruff, *Journal*, 3:289 (November 2 and 4, 1847); Winter Quarters Manuscript History, April 2, 1848, microfilm, LDS Church Archives; Lee, *Journals*, 119 (March 13, 1847); Mary Richards, *Winter Quarters*, 169 (June 9, 1847); Jeremiah Willey, “History of Jeremiah Willey,” 31, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives; High Council Records, August 1, 1847.


37. Brooks, *On the Mormon Frontier*, 1:222 (January 2, 1847); Willard Richards, Journal, December 31, 1846. For a drawing of the house, see Thomas Bullock, Willard Richards Octagon and Office in Winter Quarters [ca. 1854], holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives. Octagons were a novel building form in America until popularized by the publication of Orson S. Fowler, *A Home for All; or, a New, Cheap, Convenient, and Superior Mode of Building* (New York: Fowler and Wells, 1848).


41. Biographies of 150 wives of battalion members may be found in Shirley N. Maynes, Five Hundred Wagons Stood Still: Mormon Battalion Wives (Sandy, Utah: by the author, 1999).

42. George Alley to Joseph Alley, May 28, 1847, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives, emphasis in original; Willard Richards, Journal, December 8, 1846; Lee, Journals, 52 (January 12, 1847); Helen Mar Whitney, “Scenes and Incidents at Winter Quarters,” Woman’s Exponent 14 (October 15, 1885): 78.

43. High Council Records, September 20, 1846, February 21, 28, 1847; Young, Manuscript History, 538 (March 20, 1847); Brigham Young to Orson Spencer, January 23, 1848, in Millennial Star 10 (April 15, 1848): 114.

44. Lee, Journals, 36–37 (December 14, 1846), 42 (December 20, 1846); Willard Richards, Journal, October 2, 14, 1846; James Henry Rollins, Autobiography, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City (hereafter cited as USHS).


47. Mary Richards, Winter Quarters, 169; Brooks, On the Mormon Frontier, 1:253 (April 29, 1847).


49. Frederick Piercy, Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley, ed. James Linforth (Liverpool: Franklin D. Richards, 1855), 81; “Keep It before the People: To Emigrants,” Frontier Guardian and Iowa Sentinel (this advertisement ran in every issue from March 11 to September 2, 1852); Henry DeLong, Reminiscences, 7, LDS Church Archives; Helen Mar Whitney, “Travels beyond the Mississippi,” Woman’s Exponent 13 (November 15, 1884): 91.

50. The Latter-day Saints operated several different ferries across the Missouri River. See Holmes, “Prophet Who Followed,” 150–51; and Thomas Sebreeg, “Steam Ferry Boat,” Western Bugle (this advertisement ran in every issue from July 28, 1852, to September 7, 1853).

51. Willard Richards, Journal, October 26, 1846; Brooks, On the Mormon Frontier, 1:256 (May 24, 1847); Oliver B. Huntington, Diary and Reminiscences, typescript, May 9 and 19, 1848, LDS Church Archives.

52. Timbers in the Florence Mill are reputed to have come from the original Winter Quarters mill. The Florence Mill, which is currently owned by a nonprofit organization hoping to preserve the structure, was named to the National Register of Historic Places in 1998. Linda Meigs, “Florence Mill—a Witness to the Trails,” Old Mill News 28 (winter 2000): 20.

53. Willard Richards, Journal, September 15, 1846. Mary Richards confirms that Wealthy was the “first one laid in the new burying ground.” Mary Richards, Winter Quarters, 92.

54. Winter Quarters Sexton’s Record Book, 1846–48, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives. I have used what appears to be the earliest copy of two versions of the record book filed with the papers of the Municipal High Council. Because of the consistent ink and handwriting, this small hand-sewn volume was likely a later compilation of the sexton’s reports to the high council. Its late creation, possibly by a
clerk in the Historian’s Office, also accounts for the misidentification of one of the two cemeteries which it covers. The first fifty-six burials are identified as being at Cutler’s Park, yet the deceased were actually interred in the second cemetery to the north. This collection also includes six of the cemetery sexton’s original reports to the high council from April 26, 1847, to June 1848.

55. High Council Records, November 8, 1846. After multiple complaints from the sexton about unrecorded burials, the high council instructed bishops to contact ward members, determine who had been buried in the cemetery, and make a complete report. The recurring issue finally disappears from the high council minutes in April 1847, suggesting that the bishops responded and that the records were amended. In addition, if all numbered graves actually held bodies, there are an additional twenty-eight unidentified burials in the two cemeteries. A comparison of the sexton’s record book with more than 150 diaries and autobiographies reveals only two unrecorded deaths for the period from September 14, 1846, through May 14, 1848, demonstrating the accuracy of the record. Bennett made a similar comparative study, which turned up thirty deaths unrecorded by the sexton, but he does not specify the time period of his focus. The discrepancy may be accounted for if he included deaths at Cutler’s Park that are undocumented in the official record and that I omitted in my comparison. See Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 287 n. 40.

56. Sexton’s Record Book. These figures include the burials of Loisa Cook, which is included in the record book but took place on the prairie twelve miles north, and W. A. Sirrine, who died on a steamboat and was first buried at Nauvoo but then reinterred at Winter Quarters. It also includes the double listing of the death of Charity Campbell.

57. Thomas L. Kane, The Mormons: A Discourse Delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia: King and Baird, 1850), 51. Copies of Kane’s speech were presented to the President of the United States, members of Congress, and other government officials. Church leaders published the speech in the British Mission’s Millennial Star and Kaneesville’s Frontier Guardian. With such wide distribution, it is not surprising that Kane’s figure of six hundred deaths was picked up by other authors and published in numerous histories. For example, see B. H. Roberts, A Comprehensive History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Century One, 6 vols. (Provo, Utah: Corporation of the President, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1965), 3351.

More recent authors have looked at Kane’s estimate more critically. The most detailed and thoughtful study is that of Richard Bennett, who devoted a chapter to the subject in Mormons at the Missouri. He notes that there were 361 burials recorded but points out that (1) the recorded deaths do not include those that occurred from the time they crossed the Missouri to September 13, 1846; (2) the sexton’s repeated complaints to the high council indicate burials that were not recorded; and (3) there seems to be an undercount of deaths attributed to scurvy when compared with the diaries and autobiographies. He estimates that there were at least four hundred deaths in all the west side settlements (including the Ponca camp) in the first year alone. Other writers, such as Holmes and Bryson, use the sexton’s record book to refute Kane’s estimate, but they do not calculate their own estimates for the unrecorded Cutler’s Park period. See Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 136–41; Holmes, “Prophet Who Followed,” 142–43; and Bryson, Winter Quarters, 5–6, 70–75, 131–63.

In my analysis, the sexton’s record book appears to be a reliable document for estimating burials at the three cemeteries. I have used the death rate from the first two months of actual record keeping to estimate figures from the unrecorded period at
Cutler’s Park. The burials which were unregistered and inspired the sexton’s complaints to the high council were either recorded at a later date or are represented by the twenty-eight numbered graves for which burials are undocumented. While some additional burials may have gone unrecorded, only two show up in a search of diaries, letters, and reminiscences. In addition, although there may be an undercount of deaths attributed to scurvy, as Bennett points out, nearly a third of all entries do not list a cause of death at all, thus making it impossible to assess accurately the total number of deaths from any disease.

58. This paper considers only the three cemeteries associated with Cutler’s Park and Winter Quarters and the deaths at Summer Quarters. It does not cover George Miller’s Ponca camp on the Niobrara River, nor does it include the approximately ninety Latter-day Saint settlements in western Iowa. There were obviously many deaths in each of these communities as well, and each likely had its own cemetery.

59. During this two-month period, 64 percent of deaths for which a cause was identified were attributed to “fever” or “chills.” These were also the primary complaints during the Cutler’s Park stay. See Sexton’s Record Book, deaths from September 14 to November 15, 1846.

60. Summer Quarters, established by Brigham Young in the spring of 1847 as a family farm, experienced at least nineteen deaths. The body of one woman, Sarah Lytle, was taken to Winter Quarters for burial and is recorded in the Sexton’s Record Book. It is unknown if any of the others were likewise returned to Winter Quarters for burial. Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, and possibly other Church leaders also established large-scale family farming operations outside Winter Quarters. However, individuals who died at these farms were taken to Winter Quarters for burial. See Daniel Davis, Diary, LDS Church Archives, for an account of Heber C. Kimball’s farm, including deaths that occurred there. Also see Bennett, Mormons at the Missouri, 163–65.


66. Jacob, Record, 26 (September 24–26, 1846). See also Woodruff, Journal, 3:85 (September 23, 1846); Joseph Lee Robinson, Notebook, 1846–47, 53, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives; and Brigham Young to Jesse C. Little, November 15, 1846, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives.
72. Mary Richards, *Winter Quarters*, 121.
75. John Pulsipher, Diary, 30, USHS; Murray to Gould and Laura, 82.
76. Huntington, Diary, May 9, 1848.
77. George Alley to Joseph Alley, January 25, 1848, holograph, microfilm, LDS Church Archives, emphasis in original. A number of Saints marveled at the comparatively mild weather they encountered during their two-year stay. Weather conditions can be documented on an almost daily basis through the diaries of John D. Lee, Hosea Stout, Mary Richards, and Daniel Davis. These sources confirm that although a piercing winter wind blew at gale forces and temperatures dropped as low as 17½ degrees below zero, there were few storms of any consequence. In fact, when it did snow, the accumulation was light and usually melted quickly, allowing George Alley to record “but two or three rains and one snow of any account” during the first winter. Balmy days found men walking about in their shirt sleeves. While there was an occasional complaint about “intensely hot” weather in midsummer, those months were characterized primarily as “pleasant.”
78. Murray to Gould and Laura, 82.
79. James Allen, document quoted in *Journal History*, July 18, 1846, 3. The document states, “The Mormon people now in rout to California are hereby authorized to pass through the Indian country on their rout, and they may make stopping places at such points in the Indian country as may be necessary to facilitate the emigration of their whole people to California, and for such time as may reasonable be required for this purpose.”
83. William H. Kilgore, *The Kilgore Journal of an Overland Journey to California in the Year 1850*, ed. Joyce Rockwood Muench (New York: Hastings House, 1949), 16; Journal History, October 2, 1848, 3, 11. Kilgore’s description is both vivid and specific (“about Six hundred houses and nearly all on fire”), suggesting that he is a reliable witness. Yet John Steele who passed through two weeks later spent the night in a “vacant cabin for a tent” and described the “unsightly ruins of about six hundred log houses.” Some believe that Steele’s description belies that of Kilgore. However, Steele mentions only “unsightly ruins” and one “vacant cabin.” Other travelers that same spring actually support Kilgore’s account. Jerome Dutton, who stopped there on the same day as Steele, described only “a few log houses,” and Abram Sortore said he “could see relics of their old fireplaces and ‘such like.’” Unfortunately, neither of these witnesses confirms that the town had burned. However, it is certain that by 1851 the cabins were essentially gone. Witnesses from that year describe only outlines in the dirt and a few chimneys. Ossian Taylor, Journal, June 25, 1851, typescript, microfilm, LDS Church Archives; John Steele, *Across the Plains in 1850*, ed. Joseph Schafer (Chicago: Caxton Club, 1930), 33–34; Jerome Dutton, “Across the Plains in 1850,” *Annals of Iowa* 9 (July–October 1910): 456; Abram Sortore, *Biography and Early Life Sketch of the Late Abram Sortore* (Alexandria, Mo.: n.p., 1909), 2; Hadley, “Journal of Travails to Oregon,” 58; Edna Walton Muir, “Rebecca Card Walton,” in Carter, *Heart Throbs*, 12:415.


86. Mary Richards, *Winter Quarters*, 151.
Fig. 1. President Wilford Woodruff and party on board the Willapa in July 1895. From left: Captain George Roberts (steamer captain), Joseph F. Smith, George Q. Cannon, Wilford Woodruff (seated in front), and Gustave (?) Narth (first mate of the steamer). Courtesy of Alaska and Polar Regions Archives, Rasmuson Library, University of Alaska Fairbanks (Accession # 97-196-04).
New Photographs of Wilford Woodruff’s Trip to Alaska, 1895

Richard Neitzel Holzapfel

Continuing the photoarchival function of BYU Studies which commenced in the previous issue, this study presents rare photographs that have recently been uncovered.

President Wilford Woodruff and a group of other Latter-day Saint Church leaders, accompanied by family and friends, left Salt Lake City on June 25, 1895, for the Northwest. During their trip, they decided to continue on to Alaska. This segment of President Woodruff’s tour was captured in a series of photographs recently discovered in Alaska.

Provenance of the Photographs

The collection of images is found in a nineteenth-century photograph album located in the Alaska and Polar Regions Archives, Rasmuson Library, University of Alaska Fairbanks. The library apparently acquired the images in 1998 as part of a larger collection. The album, identified as “Mormon Album,” contains forty-nine photographs taken during President Woodruff’s trip to Alaska. The 5" x 6.5" album has a brown cover with the title “Photographs” printed in gold. Each photograph measures approximately 3" x 4" and is glued horizontally (even if the image will appear sideways) on card stock with a gold-colored border around the image itself. Below each photograph is a caption printed by hand and providing subject identification.

Subjects of the images include three groups of people (see figs. 1, 2, 3); views of Vancouver Island; totem poles at Fort Wrangle, Alaska; icebergs; glaciers, including Muir, Windham, and Foster Glaciers; several views of other natural wonders seen during the journey; Native Americans at Juneau, Alaska; crew members of the Willapa (the steamship that carried the party to Alaska); dwellings, including John Muir’s cabin; churches, including a Greek Orthodox church at Sitka, Alaska.

The owner of the album and the photographer are unknown. However, President Woodruff’s name is incorrectly spelled (“Woodford” instead of “Woodruff”) underneath one of the photographs on the card stock (see fig. 1), suggesting that the album was prepared by someone on board ship who was not a member of the Church.
Fig. 2. President George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith (along with other members of the party) on board the Willapa in July 1895. Courtesy of Alaska and Polar Regions Archives, Rasmuson Library, University of Alaska Fairbanks (Accession # 97–196–05).
A cropped version of one of the photographs (see fig. 2) is in the possession of the George Q. Cannon family, suggesting that copies of at least some of the prints were made available to President Woodruff's party.²

Historical Context of the Photographs

According to Wilford Woodruff's biographer, history professor Thomas G. Alexander, the President's body was "showing the increasingly severe ravages of old age. Recovering from bouts with his abdominal disease, his vigor waned in 1895 and 1896 and he was almost constantly under care in 1897 and 1898."³ During the 1895 period of waning vigor, the President's counselors prevailed upon him to seek some relief from his health problems by taking a trip to a lower elevation in the Pacific Northwest. Someone other than President Woodruff wrote the following entry in the President's personal journal on June 22, 1895: "Concluded today, on the advice of my Counselors, to go to the coast, to a lower altitude, in the hope of benefitting my health."⁴ On the following day, he invited Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith to accompany him on the trip.⁵

The Deseret Evening News reported President Woodruff's departure on June 25, 1895:

This afternoon's northern train will carry as passengers bound for the Sound country a party consisting of President Woodruff, wife and daughters, and Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, with members of their families. The journey is undertaken for health and pleasure and it is hoped that it will afford especial relief to President Woodruff, who has been suffering for some time past with asthmatic troubles.⁶

President Woodruff recorded in his journal the names of family who traveled with him: "I am accompanied by my wife, Emma, and daughters, Blanche, Alice, and Clara and Ovando Beebe, and Phoebe Scholes, my grand-daughter."⁷ The Deseret Evening News announcement continued, "The trip will probably occupy two weeks and before being concluded the party may visit San Francisco. They occupy a private car kindly furnished by Mr. Bancroft of the U[union] P[acific]."⁸

On their way to the Northwest, the party met Nebraska senator John Mellen Thurston, who told the group of his recent visit to Alaska. The discussion of Alaska's natural beauties excited President Woodruff, who apparently for some time had wanted to visit there. As a result, the party decided to change their itinerary and made arrangements to visit Alaska.⁹

Through the efforts of C. E. Peabody, the general manger of the Alaska Steamship Company, the party arranged to travel on a small steamer, Willapa, from Victoria, British Columbia, to Alaska.¹⁰ While in Alaska, President Woodruff and his party visited some of the glaciers and watched the formation of icebergs of which Glacier bay is full. Thousands upon thousands of tons of ice break off from the front of the glacier and fall with
tremendous crash such as the discharge of many cannon might produce. While the vessel lay in front of this glacier the young and active members of the party ventured to explore the sides and the surface of the glacier and they brought back thrilling accounts of the wonderful crevasses and caverns at the bottom of which were rushing torrents and waterfalls.\textsuperscript{11}

In his journal, President Woodruff made several comments about the sights. Regarding the Mina Glacier, he wrote, “The whole ocean was covered with ice bergs, from very large ones down to small ones. The sea was covered in this way as far as the eye could see. We stayed three hours at the glacier. . . . I felt that I had seen in the wonderful glacier one of the finest sights of my life.”\textsuperscript{12} The scenes of nature, reported the \textit{Deseret Evening News}, “aroused feelings of admiration and praise for the creator who had raised such monuments to his greatness and power.”\textsuperscript{13}

Several of the photographs were probably taken at this point, including two group shots (see figs. 1, 2) that captured the First Presidency on the deck of their steamer in Glacier Bay.

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{fig3.png}
\caption{Passengers on board the \textit{Willapa} in July 1895. Courtesy of Alaska and Polar Regions Archives, Rasmuson Library, University of Alaska Fairbanks (Accession # 97-196-45).}
\end{figure}
Conclusion

Just six months before Utah gained its long-sought-for statehood, President Woodruff spent several weeks visiting the Northwest and Alaska, seeking relief from health problems that increasingly plagued him as well as taking a much-needed respite from the heavy administrative burdens he shouldered as President of the Church. The Deseret Evening News reported the results:

Taking all in all, the grandeur of the scenery and the wonderful natures of the channels and waters through which they passed are indescribable, but all expressed themselves as having had a time of unalloyed enjoyment. President Woodruff’s health was very good. He enjoyed his sleep the most of the time and his appetite improved... The rest has been of great benefit to him. He has been free from care as none of the party have received a word from homes since the 6th until this morning.¹⁴

Richard Neitzel Holzapfel (richard_holzapfel@byu.edu) is the Photographic Editor of BYU Studies and Associate Professor of Church History and Doctrine at Brigham Young University.

2. See Davis Bitton, George Q. Cannon (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1999), 362.
4. Wilford Woodruff Journal, June 22, 1895, Wilford Woodruff Collection, LDS Church Archives; see also Wilford Woodruff, Wilford Woodruff’s Journal, 1833–1898, Typescript, ed. Scott G. Kenney, 9 vols. (Midvale, Utah: Signature Books, 1983–84), 9356. The entries from June 22, 1895, until July 29, 1895, are in the handwriting of someone other than President Woodruff or his faithful personal secretary, L. John Nuttall. Probably a family member who accompanied him on the trip, the scribe entered the entries as if Woodruff had written them himself, suggesting that he most likely dictated them during the journey.
5. Woodruff Journal, June 23, 1895; see also Woodruff, Wilford Woodruff’s Journal, 9357.
7. Woodruff Journal, June 25, 1895; see also Woodruff, Wilford Woodruff’s Journal, 9357.
10. “From Alaska,” 5; Woodruff Journal, June 26, 1895; see also Woodruff, Wilford Woodruff’s Journal, 9357.
12. Woodruff Journal, July 19, 1895; see also Woodruff, Wilford Woodruff’s Journal, 9361.
Fig. 1. Palenque Palace, House D, Pier d. This stuccoed pier shows the Maya ruler Hanab Pakal (reigned A.D. 615–683) on the left dancing out of the underworld, triumphant over death. The female figure on the right is likely his mother dressed in the beaded skirt and belt assemblage of the first mother, linking the scene to the age of first creation. The border of the panel consists of repeated glyphs read as *yax* (first, new) and jade (precious, sacred).
The Dance of First Beginnings: Contemporary Maya Creation Rituals in a World Context

Allen J. Christenson

A nearly universal characteristic of ancient societies is to periodically carry out ceremonies and festivals intended to renew life, particularly in connection with the creation of the world. Many of these ceremonies are tied to New Year's celebrations, linking the start of the calendar year with the beginning of time itself. Such ceremonies reinforce the notion that when the world left the hands of deity at the time of its birth, it had greater power to sustain life and nurture its inhabitants. But as with all things, the passage of time and the wear and tear of day-to-day existence inevitably results in a steady decline from the world's first pristine state of perfection. By reenacting the stages of divine creation through ritual established by ancient precedent, authorized persons can act as partners with deity in recharging the cosmos. For the most part, participants in such ceremonies consider their actions to be not mere play-acting but a genuine renewal of the cosmos by deity through human mediators. For societies that believe in the efficacy of such ceremonies, the re-creation of the world also has the effect of revitalizing the life of each individual as if he or she were the first-born child of divinity. The ceremony is therefore not so much an exercise in imitating ancient events from the age of long-dead ancestors as an opportunity to experience the more personal renewal of first creation in the souls of the living.

Traditionalist Tz'utujil-Maya in the community of Santiago Atitlán in the highlands of Guatemala continue to conduct a number of such world-renewing rituals based on mythic events set in the far-distant time of their first ancestors (fig. 2). Although couched in language that seems to imply that such myths are based on real events rather than allegories, they are seldom tied to a fixed period of time. For the most part, people in the community are not particularly interested in when things happened in the past but rather are concerned with how such events relate to their present lives and concerns. For those who practice the older faith of their Maya ancestors, human history is perceived as a procession of repetitive events having different characters and circumstances but always the same message—the world of the present is a shadow of ancient events that are both sacred and
familiar. The Tz’utujils thus continue to observe ceremonies that reenact stages in the creation of the world as a means of giving new life and purpose to their community.

Among the most powerful world-renewing ceremonies conducted in Santiago Atitlán is a ritual dance performed by a highly respected Maya priest called the nab’eysil. The dance takes place once each year at midnight on the evening of November 11. This date marks the end of the principal harvest season, when the Guatemalan highlands enter a long season of dry, cold weather that lasts until the coming of the rains the following April or May. Although the Guatemalan highlands are not subject to the freezing winters of more northerly latitudes, the lack of rain makes it impossible to grow most crops. The Maya thus see this season as one of sterility and universal death. The creation dance is performed in an effort to help the world survive this horror and eventually bear new life within itself (fig. 3). The ceremony is conducted by the Confraternity of San Juan, one of ten voluntary associations in the community dedicated to the worship of traditional Maya ancestral deities. Although ostensibly Roman Catholic institutions, Maya confraternities operate outside the control of the church and frequently preserve ancient Maya practices that conflict with western notions of Catholic orthodoxy. The one-room confraternity house in which the creation dance takes place is decorated to represent the interior of a sacred mountain, the dwelling place of the gods and ancestors of the community. When the nab’eysil priest carrying the spirit of his ancient ancestors performs the dance at the proper time and in the proper manner, he is able to re-create the world just as it was at the dawn of time.

In my work as a cultural anthropologist and art historian, I have had the opportunity to attend this ceremony on several occasions. I have also worked closely with members of a family of local Maya sculptors who incorporate ritual motifs related to Maya creationism in their art. When I discussed the creation dance with one of these artists, Nicolás Chavez Sojuel, he explained that the first ancestors performed it in his community anciently and that is why Santiago Atitlán lies at the center of everything. I asked him how long ago these things took place. Without hesitation, he asserted that the dance is as old as the world itself. Yet one of the ancestors he named as a founder of the dance was Francisco Sojuel, a legendary nab’eysil priest and a prominent figure in many local myths. Nicolás once told me that his father had been born only a few years after Sojuel’s death and had known the great man’s successor, Marco Rohuch. This circumstance puts the death of Francisco Sojuel somewhere around the turn of the twentieth century. I asked if the world had really begun so short a time ago. Puzzled over my concern for historical dates, he explained that the world has gone through many births as well as deaths. Each time the dance is performed, the world is reborn.
Fig. 2. As part of the cycle of rituals intended to regenerate the world, Tz’utujil-Maya elders lead a procession of sacred images around their community, a sign that all life has been reborn.

Fig. 3. The nab’eyesl priest dances a sacred bundle containing the garments of a local god, called Martín, who ritually undergoes death and resurrection on an annual basis during the night of November 11.
For the Tz’utujils, the cosmos is conceived in living terms, undergoing birth and eventual death in endless cycles. As a result, E. Michael Mendelson, who worked in the same community nearly half a century ago, suggested that when dealing with local traditions concerning past events it is “difficult to expect history, only myths of first beginnings and the present. Between is just the passage of time.”

The Tz’utujil-Maya are by no means unique in their longing for a return to the beginning of things. Throughout the ancient world, we find ceremonial dramas timed to annual crisis periods in which the world undergoes a temporary death necessitating renewal through human intervention. Hugh Nibley has described at great length the ancient panegyris festivals in which entire nations gathered in massive convocations at a central place, often focused on a temple or other sacred shrine. Among the numerous seasonal festivals known from the ancient world are the Akitu (New Year’s) Festival of Babylon and Assyria, the Egyptian festival honoring the death and resurrection of Osiris, the Greek mystery rites of Eleusis in honor of Demeter and Persephone, and the Festival of Ingathering in ancient Israel.

The setting of these festivals often bears symbolic significance as well, being a representation of the center of the cosmos and the place where creation first unfolded. Mircea Eliade suggests that man always seeks to fix his abode at the “center of the world,” the point of first beginning. To lay out an earthly community with a temple or other sacred shrine at its center is to create a hierophany—the divine order of the cosmos as first established at the time of creation. Ceremonies performed in these sacred buildings thus transport worshippers to the center of the world, where they repeat the work of their ancestors at the beginning of time. Thus in the Enuma Elish (the Babylonian creation story), the ancient people of Babylon worshipped in a temple to the god Marduk, a structure built by the first human beings soon after the creation of the world. At the beginning of each new

Fig. 4a. The ziggurat in Babylon was protected by a river, canal, and double wall. A processional way surrounded it. André Parrot, Ziggurats et Tour de Babel (Paris: Albin Michel, 1949), plate 5.
year, the people reunited at this temple to be close to the dwelling place of the gods and to commemorate their first birth:

"Let us build a temple and call it, 'The-Inn-Of-Rest-By-Night.' There we will sleep at the season of the year, at the Great Festival when we form the Assembly; we will build altars for him, we build the Parakku, the Sanctuary..."

When that building was finished the Annunaki [ancestors of the Babylonian people] built themselves chapels; then all came in together and Marduk set out the banquet... And after the banquet in beautiful Esagila they performed the liturgy from which the universe receives its structure, the occult is made plain, and through the universe gods are assigned their places.⁴

The temple of Babylon was built in the form of a mountain, in token of the first mountain to emerge from the primordial sea (figs. 4a, 4b). It therefore stood not only as the center of Babylon the city, but as the pivotal place where time began and all creation spread outward toward the four cardinal directions.

In ancient Israel, the temple at Jerusalem was also conceived as the center of creation. The rock on which it was built orients the rest of the world because its builders likewise considered it to be the first land to emerge from the primordial waters of chaos, called forth by the voice of God:

The construction of the earth was begun at the centre, with the foundation stone of the Temple, the Eben Shetiyah, for the Holy Land is at the central point of the surface of the earth, Jerusalem is at the central point of Palestine, and the Temple is situated at the centre of the Holy City. In the sanctuary itself the Hekal [Holy of Holies] is the centre, and the holy Ark occupies the centre of the Hekal, built on the foundation stone, which thus is at the centre of the earth. Thence issued the first ray of light, piercing to the Holy Land, and from there illuminating the whole earth.⁵

According to Rabbi ben Gorion, the great temple at Jerusalem stood at the center of all things, being the “Foundation Stone of the Earth, that is, the navel of the Earth, because it is from there that the whole Earth unfolded.”⁶ One of the primary roles of the Israelite temple was to allow worshipers to return to the point of first creation in order to experience the cosmos as it
was at first beginning—in innocent and charged with the spark of new life. The faithful who entered the temple were given the opportunity to reenact through ritual sacrifice, covenant-making, and sacred drama the paradigmatic actions of their first ancestors in the presence of the god who created them. In so doing, they were in a sense reborn to new life themselves.

Because of their association with cosmic rebirth, such ancient ceremonies were generally held at the beginning of the new year, the symbolic end of one era and the beginning of another. Such renewal demands a return to events that triggered the first creation of life. Theodore Gaster notes a remarkable pattern to these annual rituals, which are often tied to the end of the harvest and the beginning of winter, just as they are at Santiago Atitlán. This pattern is characterized by (1) a process of communal mortification such as lents, fasts, and other abstinences; (2) purgation or ritual cleansing of the city and its inhabitants to eliminate physical and spiritual impurities; (3) invigoration in which a ritual combat is staged between the powers of life and death; and (4) jubilation involving the celebration of life's victory over death.

This same pattern, articulated in the myth and ceremonial practices of ancient cultures in the Old World, is also the fundamental structure of the dance of first creation at Santiago Atitlán, a dance in which participants reenact the universal combat between death and life. The climactic moment of this conflict involves the symbolic rebirth of the world from the center of the confraternity house in which it is performed. This pattern places the contemporary Maya squarely within the extended family of mankind in seeking a return to first beginnings through similar ritual means. This does not suggest the Maya had direct contact with the traditions of ancient people in the Old World, other than perhaps in the way indicated by Nibley’s suggestion that certain fundamental truths are universal and central in the lives of all the world’s people, although somewhat “battered . . . and distorted” in their particulars.

Santiago Atitlán Rites of Mortification

Seasonal rites of rebirth are generally preceded by a period of fasting and other austerities that deny normal human activity. Such fasts mirror the loss of life-giving sustenance associated with the death of the world. In ancient Israel, these austerities took place on the Day of Atonement (Yom Kippur), held following the autumnal harvest season in connection with the celebration of the New Year in the month of Tishri: “For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord” (Lev. 16:29–34). On this day, all work came to a stop and the people engaged in a general fast. In many cultures, such austerities are focused in the person of the king or a priest as the
chosen representative of all the people. Thus in ancient Israel, the high priest alone entered the Holy of Holies in the Temple on this day to offer sacrifices and pray for the atonement of his people (Lev. 16). He did so while observing a ritual fast after having spent a sleepless night studying the Torah and purifying himself.

The ancient Maya of highland Guatemala celebrated a similar festival in honor of their preeminent deity, Tohil (fig. 5). According to the Popol Vuh, an ancient Maya book transcribed soon after the arrival of the Spanish conquerors in the early sixteenth century, all the people made a pilgrimage to the temple of Tohil at the capital city of Q’umarkaj to honor the god and make sacrifices on one special day of the year. This festival took place in mid-November, timed to coincide with the principal maize harvest. It also marked the close of the solar year. At that time, “lordship” changed as well, as with the symbolic renewal of rule or the actual accession of a new king. An early Christian missionary, Friar
Bartolomé de las Casas, described the role of a Maya priest in sixteenth-century highland Guatemala on such occasions:

The high priest, who in some provinces was the king and high lord during times of great necessity, was charged with staying in a place set apart, eating only dry maize and fruit, but not things cooked with fire, and did not enter their houses or converse with anyone. During this time of penitence, he offered many sacrifices excepting men—birds, animals, vegetables, meat, incense, etc. And he bled himself of much blood each day, sometimes from the ears, others the tongue, others from the fleshy part of the arms, others the thighs, and others the genitals. During this terrible penitence he prayed and offered on behalf of all the town to the gods, like a good prelate who carries on himself the satisfaction and troubles of all the common sinners. . . . [The night before the festival] the lord was occupied in walking stations and devotions going and coming from the temple, and slept little.\textsuperscript{12}

In Santiago Atitlán, the dance that brings life back into the world is performed by the nab’eysil, one of the community’s two Maya priests who perform rituals that have world-renewing significance, as opposed to shamans (ajkuns), who deal with more individual concerns such as healings. Traditionally the office of nab’eysil is a lifelong calling, and the person who acts in this capacity must remain ritually pure and celibate for as long as he holds the office. Shamans often invoke deceased nab’eysils in the same breath with deities or local saints. It is not altogether clear what the precise relationship between deity and the nab’eysil is, although the latter appears to be a corporeal manifestation of divine power.\textsuperscript{13} Once touched by this divinity through ritual, the nab’eysil never loses its presence even in death. As a representative of all the inhabitants of the community, the nab’eysil priest thus acts as a liminal figure in Tz’utujil society, bridging the material and spiritual worlds to ensure the continuation of life.

The nab’eysil performs the dance of creation in a state of ritual purity, having fasted for one or two days previous and having kept a vigil in the confraternity house where the ritual is to take place. He passes the entire night without sleep. Deprivation of both food and sleep likely give the nab’eysil a somewhat altered state of consciousness conducive to the ecstatic nature of the dance.

**Santiago Atitlán Rites of Purgation**

Among ancient societies, it was common to mark New Year’s celebrations with a general cleansing of the community, particularly of the temple. Las Casas noted that, among the ancient highland Maya, people prepared their communities for two or three days prior to the great festival of Tohil, sweeping the streets and cleaning and adorning their temples with flowers of many colors. These sweepings, particularly the ashes
left from burnt offerings and incense, were then gathered and carried to a certain place apart from the dwellings.\(^\text{14}\)

In Santiago Atitlán, the Tz'ul-Maya make similar preparations prior to important ceremonial occasions. In the confraternity house where the dance of creation is performed, they thoroughly sweep the floor during the previous week. The sweepings are gathered up along with the burned remains of candles and incense from the altars of the confraternity house and taken in a net bag to be disposed of outside town.

Participants in these ceremonies must also arrive in a state of ritual purity. It is customary to wash immediately beforehand and to wear a fresh change of clothes. In addition, a brazier of smoking incense is passed along to each person attending the ceremony; it is waved under each arm and across the chest to symbolically cleanse him or her in preparation for the ceremony to follow.

**Santiago Atitlán Rites of Invigoration**

In the theology of traditionalist Maya in Santiago Atitlán, the positive, life-generating aspects of the world are focused in a deity they call Martín. Although Martín is a powerful deity, he also has his limits. Like many Maya-derived gods, he ages, falters, and dies on an annual basis. In Maya belief, all things, including gods in all their manifestations, must periodically give way to darkness and chaos before they can be reborn to new life. It is this combat between life and death in the world that initiated the first creation. The reenactment of the conflict through ritual dance brings the primordial actions of deity into present-day space and time.

While most cult images of saints and other deities at Santiago Atitlán are carved wooden images, the god invoked as Martín is a cloth bundle wrapped in green velvet called the *ruk'u'x way, ruk'u'x ya'* (heart of food, heart of water). In highland Maya languages, *heart* refers to the fundamental essence of a thing. The bundle as the heart of Martín represents the tangible expression of that god's power to sustain life (figs. 3, 6). An elder who holds a very high position in the leadership of the confraternity house where the bundle is kept describes Martín's power as all-encompassing:

> Martín is the lord of everything—of the six points [the cardinal directions plus up and down], of the twelve points [the six directions of this world plus the corresponding six directions in the underworld]. He is the lord of maize and the seedlings. He gives maize. . . . He has the power to cure all illnesses. He walks the mountains where maize is hidden. The deer is his animal counterpart who carries on its back the power of life. He is the male lord of all things. Here is great power, the power of all things.

The nab'eysil priest of Santiago Atitlán performs the dance of creation in honor of Martín on November 11, the day dedicated to St. Martin of
Fig. 6. The god Martín’s sacred bundle, resting on the confraternity altar. Worshippers scatter flower petals over it and bathe it with incense smoke to purify it from the taint of death and corruption.

Tours on the traditional Roman Catholic calendar. But although the Tz’utujils venerate the name of Martín on that day, his cult bears little resemblance to orthodox Catholic liturgy. The people of Santiago Atitlán consider Martín to be more ancient than any other god and to be father to them all.15 They address him as King Martín, and other saints and divinities, including Jesus Christ, obey him as his servants.16 At various times, the people of Santiago Atitlán invoke him as the patron of the earth, mountains, the three volcanoes surrounding the town, ancestral spirits, deer, maize, fruit, fire, the sun, rain, thunder, wind, clouds, and the surface of nearby Lake Atitlán. These lists vary widely and serve only to emphasize the extent of his universal power. Because of the presence of the Martín bundle among them, the people of Santiago Atitlán consider their community to be the remuxux jab’, remuxux uliw (navel of the rain, navel of the earth).17

For most of the year, the Martín bundle is kept in a carved wooden chest bearing the image of a massive ear of maize with multiple split cobs (fig. 7). This special kind of maize ear is called yo’x (twins) and is the particular symbol for the power of Martín to produce abundant crops of maize. Tz’utujils often bring seed maize to the confraternity house to be blessed in front of the wooden chest containing the Martín bundle to ensure an abundant harvest. In so doing, traditionalist Maya in Santiago Atitlán acknowledge their belief that the bundle is the source of maize’s ability to grow to new life. The rafters of the confraternity house in which the Martín bundle resides are hung with rows of split-cob maize ears as a
token of the presence of the god. In relating the significance of these split cobs, my sculptor friend Nicolás Chavez gave the following description of how a traditional maize field is laid out among his people:

After preparing the ground, but before planting, four colored candles are placed at the corners of the maize field representing the four directions of the earth. . . . In the middle of the maize field, the farmer arranges a circle of 12 or 24 candles along with incense, drinks, chocolate, sugar, and honey. At the center of the circle he then places a special kind of maize ear called yo’x (“twins”) which splits at the end to form extra little cobs. These have been previously blessed by a shaman priest in the house where the Martín bundle is kept in its wooden chest. Many yo’x cobs hang from the ceiling there because this is where maize is born. These cobs are burned and their ashes are buried beneath the ground so that they can come back to life and make more maize.

The hole in the center of the maize field into which the ashes of the yo’x maize cobs are buried is called the remuxux (navel), the same name used to refer to the community itself as the center point of the world. The alcohol, chocolate, sugar, and honey placed at the center of the field are all derived from fluids taken from living sources. Ancient Maya texts refer to such substances as itz, the “magic stuff” that animates and sustains life. Freidel, Schele, and Parker suggest that the modern Maya use itz in their

![Image](https://example.com/image.png)

**Fig. 7.** The chest that houses the bundle of Martín. The carved design in the center is a stylized ear of maize with numerous split cobs, a symbol of Martín’s power to multiply life-sustaining maize for his people.
ceremonies in a reciprocal way. With it they open a portal to the other world to nourish and sustain the divinities who reside there. In return, the offerings charge the earth with sacred power so that it may produce abundant harvests in season as well as sustain all life in general. The “death” and burial of maize serve as a metaphor for the nature of the world, which must also be carefully tended and nourished through human agency to ensure its rebirth to new life.

In preparation for the Day of Martin, the nab’eyesil priest removes the Martín bundle from its chest and holds it briefly in front of each of the saints on the confraternity altar to “give them power.” He then lays the bundle on the altar where other elders cense it with copal incense smoke, spray it with cologne (the preferred brand these days is Brut for Men), and sprinkle it with flower petals.

The conflict between life and death, a characteristic of renewal festivals, is then played out in the form of the Dance of the Deer. This is performed by two young men wearing very old and nearly hairless jaguar skins and two others wearing deer pelts. These skins are normally kept on a table at the southern end of the confraternity house. The first jaguar impersonator carries a small stuffed squirrel called the ral b’alam (child of jaguar), which he uses to claw at the back of the principal deer dancer (fig. 8). Participants insist that the squirrel is to be understood as an effigy jaguar hunting and killing the deer. The dancers once used a stuffed mountain cat, an example of which also lies on the deerskin table, but these are hard to find now, and the head of the confraternity does not wish to have the ancient one damaged by overuse. Nicolás identifies the principal deer dancer as the “substitute” of Martín and that the skin, skull, and antlers represent the body of the god in his animal form. Indeed, prior to the

Fig. 8. The Dance of the Deer. The dancer on the left wears a very old, nearly hairless animal skin reputed to be that of a jaguar. He is pawing the back of another dancer wearing a deerskin. The dance culminates in the “death” and subsequent “resurrection” of the deer as the animal counterpart of the god Martin.
dance, the nab’eysil priest blessed the deerskin to be used in the dance, addressing it as “King Martin, lord of the three levels, lord of rain, lord of maize, and lord of all the mountains.”

At the beginning of the Dance of the Deer, all four participants kneel in a line, the first deer at the head, facing the doorway to the east. To the beat of a split-log drum, the dancers invoke the power of that direction to aid them in their performance. They also raise their heads to call on “Heart of the Sky” and kiss the ground while praying to “Heart of the Earth.” The procedure is repeated in a similar fashion for each of the other cardinal directions. The performers then dance rapidly around the room hopping from foot to foot and periodically whirling around in place as they mark a generally clockwise course around the interior of the confraternity house. As they dance, the jaguars make loud whistling sounds while roughly pawing at the backs of the deer with the little stuffed animal. The deer in turn cry out and try to escape from them. The jaguar impersonators eventually “kill” the principal deer dancer, whom they carry back to the altar as if he were a sacrificial offering.

The death of the deer occurs at about midnight, the hour when the Maya believe the power of the underworld is at its greatest. At this point, the dancers return their costumes to the table where they are normally kept, and the nab’eysil begins his portion of the ritual. First, all the doors and windows of the confraternity house are closed and bolted shut. Participants suggest that if the Martín bundle were to be unwrapped with the doors or windows left open its power would rush out and destroy the world in a great windstorm. Having secured the room, the nab’eysil then opens the Martín bundle and removes a very old beige garment with a painted pattern resembling tufts of hair. The nab’eysil likened this garment to the deer pelts used in the Dance of the Deer but said it is much older and more powerful. The head of the confraternity also removes from the Martín chest an old wood carving of a recumbent animal painted with black spots like those of a jaguar. This small image plays the same role in the nab’eysil’s ritual as that of the jaguar sacrificers in the Dance of the Deer. The nab’eysil thus represents the sacrificial deer of Martín, who offers his life so that the world might be reborn.

Dressed in the garment of Martín, the nab’eysil priest kneels to the four directions in the same order and fashion as the deer and jaguar dancers (fig. 9). While kneeling, the nab’eysil invokes the power of Martín with a long series of titles, including “Lord of Rain, Lord of Maize, Lord of the Sun, Lord of Clouds, Heart of the Earth, Heart of the Sky, Heart of the Mountains, and Heart of the Plains.” The nab’eysil then dances three slow and stately circuits around the confraternity house in a clockwise direction, followed by the head of the confraternity, who is holding the effigy jaguar.
Fig. 9. The nab’eysil priest, wearing one of the garments of Martín, kneels to pray towards the east.

Fig. 10. The nab’eysil priest adopts a crucifixion-like pose and receives petitioners who approach to kiss the garment of Martín. In so doing, they participate in the resurrection of their god and symbolically receive new life themselves.
The steps are linked to the beat of a split-log drum played by one of the principal women of the community.

At the end of the third round of the dance, the nab’eyesil stands before a table near the center of the confraternity house with his arms outstretched in a crucifixion-like pose. All present approach the nab’eyesil holding candles and kiss the Martín garment three times in the navel area (fig. 10). One of the confraternity members explained that the nab’eyesil had been “killed” like Jesus Christ and that is why he holds his arms in the form of a cross. Yet Christ is also conflated with Martín as a maize deity. Mendelson wrote that during a performance of the Martin dance in 1952, the first jaguar dancer declared that “Jesus Christ and Mary are intertwined with King Martín, the Sacred World, the sky, the earth, and the sons of God.”

This interpretation is consistent with a comment made to me by a participant in the ritual who suggested that the pose of the nab’eyesil represents not a cross but a maize plant as it grows out of the earth. The nab’eyesil’s stance is therefore a symbolic token of renewed life. The position of the nab’eyesil’s outstretched arms is also common in ancient Maya depictions of the maize god emerging out of the underworld at the time of first creation, numerous examples of which may be found on painted ceramic vessels as well as carved stone monuments dating back many centuries prior to the Spanish conquest (fig. 11).

---

Fig. 11. This carved panel from the Lower Temple of the Jaguars at Chichen Itza depicts the maize god, with corn plants sprouting from his headdress, emerging from a cleft in the earth monster’s head. The god’s arms are outstretched in a position similar to that of the nab’eyesil. Eduard Seler, Gesammelte Abhandlungen zur Amerikanischen Sprach- und Altertumskunde, 5 vols. (Graz, Austria: Akademische Druck-U. Verlagsanstalt, 1961), 5: fig. 192.
The confraternity house in which the Martín dance takes place also reflects creation imagery. Houses dedicated for ritual use in Santiago Atlitlán represent the interior of sacred mountains where the saints and other divinities live and where rain clouds are born. When worshippers enter such houses, they conceptually pass into a symbolic cave where sacred beings live. The rafters of the confraternity house where the Martín bundle is kept are adorned with the symbolic bounty of a fertile mountainside to reinforce this symbolism. Among the decorations are a variety of stuffed animals, tropical fruits, gourds, chocolate pods, and small sprigs of *pixlaq*, a plant with tiny round leaves brought from the nearby mountains (fig. 12). With time these leaves shed and fall, a phenomenon that traditionalists liken to the fall of rain or dripping water inside caves. The gridlike pattern of plants and fruit runs north-south and east-west, representing the basic structure of the world. According to local myth, the fabric of the cosmos was first woven on a great loom by the goddess Yaxper, the patron of weaving, the moon, and midwives. The warp and woof of the loom established the network of intersecting lines that give structure and support to all things. The most important image of Yaxper in Santiago Atlitlán resides in a glass case located just to the right of the Martín bundle chest (fig. 13).
In contrast to the grid pattern of these decorations, eight garlands of pine radiate downward and outward from the center of the ceiling to the four corners and the center of each of the walls of the room. The ends of the garlands represent the cardinal and intercardinal directions, an indication that the power generated in the confraternity extends to the edges of the world. The geometric configuration of the confraternity’s ceiling decoration does not reveal itself unless one stands at the center of the room and looks directly upward (fig. 14). From any other location, the hanging plants and stuffed animals overlap and obscure their very precise and systematic arrangement (see fig. 12). From the center of the room, however, the decorated rafters give the viewer the impression of being in the heart of a mountain or more specifically the base of a cone-shaped volcano with its verdant slopes encompassing him or her on all sides. The floor beneath this center point is devoid of furnishings of any kind so that visitors are free to experience the illusion without obstacle.

The center of the confraternity house is also the focus of the Dance of the Deer and the subsequent dance of the nab’eysil as he wears the garments of Martin. In both, the dance is begun by kneeling outward to acknowledge the mountain lords that dominate the four cardinal directions. The purpose of the ensuing dance is to center the power of the
four corners of the world so that it may be renewed through the rebirth of Martín. As the nab’eysil dances with the bundle or wears the garments of Martín, he follows a clockwise circuit that keeps his dominant right side directed toward the center of the room. For the Tz’utujils, the right side (ik’iq’a, “adorned hand”) represents life and strength, while the left (xkon or ch’u’iq’aq, “crazy hand”) signifies death, weakness, and disorder. The center of the room is also where the nab’eysil stations himself for those present to pay homage to the newly resurrected Martín.

Whether the nab’eysil’s posture is seen as a token of Martín, a newly-sprouted maize plant, or the Crucifixion, the symbolism of a resurrected deity remains the same. Mendelson noted that through the story of Christ the Tz’utujils celebrate the death and rebirth of their own traditional gods.24 These devotions occur, not because the Maya perceive their indigenous gods as equivalent in all respects to Christ and the saints, but because each set of deities carries out similar roles in society. The Tz’utujils choose to emphasize these similarities rather than the differences. The people of Santiago Atitlán seldom consider whether the components of a myth or ritual are Christian or Maya. The ritual is simply part of the religion that the Tz’utujils believe has existed since the beginning of time as ordained by all the gods and saints, including Martín and Christ. But the ritual must be

---

Fig. 14. The rafters of the confraternity house as seen from directly below the center. From this angle, the precise geometry of the decoration is revealed extending outward to the four cardinal directions.
continued according to the patterns set by the Tz'utujil ancestors. In the past, when orthodox Catholics and priests tried to weed out "pagan" elements in local rituals, traditionalists labeled the reformers as "Protestants" who had no authority to interfere with the practice of the indigenous Maya faith. In the traditionalist view, rituals like the Martín dance follow what the ancestors have always done in the past and therefore constitute a theology that is much older than the Roman Catholic form of Christianity.

Santiago Atitlán Rites of Jubilation

Among ancient societies, the victory of life over death was celebrated with feasting and other forms of jubilation.\(^\text{25}\) The same is true among participants in the Dance of Martín. Having brought new life back to the world, the images of the confraternity saints and other sacred objects are subsequently taken out into the courtyard and danced to the beat of a lively marimba band. To the degree that they are able after such a long and exhausting night, participants spend the remainder of the day feasting and drinking to celebrate the rebirth of life.

The morning after the nab’eysil performed his sacred dance, he told me that because Martín had danced through him, the world was new again and the rains would come to make the maize grow:

> When I dance I feel nothing but the great weight of Martín’s garment. I don’t see the people around me because I am filled with the power of Martín and the ancestors and I dance in their world. Few can bear the weight of Martín’s garment. For others it would cause them to fall dead.

In the eyes of the nab’eysil, the dance is not a symbolic rebirth of the cosmos but a genuine creative act in which time folds inward on itself to reveal the actions of deity in the primordial world. Through the dance and the sacred garments that he wears, the priest transforms himself into Martín in order to reenact the creation of the world at the dawn of time. Although the outward forms of this dance have undoubtedly changed dramatically over the centuries, it is not different conceptually from dance rituals performed by the Maya prior to the Spanish Conquest. For the Maya of the Classic period (ca. A.D. 200–900), ritual dance also served as a means by which humans transformed themselves into supernaturals in order to replicate their actions, particularly in connection with events that began the world.\(^\text{26}\)

As is the case with the nab’eysil of Santiago Atitlán, the ancient Maya impersonation of deity through sacred dance was “not so much a theatrical illusion as a tangible, physical representation of a deity.”\(^\text{27}\) Mary Helms notes that those who possess sacred ancestral objects and manipulate them in conjunction with songs or dances present “tangible evidence that they
themselves possess or command the unique qualities and ideals generally expected of persons who have ties with distant places of supernatural origins and, therefore, are themselves 'second creators.' 28 Such ancient Maya dances were generally performed by ruling lords dressed in the guise of gods or founding ancestors who were linked to specific creation events (fig. 15). Often these dances acted out stages in the history of the rebirth of the maize god, Hun-Nal-Yeh (One Maize Revealed), who inaugurated the creation of the world after emerging from a clefted sacred mountain to raise up the sky (see fig. 10). The Maya believe this mythic act took place on the date 13.0.0.0.0 4 Ahau 8 Kumk’u of their Long Count Calendar (equivalent to August 13, 3114 B.C.), inaugurating the present world.

Among the ancient Maya, elements of the myth of the maize god’s rebirth and subsequent creation of the world were apparently performed as part of annual New Year’s observances as well as the accession of new kings. Thus on two separate stone tablets, as well as on the stuccoed piers facade of the Palace Complex at the Classic Maya site of Palenque, kings are shown dancing out of the primordial waters of the underworld, wearing garments characteristic of the Maize God’s twin sons (see fig. 1). These twins, who later became the founders of the mythic Maya dynasty of kings, brought the life-sustaining power of their father into the world. This ancient royal dance may be analogous to the modern

![Painted vessel by the ancient Maya artist Ah Maxam. The vessel shows the maize god, or a king dressed in the guise of the maize god, with one foot raised, dancing the world into existence. On his back is an elaborate assemblage representing the fabric of the cosmos. Rollout Photograph © Justin Kerr File no. K633.](image-url)
Tz'utujil-Maya ritual of creation in which the nab'eysil as the representative of divine lordship dances clothed in the guise of Martín, the patron deity of maize.

Conclusion

The ritual dance of Martín represents a translation of contemporary Tz'utujil-Maya theology into material form. This theology is based on a world view that all things, both animate and inanimate, require periodic renewal through ritual performance to reenact the origin of the cosmos. As such, the dance performed by the nab'eysil of Santiago Atitlán is consistent with world-renewing ceremonies characteristic of many of the world's peoples. Although the cultures cited in this study have disparate backgrounds, they share a need to experience on a periodic basis the divine act of first creation. They accomplish this through eminently social events that reflect collective realities, making the realm of the sacred tangible for those in attendance. Participants in turn feel themselves to have been present at the moment of first beginnings and trust that the experience represents a rebirth of life-generating power in their own lives.

Allen J. Christenson (allen_christenson@byu.edu) is Assistant Professor in the Department of Humanities, Classics, and Comparative Literature at Brigham Young University. He holds a BS, DDS, MA, and a Ph.D. degree, the latter two in pre-columbian art history at the University of Texas at Austin. He has published Popol Vuh: The Mythic Sections—Tales of First Beginnings from the Ancient K'iche Maya (Provo, Utah: BYU Studies/FARMS, 2000), and has a book forthcoming on the art and culture of the Tz'utujil-Maya of Santiago Atitlán, the result of ethnographic and linguistic work beginning in 1978 in the Guatemala highlands.


6. Eliade, Sacred and the Profane, 44.
8. Nibley, Timely and the Timeless, 41.
14. Las Casas, Apologética historia sumaria de las Indias, 2.clxxxvii.214–16.
15. Mendelson, Religion and World-View, 462; Mendelson, “The King, the Traitor, and the Cross,” 5.
19. Mendelson, Los escándalos de Maximon, 58.
25. Gaster, Thespis, 43–44.
Statistics on Suicide and LDS Church Involvement in Males Age 15–34

Gilbert W. Fellingham, Kyle McBride, H. Dennis Tolley, and Joseph L. Lyon

Suicide rates among young adults in the United States have been on the rise in the past four decades, with white males at greatest risk.1 In 1897, Emile Durkheim proposed that religion provided a source of social integration that decreased the likelihood of suicide.2 His hypothesis was based on research of religious affiliation and suicide rates in Europe. Pope’s reanalysis of Durkheim’s data, using covariates such as economic status, casts doubt on Durkheim’s interpretation of the data.3 However, others have suggested that religious affiliation is an important factor in the study of suicide,4 and studies including religious measures other than religious affiliation have usually found an inverse association between religious activity and suicide.5 Specifically, Stack studied the association of church attendance and suicide and found it most significantly related in young adults, the group with the greatest decline in church attendance.6

The purpose of our study is to quantify the relationship between Latter-day Saint Church activity, as measured by ordination of male members to priesthood offices, and suicide rates in the State of Utah from 1975 to 1979. The young Latter-day Saint men who attain the appropriate priesthood offices in their church provide an identifiable subpopulation of Utah males who have regular church attendance.

Utah was settled by members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; in 1999 about 70 percent of the state’s population belonged to this religious faith.7 The Church affirms that the priesthood should be available to all male members age twelve and above who meet certain activity requirements (including regular church attendance). The Church keeps accurate records regarding ordination of male members to the Aaronic Priesthood (first available at age twelve) and the Melchizedek Priesthood (first available at age eighteen). Thus, ordination to priesthood offices is a reasonable surrogate for church activity among young LDS males.

Subjects and Methods

LDS Church Membership Records. Children are blessed and given a name (equivalent of christening) in the Church within six months of birth. At this time, a membership record is created. The membership record
becomes permanent when a child is baptized, usually at age eight. Children who were blessed and given a name but not subsequently baptized are removed from Church records at age twenty-one.

The Church created a centralized record system for all its members in 1941 by entering the membership records of each local Church unit into a master file maintained at Church headquarters in Salt Lake City. This central file held the membership record, and the local unit also maintained a copy. Thereafter, when a person became a member of the Church, a clerk in the local unit created a membership record in duplicate. The original was sent to Church headquarters in Salt Lake, and the local unit kept the duplicate. Changes such as baptism, marriage, divorce, ordination to priesthood, or death were recorded on the record at the local units, and a copy of the action was sent to the central file, where the record was updated. Between 1962 and 1984, the Church automated this system, but hard-copy records were maintained on individuals at Church headquarters through 1983.

Before 1984, the local-unit clerk marked the date of a just-deceased member’s death on the record and forwarded it to the central file. The person’s central record was marked “deceased” and placed into a separate file organized alphabetically under the year of death. These records were then microfilmed.

Between 1982 and 1984, the records of all members who died from 1941 to 1982 were entered onto magnetic tape. The data elements captured were name, date of birth, names of spouse and children (if applicable), and information on priesthood ordination.

Examination of the data clearly showed they were incomplete after 1980. One possible reason is that computer automation had begun to impact the quality of the nonautomated files. As a result, data on deceased LDS Church members is accurate from 1941 to approximately 1980 only. Thus to examine mortality data of the LDS population in Utah, we restricted our data set to those resident in Utah between 1975 and 1979 inclusive. This five-year period is complete, with little or no discernible effect from the automation project.

**Denominators.** The number of LDS Church members by age and priesthood level was available from the Church’s automated record system beginning in 1975. These numbers provided the denominator for the rates for the LDS population. To calculate the suicide rate for 1975–79, we used the LDS population in Utah as of July 1, 1977. The LDS population was subtracted from the estimate of the total Utah population for 1977 based on the U.S. census for 1970 and 1980 to obtain age-specific denominators for the non-LDS population.
**Cause of Death.** The LDS Church's records of deceased members do not provide the cause of death. In order to obtain this information, we had to link the Church records to the death certificates for Utah. The death certificates for 1975 to 1979 were available from the State of Utah in a machine-readable form for this purpose.

**Record Linking.** Probabilistic record linking was used. For this matching, the principal components were SOUNDEX-coded last name, last name, SOUNDEX-coded first name, first name, first initial, middle initial, birth day, birth month, birth year, and marital status. Weights were assigned by the algorithm. Each linked record had to match in at least seven of the ten categories. After the computer program was run, each match was hand checked.

The underlying cause of death coded by nosologists of the State of Utah Bureau of Vital Records was accepted as the cause of death, and no recoding was done. International Classification of Diseases codes 950–59 were accepted as suicides.

There were 339 suicides in Utah for males ages 15–34 for the years 1975–79. The record-linking algorithm identified 184 Utah suicides that were committed by LDS Church members.

**Measuring Church Activity.** As a policy, an active male member of the Church is ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood on or shortly after his twelfth birthday. A young man who remains active is ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood, usually sometime around his nineteenth birthday. Since census data were available for standard five-year age groups, the following definitions were used for LDS Church activity. For young men ages 15–19, those who had been ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood were considered to be active. Those who had been baptized but remained unordained were considered inactive. Those who had not been baptized or who were not matched to the deceased member file were considered to not be members of the LDS Church. For men ages 20–34, those who had been ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood were considered to be active. Those who were ordained only to the Aaronic Priesthood or were baptized but not ordained were considered to be inactive. Those who were not baptized or not linked were considered to not be members of the LDS Church.

**Rates.** Age-specific rates by five-year age intervals from ages 15 to 34 were calculated for each of the three subgroups: active LDS, inactive LDS, and non-LDS. The age-specific rates were then applied to the 1970 U.S. population, and an adjusted rate was computed. The standard error of each rate was then calculated. A rate ratio using the active LDS population as the referent category was calculated. The associated confidence interval was estimated at 95 percent.
TABLE 1. Number of suicides by church status for men ages 15–34 for the years 1975–79.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Status</th>
<th>Suicides</th>
<th>Population at Risk</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Active LDS</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>583,165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inactive LDS</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>268,965</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-LDS</td>
<td>156</td>
<td>248,500</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TABLE 2. Age-adjusted suicide rates per hundred thousand and rate ratios with 95 percent confidence intervals for 15- to 34-year-old males in Utah, 1975–79.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Status</th>
<th>Direct Std. Rate</th>
<th>Std. Error Rate</th>
<th>Ratio</th>
<th>Lower Limit</th>
<th>Upper Limit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Active LDS</td>
<td>9.77</td>
<td>1.29</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inactive LDS</td>
<td>41.70</td>
<td>4.20</td>
<td>4.27</td>
<td>2.88</td>
<td>5.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-LDS</td>
<td>62.10</td>
<td>4.98</td>
<td>6.36</td>
<td>4.44</td>
<td>8.28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In table 3, the age-adjusted rates and the rate ratios for 15- to 24-year-olds and 25- to 34-year-olds are compared to the 1977 U.S. rates for white males.15

TABLE 3. Age-adjusted suicide rates per hundred thousand and rate ratios with 95 percent confidence intervals for 15- to 24- and 25- to 34-year-old males in Utah, 1975–79.

**Age 15–24**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Status</th>
<th>Direct Std. Rate</th>
<th>Ratio</th>
<th>Lower Limit</th>
<th>Upper Limit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Active LDS</td>
<td>8.86</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inactive LDS</td>
<td>35.00</td>
<td>3.95</td>
<td>2.15</td>
<td>5.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-LDS</td>
<td>55.00</td>
<td>6.21</td>
<td>3.74</td>
<td>8.67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U.S. White Male (1977)</td>
<td>22.90</td>
<td>2.58</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Age 25–34**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Status</th>
<th>Direct Std. Rate</th>
<th>Ratio</th>
<th>Lower Limit</th>
<th>Upper Limit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Active LDS</td>
<td>11.1</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inactive LDS</td>
<td>51.3</td>
<td>4.63</td>
<td>2.45</td>
<td>6.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-LDS</td>
<td>72.2</td>
<td>6.52</td>
<td>3.51</td>
<td>9.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U.S. White Male (1977)</td>
<td>26.7</td>
<td>2.41</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Results

The number of suicides and the size of the population at risk for males ages 15–34 in the State of Utah from 1975 to 1979 are shown in table 1. The age-adjusted rates per hundred thousand for 15- to 34-year-olds in Utah by level of activity and membership are shown in table 2. Table 2 also shows rate ratios using the active LDS as the referent group. Inactive LDS males experienced a suicide rate roughly four times that of active LDS males. Non-LDS males experienced a suicide rate roughly six times that of active LDS males.

The suicide rate for inactive LDS males remains at about four times the rate of active LDS males, and the suicide rate for non-LDS males remains at about six times that of active LDS males for both age groups. The rates rise with age for all groups. For both age groups (table 3), the active LDS male suicide rate is statistically significantly less (\( p = 0.001 \)) than the U.S. white male rate. On the other hand, both the rates for the inactive LDS males and the non-LDS males are statistically significantly higher (\( p = 0.001 \)) than the U.S. white male rate.

Discussion

**Place of Residence.** Latter-day Saint wards (local units) are geographically based, and within Utah their boundaries conform closely to the state boundaries. There are no cities with more than two thousand residents that overlap any of the state’s borders. The records of the LDS population in Utah were obtained from the LDS Church’s automated records system. This system is updated weekly to account for Church members who move or change status. When a member takes up temporary residence outside the home ward, a temporary record is forwarded to the new ward. Deaths are reported back to the home ward by the temporary ward. Deaths of Utah residents occurring in other states are forwarded to the Utah Registrar of Vital Records. These records were included in the matching process.

**Probabilistic Matching.** It is possible that the difference in mortality between LDS males and non-LDS males is a result of error caused by too few death certificates linking to the LDS records. Other studies have reported that up to 8 percent of records did not link when they should have.\(^{16}\) In this study, only 54 percent of the records linked although approximately 70 percent of the population during the period studied was LDS. However, any differential risk of suicide death between active LDS and non-LDS would also result in percentages of matches differing from the population distribution. A more extensive evaluation of the linkage bias was given by Lyon, who used all causes of death.\(^{17}\)
While a potential bias associated with probabilistic record matching might explain the overall difference between LDS males and non-LDS males, it cannot explain the difference between active LDS males and inactive LDS males. Active LDS males will be most likely to have accurate Church records, which would increase the likelihood of matching to the death record in this category. Poor matching would be more likely to occur among inactive LDS males, whose Church records are probably less accurate. Thus differences in suicide rates between active and inactive members are most likely to be underestimated due to poor linkage.

**Activity Surrogate.** While timely priesthood ordination is a reasonable surrogate for Church activity, this measure has its flaws. Since an individual may be ordained to the priesthood and then subsequently become inactive, it is likely that the active LDS category is artificially large.

In an effort to examine this hypothesis, standardized rates were calculated for each five-year age group and are shown in table 4. If dropout from the active group was occurring, it would be seen by comparing age groups having more recently ordained individuals with age groups having a longer time lag between ordination and suicide. Because the 15–19 age group is concerned with individuals ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood, there is no way to perform a test for trend on a single group. However, since Melchizedek Priesthood ordination generally occurs around age 19, for age groups 20–24, 25–29, and 30–34 we have a natural way to examine this hypothesis. We would expect that males ages 20–24 who had received the Melchizedek Priesthood would have the highest activity because this age group is the closest to ordination. Similarly, we would expect that in the 30–34 age group, priesthood ordination would be a poor surrogate for activity. We see that in these three age groups, the age standardized rates increased from 3.55 to 8.18 to 14.5. Applying a Mantel test\(^{18}\) for trend to these data yields an \(\chi^2\) of 7.77 with 1 degree of freedom, which is significant at the \(p = 0.01\) level. Thus, there is a significant increase in suicide rate as a function of time since Melchizedek Priesthood ordination.

**Table 4.** Age-adjusted suicide rates per hundred thousand and standard errors for active LDS men for five-year age groupings 15–19 to 30–34, 1975–79.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age Group</th>
<th>Count</th>
<th>Population</th>
<th>Std. Rate</th>
<th>Std. Error</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15–19</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>223,535</td>
<td>13.40</td>
<td>2.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20–24</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>140,090</td>
<td>3.55</td>
<td>1.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25–29</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>122,210</td>
<td>8.18</td>
<td>2.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30–34</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>96,730</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>3.87</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Conclusions

Religious activity rates of males as measured by lay priesthood office in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was significantly inversely associated with suicide rates in the State of Utah. Inactive LDS males had age-adjusted suicide rates approximately four times those of active LDS males. Non-LDS males had suicide rates approximately six times those of active LDS males. U.S. white males had rates approximately two and one-half times those of active LDS. Compared with the group where church activity is most closely approximated by lay priesthood office, the U.S. rate is nearly seven times that of active LDS.

Update

We have recently concluded an analysis of data covering the years 1991–95. In the 15–19 age group, active LDS rates are virtually identical to national rates, and these rates remain significantly lower than those for inactive LDS and non-LDS in Utah. In all other age groups, the suicide rates for active LDS remain significantly lower than inactive LDS in Utah, non-LDS in Utah, and national rates.

Gilbert W. Fellingham (gwf@byu.edu) is Associate Professor of Statistics and the Associate Chair and Graduate Coordinator in the Statistics Department at Brigham Young University. He received his Ph.D. in Biostatistics at the University of Washington in 1990.

Kyle McBride is a graduate of Brigham Young University in Statistics. H. Dennis Tolley is Professor of Statistics at Brigham Young University. He received his Ph.D. in Biostatistics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1974. Joseph L. Lyon is a Professor in the Public Health Programs in the Department of Family and Preventative Medicine, School of Medicine, University of Utah. He received his M.D. at the University of Utah in 1967.

7. 1999–2000 Church Almanac (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1999), 244.
10. The SOUNDEX indexing system converts names into a code consisting of one letter and three numbers.
Book Reviews

Three Reviews of *Mormon America: The Power and the Promise*


I

Brian Q. Cannon, historian

Journalists Richard N. Ostling and Joan K. Ostling are self-described “conventional Protestants” who undertook in this book to produce “a candid but nonpolemical overview” of Mormonism, “focusing on what is distinctive and culturally significant” about the Church. They will have succeeded, they feel, if after reading their book, outsiders “want to learn even more” and insiders learn new things and feel they have been “portrayed fairly” (xi). Both authors are experienced journalists who have written extensively about religious and theological matters. Richard Ostling has received two awards for his coverage of religion in the press and holds master’s degrees in both religion and journalism. These experienced reporters are well suited professionally for the task they undertake in this volume.

While only time will tell whether the Ostlings have succeeded in whetting non-Mormons’ appetite for more information about the Church, they have produced a book that has much to commend it. Mormons with an interest in their own history and culture will find insightful analysis and deft arrangement here. True to their agenda, the authors have focused upon what makes Mormonism distinctive in terms of its doctrine and practice, drawing interesting contrasts between LDS practices and beliefs and those of other Christian denominations.

Although the Ostlings rely heavily upon published scholarly studies rather than original archival research, the vast majority of Latter-day Saint members, who seldom read the work of Mormon scholars aside from articles appearing in the Church’s *Ensign*, will find abundant new information in this volume. The volume treats controversial and seldom discussed, but historically significant, episodes. These topics include the King Follett discourse, with its teaching that God was once a man; the origins and practice of polygamy (including some post-Manifesto plural marriages and Joseph Smith’s sealing to married women); the young Joseph Smith’s employment
of divining rods in treasure hunting; and the relationship to the Book of Abraham of Egyptian papyri purchased by Joseph Smith.

The authors also examine the practice of excluding Blacks from the priesthood prior to 1978, the strident political conservatism of Ezra Taft Benson, the financial history of the Church (including its near bankruptcy in 1959), the history of temple rites, the clashes between some scholars and the institutional Church, the low rates of convert retention in some areas, and the dismissal of Church historian Leonard Arrington. Members who desire to follow President Hinckley’s admonition to “stretch our minds to a greater comprehension and understanding of this, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints” (376) can better understand the kingdom as they examine further and come to terms with such issues.

In its treatment of Mormon history and culture, including these challenging issues, *Mormon America* is generally reliable as far as it goes, but it is not free of factual errors. One such error or distortion is the author's description of J. Reuben Clark as being “as extreme on the left as his colleague Benson later was on the right” (111).

Although the book broaches sensitive subjects, it does so in a fair-minded and honest fashion, criticizing some facets while praising many others. The Church's international expansion and phenomenal growth are discussed favorably, the sophistication of Book of Mormon theology is acknowledged, the expansion of temple building and the consequent redistribution of largesse and spiritual blessings are explored, and the spiritual power of the 1978 revelation on the priesthood is captured through accounts of General Authority participants. Additionally, the Church's welfare and humanitarian aid programs are fairly surveyed, as are the focus upon family and the idealism of missionaries.

Historians, who are accustomed to detailed notes setting forth an author's sources, will be only partially satisfied with the Ostlings' form of documentation. The authors have cited their major sources, including the origin of most quotations, in unnumbered endnotes, but the citation system is loose and impressionistic by historians' standards. Still, the information is provided in most cases. For instance, instructions given to members of the Tabernacle Choir in 1893 are quoted by the Ostlings in their introduction. By turning to the authors' endnotes and scanning them, one can easily find their source, preceded by the phrase “travel advice for the choir” (401).

In other places, however, the sources are not clearly cited. Reading about Catherine Stokes, assistant deputy director for health care regulation in Illinois, and her reasons for joining the Church, one might be eager to learn more. When one turns to the notes for that chapter, though, Stokes's name is not mentioned, and it is unclear how the authors obtained their
information. Similarly, those who, after reading *Mormon America*, desire to learn more about the Brigham Young University Museum of Art’s removal of four Rodin sculptures from a traveling exhibition in 1997 will find no references clearly directing them to the authors’ sources of information on the subject.

Despite the lacunae in their endnotes, the authors have consulted some of the best scholarly works on Mormon history. They also cite the works of a wide range of professionally trained historians, including Davis Bitton, James B. Allen, Glen M. Leonard, Richard Bushman, Klaus Hansen, Robert Flanders, Thomas G. Alexander, and D. Michael Quinn. Nor do they neglect prominent works by scholars formally trained in disciplines other than history whose historical writing has earned praise for traits such as scholarly rigor, interpretive insight, or interdisciplinary approach; these scholars include Leonard Arrington, Fawn Brodie, Richard Van Wagoner, Carmon Hardy, Juanita Brooks, Todd Compton, Armand Mauss, and Wallace Stegner.

Articles printed in venues that have acquired a reputation for dissent and free thinking such as *Sunstone* and Signature Books are heavily represented, and the Ostlings often sympathize with such views. But they also quote from and cite the more conservative scholarly venues such as *BYU Studies* and FARMS and official Church publications such as the *Ensign*.

Will Mormon “insiders” feel they have been portrayed fairly, as the authors hope? Most insiders will probably feel that the Ostlings have discussed much that is important about Mormonism but that they have failed to capture the essence of the religion. While the authors have broached some subjects commonly avoided in institutional publications, they have marginalized other essential perspectives.

Given their academic training, the Ostlings naturally gravitated toward work by other scholars. Scholars’ views are also the ones most readily available in research libraries. Justifiably, the Ostlings paid less attention to dedicated amateur polemicists on either side of the spectrum whose credibility tends to be more questionable. If their goal were only to capture the history or the organizational profile of Mormonism, the Ostlings’ sources might be sufficient. To accurately portray the pulse of Mormonism, however, the perspectives of the Church’s leadership and of the lay membership are critical. Here the authors fall short.

To their credit, the authors interviewed Gordon B. Hinckley, four members of the Seventy, and the Presiding Bishop, and they quote extensively from their interview with the prophet. Ideally, they should have interviewed many more leaders and probed more in their interviews regarding religious and spiritual matters in order to grasp the hierarchy’s sense of religious mission and spiritual zeal. The authors glimpse an
organization mentality that seems to link Mormonism to Fortune 500 corporations. Yet the Church and its leadership do not pursue wealth or power as ends.

The authors’ misunderstanding of the Church’s leadership is reflected in the title for their chapter on ecclesiastical governance and revelation: “The Power Pyramid.” Their study of Church administration emphasizing “centralized control, continuing secrecy, regimentation, ‘correlation,’ obedience, suspicion toward intellectuals, suppression of open discussions, file-keeping on members for disciplinary use, sporadic purges of malcontents, Church education as indoctrination, the proselytizing push, and reemphasis on religious uniqueness” (382–83) fundamentally misinterprets the preeminent concerns and motives of Mormon leaders.

In their attempt to capture the essence of Mormonism, the authors also should have spent more time visiting Mormon congregations and interviewing a wide range of Mormons. This would include Church members outside of the United States, who now outnumber American communicants. The authors briefly discuss the Church’s international expansion, but their own investigative efforts focused solely on the United States. As Jan Shippss has argued, Mormons are arrayed along an ideological continuum; the Ostlings have gravitated not only toward American Mormons but toward American Mormon academics, particularly those whom Richard Poll once labeled Liahona Saints. These Saints represent a small subset on the Mormon continuum. Most Mormons have never read Sunstone or BYU Studies.

The authors did mingle on a limited basis with “the people.” They accompanied a pair of missionaries in the Bronx; chatted with missionaries at the Missionary Training Center; interviewed one mission president; questioned some Mormon celebrities about their faith; visited LDS meetings in Utah, Texas, and New Jersey; and even stopped in for a family home evening. The insights gleaned from these experiences constitute some of the best sections of the book in terms of originality and freshness. A handful of disaffected Mormons and a handful of Mormon celebrities, however, receive more attention than the rank and file membership. The authors devote fifteen pages to Mormon celebrities, twenty-three pages to the relationship of dissidents to the Church, and only about twenty-six pages to the perspectives and experiences of the remaining vast majority of the Church’s membership.

On balance, Mormon America provides a compelling temporal and secular profile of Mormonism. Its historical discussions incorporate insights from many of the best-known historical studies of the Church. The book provides only fleeting glimpses, though, of matters of faith lying at the core of the Mormon religious experience.
II
Alf Pratte, journalist

For starters let me say how much I appreciated this book on the power and promise of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as it enters the twenty-first century. As journalists would say, it’s “a good read.” The volume is thoughtfully researched and appears fair. Its chapters are titillating and move along quickly. I even learned a few things about the Mormons I didn’t know before. As far as I’m concerned, the authors come close to reaching the goals outlined in the preface: to provide “a candid but nonpolemical overview written for non-Mormons and Mormons alike, focusing on what is distinctive and culturally significant about this growing American movement” (xi). Their book provides the latest scoop on what the cover showcases as “the beliefs, rituals, business practices, and well-guarded secrets of one of the world’s fastest growing and most influential religions.”

The authors seem well equipped for their job: to “assemble through their reportage the complete story behind the most prosperous religious group in contemporary America” (book jacket). Richard Ostling was senior correspondent and religion writer for Time magazine, where he wrote twenty-three cover stories and conducted field reporting for the 1997 cover story, “Mormons, Inc.”¹ He is currently a writer for the Associated Press. Joan Ostling has been a writer and editor for the U.S. Information Agency and is currently a freelance writer and editor. “By illuminating the church’s surge in power and popularity,” the Ostlings “[pick] up where [the] 1997 Time magazine cover story, ‘Mormons, Inc.,’ left off” (book jacket).

As with the widely read article, the book is engrossed with Mormon money, the exact figures of which are not available to well-meaning journalists, the public, or even Church members. Nevertheless, the Ostlings and researcher Sam G. Gwynne guesstimate the Church’s worth at $25 billion, with $5 billion more in annual income. In this sense, the book follows the muckraking tradition of The Mormon Establishment by New York Times writer Wallace Turner,² The Mormon Corporate Empire by John Heinerman and Anson Shupe,³ and newspaper exposés in Hawaii, Arizona, and other locales, exposés fixated on just how much Mormon money there is. To back its figures up, the book provides a detailed appendix on how these income and wealth estimates were reached when the Ostlings recast “Mormons, Inc.” into chapter 9.

All in all, Mormon America is a fine cut-and-paste treatment by prominent journalists who chronicle Mormonism as well as other reli-
gious denominations with equal doses of admiration, reservation, and skepticism. Although techniques such as adjectival and adverbial bias and outright opinion without factual basis are not evident, overdramatization and emphasis on conflict, excitement, cultural curiosities, and historical quirks are included in the framing formulas. Instead of hitting the Saints with a sledgehammer, the tendency of the authors is to use the knowing nod, raised eyebrow, and occasional smirk to kill them with kindness. The squeaky clean image Mormons strive so assiduously to maintain and project is clouded and tarnished by omission, overgeneralization, labeling, false balancing, anonymous quotes, and overuse of sources from the fringes of the Mormon mainstream.

My major complaint as a journalist, however, is not the *Time*-style techniques evident in this book. I was frustrated because there is so little that is new about the homegrown American faith that the authors put forward as a world religion. Most of the book is simply “the same old, same old” with a few new tidbits tossed in to tantalize instead of urgently needed analysis and interpretation appropriate for a major religion. As a journalist and freelance writer who continues to chase news, I found myself crying out, “Where’s the news? What’s the new angle? Where’s the beef in this rehash of the familiar old issues about a peculiar people who are probably less peculiar than many ministers and journalists who are regularly unable to help the public come closer to finding the answers to such fundamental religious questions as Who are we? What is the purpose in life? and Where are we going?”

Like watchdogs with an old bone they have rediscovered, the Ostlings continue to chew on the ancient agenda of critiques of Mormonism: the Joseph Smith prophet-fraud dichotomy; Smith’s creative exegesis in regard to polygamy; his alleged reliance on the Masonic tradition for temple ceremonies; and a host of other concepts that most journalists and many scholars still don’t recognize as fundamental to religious life in America and around the globe. A number of times, I was tempted to bark out as did Hugh Nibley after reviewing Fawn Brodie’s *No Man Knows My History*, “No Ma’am That Ain’t History,” with my own “No, Brother and Sister Ostling, that ain’t in-depth journalism.” It’s rehash.

Another concern with the book is its “Rolodex” or elite gatekeeping approach to the sources the Ostlings chose for picking bones with LDS doctrine, culture, and lifestyle. This results in a strategy that tends to ignore, downplay, or overlook the impressive mainstream LDS scholarship of Hugh Nibley, Richard Anderson, Kent Jackson, Daniel Ludlow, John Welch, and other major academics as well as publications such as *BYU Studies* and the stream of resources coming from the Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies (FARMS). In the Ostlings’ eyes, such orthodox researchers
and institutions are less scholarly than they are “apologetic” (259). To counter these orthodox views, the Ostlings too often subject readers to the name-dropping of a host of identified and unidentified scholars, ministers, and Latter-day Saints far out of the orthodox loop but presumed to be the last word on Mormon debate and dialogue.

An example of the questionable use of mysterious sources is seen on page 268, where in a single paragraph the veracity of the Book of Mormon is challenged by a multitude of anonymous authorities such as “non-Mormon scholars,” “some critics,” “others see,” and “according to these critics.” Although thirty pages of endnotes provide some clue to the identity of these sources, readers may not always be certain who they are so we can check them out and consider their honest concerns. Although the index is helpful, it excluded enough names to raise concerns in my mind.

Among the more prominent identified sources is former Brigham Young University historian Michael Quinn, who has fashioned a celebrated academic career with studies on folk religion, magic, the ambiguities of authorized polygamous marriage, revisionist organizational and administrative history, and “theocratic ethics”—the belief that truth has a lower priority in Mormonism than obedience (90). By sprinkling Quinn pronouncements in nearly twenty-five strategic areas throughout the book, the Ostlings overly rely on the voice of one person who they say “attempts to combine the goal of objective scholarship and candor with taking faith claims seriously” (416). Although recognizing Quinn’s often painstaking work, this journalist sees the overuse of such sources less as a means to remain objective and more as a Jerry Springer technique of confronting, focusing on the fringes, and using circumstantial evidence to make the benign seem suspicious, bizarre, overly sentimental, banal, and sometimes even ridiculous.

In addition to the excessive name-dropping from the fringe, my biggest peeve with Mormon America is that in its magnificent obsession with the money, mystery, and material aspects of the LDS faith, coupled with heartfelt pain for dissenters and other internal and external critics, the authors fail to dig deep enough to probe the spiritual side of the doctrines that motivate millions of the more mundane members to pay their tithing and put forth the time and effort it takes to make the Church flourish. That’s the real story that the Ostlings as well as other religion writers overlook in their fascination with the old bones of Mormonism or with digging up facts on Mormon money. As with past journalistic efforts to appraise Mormonism, the watchdogs bark or chase hubcaps, while the Latter-day Saint caravan rolls on.

If I were forced to give the book a grade, I’d give it a C+. It’s certainly above average as far as today’s religious writing goes. Ah, heck, as one who
practices grade inflation on a regular basis, I’ll elevate it to a B-. The book is not mean spirited. It certainly is among the laudable works of a genre that reports religion in the same terrestrial way journalism reports secular activities. But I believe it is public-relations hype to say that the book “represents religion reporting at its best,” as the book jacket boasts. The Ostlings appear among the best of outside journalists prepared to discover and divine the spiritual roots of Mormonism or other faiths while at the same time resisting the public-relations efforts of zealous defenders of the faith and apologists. But from this old journalist’s point of view, Mormon America doesn’t quite fill the bill.

III
Marie Cornwall, sociologist

The cover of Mormon America promises information about “the beliefs, rituals, business practices, and well-guarded secrets of one of the world’s fastest growing and most influential religions.” Richard and Joan Ostling deliver a tremendous amount of information, providing a history of the growth of Mormonism from a small band of individuals in the early nineteenth century to an eleven-million-member, global religion of the twenty-first century.

As a journalistic endeavor, Mormon America is an update (and expansion) of earlier treatments of Mormonism such as America’s Saints: The Rise of Mormon Power and The Mormon Corporate Empire—only more. The authors attempt once again to estimate the Church’s financial empire, but, much to their credit, they pay attention to other aspects of Mormonism as well.

The Ostlings give an accounting of Latter-day Saints who have garnered media attention, established modern corporate empires, succeeded as athletes, or achieved scholarly acclaim; detail instances of institutional intrigue and power struggles among the Church leadership; describe Mormon families and the strict standards of behavior required of devout members; explain the importance of temple ritual (without any explicit description of the temple ceremony); examine the missionary program; extensively recount conflicts between Church leaders and certain intellectuals; tell of the growth of the Church Educational System; and, finally, explain several distinctive and problematic Latter-day Saint doctrines. Despite the focus on institutional intrigue, the book is fairly objective and evenhanded. Unfortunately, the reader comes away from the book with more detail than insight, with more information about the rites, rules, and regulations of Mormonism than understanding of what binds a person to the tradition.
Very little is new in the book. Longtime Mormon watchers will likely find the book useful only because it has accumulated many of the issues and controversies into one publication. Unfortunately, the authors chose not to footnote, offering instead a bibliography of sources for each chapter. The exception to my "little new information" assertion is found in the chapters dealing with the Mormon faith in relation to other Christian traditions. I found chapters 19 ("Are Mormons Christians? Are Non-Mormons Christians?") and 20 ("Rivals and Antagonists") to be helpful summaries of the location of Latter-day Saints on the religious landscape. Chapter 22 ("Mormonism in the Twenty-first Century") is also worth reading. But many readers may tire of the book long before they reach these useful chapters.

The reader comes away from the book with schizophrenic impressions of Mormon America. On the one hand, we see the Church as an institutional behemoth freely accessing the finances of its members and unwilling to reveal expenditures. This hegemonic hierarchy regulates the lives of its members and its missionaries, and, according to the Ostlings, most Latter-day Saints relish the regulation and abide by the rules. I hardly recognized my Church.

The emphasis on regulation approaches absurdity in the chapter on missionaries. Describing the departure of missionaries, the Ostlings write, "After orientation, the next glimpse that parents get of their children is a half-hour visit allowed at the Salt Lake airport when the missionaries are en route to their assignments" (212). Someone who has never visited the Salt Lake City airport when missionaries are leaving might expect missionary police regulating half-hour visits between young children and their parents. On the contrary, the missionaries' departure is a rite of passage that includes extended family, ward members, youthful friends, and teary eyed girlfriends (for the sister missionaries, lonely looking boyfriends). Describing the Missionary Training Center, the authors write, "Every hour is carefully scheduled and every activity regulated, down to the notations that bathroom urges should be handled during the five-minute break between classes and at dinner only one trip to the dessert line is allowed" (212).

The problem with the Ostling's account of Mormonism is that they are unable to discern the difference between the bureaucracy (which is, indeed, a central part of Mormonism) and the religion. But they can be forgiven in their failings because some Latter-day Saints don't understand the difference either. The Ostlings miss the fact that the Church bureaucracy does more than regulate individual behavior; it binds people together, encourages leaders to be patient and longsuffering, and structures opportunities for members to aid and comfort those in need.
On the other hand, we see a church that has always had doctrinal and intellectual dissenters. Likewise, the institutional behemoth has always had its challengers, both within and without. Leaders haven’t always agreed, and they have clearly had difficulty formulating the exact future of the Church (let alone dictating the Church’s historical accountings). But the Ostling’s portrayal is that the institution prevails in the long run, leaving dissenters battered and bruised. The discomfort of some dissenters and intellectuals may be accurate, but the extent to which the institution prevails is debatable.

What the Ostlings fail to realize is that the majority of Latter-day Saints do not, in the end, perfectly submit to the directives of the leadership. Latter-day Saints are expected, for example, to pay a full tithe and a generous fast offering, to attend all their meetings regularly, to be endowed and attend the temple often, and to follow completely the guidelines of the Word of Wisdom. Few reach the ideal goals—in fact the majority do not.

The greatest frustrations for the Church leadership are not with intellectuals (although some of them make that arena more public) but rather with the general members who have a tendency to neglect their duties. A study of member activity in the United States indicated that only one quarter of members remained fully active in the Church throughout their lives. Fortunately, most eventually return after a period of being less active. The home and visiting teaching rarely gets completely done in most wards; only about one-third of young men serve as full-time missionaries. After years of telling women they should not be employed, the Church has accommodated to the reality of employment for many women. Church leaders constantly encourage temple attendance, but some members—even active members—feel uncomfortable with parts of the ceremony. Church leaders find they must help families cope with teenage pregnancy, adolescent drug use, and domestic violence. Many people stay in the Church but do so on their own terms. I am reminded of the advice a mother gave her middle-aged daughter who was not an “active” member at the time. She said, “Just go back to church; you don’t have to listen to everything those men say.”

The Ostlings give us an account of Mormonism that is focused on the growth of a world religion. Yes, they describe some of the beliefs, rituals, business practices, and “well-guarded” secrets of Mormonism. But you don’t find any real people or, for that matter, real Latter-day Saints in the book. What the Ostlings neglect is the pastoral qualities and spiritual strivings of Mormonism—the fact that Latter-day Saints, like religious people everywhere, find their way into Mormonism looking for solace and comfort. If you want to understand Mormonism, you have to understand what binds people to the faith despite the institutional intrigue and outward politics.
Reviews of *Mormon America* 191

Brian Q. Cannon (brian_cannon@byu.edu) is Associate Professor of History at Brigham Young University. He received his Ph.D. in American History from the University of Wisconsin–Madison in 1992. He serves on the editorial board of BYU Studies.

Alf Pratte (p_pratte@byu.edu) is Professor of Print Journalism at Brigham Young University. He received his Ph.D. in American Studies from the University of Hawaii in 1976 and is a founder and past president of the American Journalism Historians Association (AJHA). He has worked for newspapers in Canada, Hawaii, Pennsylvania, and Utah.

Marie Cornwall (marie_cornwall@byu.edu) is Professor of Sociology at Brigham Young University. She received her Ph.D. in sociology from the University of Minnesota in 1985.


Reviewed by Mary Jane Woodger

Stan Larson, of the University of Utah's Marriott Library, and Patricia Larson have made available the complete firsthand account of David O. McKay's missionary experiences. The greatest contribution of What E'er Thou Art, Act Well Thy Part is that for "the first time . . . missionary diaries have been published of someone who at the time was not a general authority but who later became a president of the LDS Church" (xxxii).

As a biographer of McKay's education, I read these journals some time ago on microfilm—a formidable task because, as McKay himself admitted, some of his penmanship is illegible. The reader could more deeply appreciate the editors' work if a copy of an original page from McKay's journal had been reproduced in this edited version. Angie Larson (the Larsons' daughter-in-law) transcribed the text with painstaking accuracy. Her exactitude and careful attention to detail, such as where McKay originally wrote one word, crossed it out, and wrote a different word above, produces a genuine rendition of McKay's thoughts.

This volume is a handy, well-annotated compilation of primary source material that is easy to read and attractively presented. Additional resources, such as other missionary journals and explanations of places and terms, are invaluable in placing McKay's words in context. The interpretation of several Scottish expressions add clarity. For example, I had no idea that travelers were head lice or champit tatties were mashed potatoes.

In addition, meticulous research of related material gives a more complete picture of the young McKay's missionary experiences. For instance, his account of angelic ministration during a priesthood meeting is buttressed by numerous other eyewitness accounts. With academic care, the Larsons leave us with a rich account of an LDS mission experience during the last few years of the nineteenth century (1897–99). The reader empathizes with young McKay, following the growth of this rural Utahn as he exhibits an emerging sense of humor, the beginnings of a poetic style, and a refinement that becomes the hallmark of his later demeanor. Furthermore, one can also observe germinating in the mission field the faith that sustained David O. McKay as the President of the Church.

Some missionary behavior in McKay's day varied from that of modern missionaries who adhere to twenty-first-century mission rules. For example, sight-seeing was a common nineteenth-century missionary activity, and
McKay certainly indulged in it. But present-day missionaries can sympathize with and gain encouragement from his insights. Most would find it comforting that a future prophet declared, "I do dislike tracting, there is nothing pleasant about it" (81). Likewise, missionaries will take solace in evidence of moments of homesickness, gloominess, and discouragement interspersed in his diaries. As McKay rises above such feelings, his words pull at heartstrings, giving hope to those in similar situations. The diary excerpts reveal an inexperienced elder giving his first blessing, performing his first wedding ceremony, and dressing the dead.

McKay's keen ability to laugh at himself brought comfort as he tracted the streets of his ancestral home. For example, after one street meeting, he commented, "Our singing failed to bring anyone around; in fact it drove them away" (138). On another occasion, when frustrated with the Scottish Saints, McKay tells future readers, "If one would judge our Church by the actions of some of the members in Glasgow, he would shun it as he would the hottest corner of H—It" (165) Combined wit and a developing poetic style delight the reader in interspersed stanzas, such as

All missionaries know this stubborn fact:
To offer a Catholic a gospel tract,
Is like pouring water down the small of your back,
Such a look does he get as the door goes "smack!" (23)

Through the diaries, the reader catches an essence of the emerging refinement and cultural sensitivity for which President McKay was known. Ever moved by beauty, McKay includes frequent quotes from Robert Burns and openly appreciates the arts and natural beauty of Scotland. However, his eyes are also opened to a material and spiritual poverty he had not encountered prior to his mission. He describes a visit to a poorhouse, his disgust at seeing a woman picking fleas from her body, and the devastating effects of alcohol—that "soul-destroying liquid" (203). Amidst these experiences, McKay's testimony is strengthened as he sees the powerful effect of the gospel on people's lives. Readers see a boy who went on a mission "mainly because he trusted his parents" (xix) become a man who witnessed the "manifestation of [the Lord's] power" (130).

Though McKay's words could stand on their own, three introductory essays by Marion D. Hanks, Leonard J. Arrington, and Eugene England are included. The essays each offer appropriate and insightful forewords to these diaries, but England's lengthy essay seems to me to have an agenda. While he certainly raises interest in the diaries, England struggles with the issue of McKay being conservative, moderate, or liberal. He states that his "central and crucial purpose" is that these classifications "be seen as good words to describe the great range of his ideas and the unique qualities of his character, not as limiting labels" (xx) and describes President McKay's
"remarkable legacy that combined conservative devotion, orthodox spirituality, and liberal perspective and courage." However, despite his apparent attempt to be evenhanded, ultimately he labels President McKay as "the most liberal and influential Mormon prophet" of the century (xxx).

This volume is masterfully edited, but a few improvements might have been made. I agree with the Larsons that these journals are "real gems" (xxxi); however, even McKay admits that on some days "nothing very interesting or important happened" (88). A dated index of important events and correlating page numbers would have been helpful. Moreover, though the number of illustrations is impressive, as a historian I was disappointed that the dates for the illustrations were not included. In addition, the map of Scotland is difficult to read.

Notwithstanding these few suggestions, I thank the Larsons for the unpolished image of an emerging prophet. All who read What E'er Thou Art, Act Well Thy Part will benefit by knowing David O. McKay better. Though he was uncertain about his future, his missionary journals show the growing confirmation and certainty of his testimony of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The volume makes available to the casual reader or McKay scholar a complete and accurate reference tool that will be used for years.

Mary Jane Woodger (maryjane_woodger@byu.edu) is Assistant Professor of Church History and Doctrine at Brigham Young University. She received her Ed.D. in Educational Leadership at Brigham Young University in 1997.

Reviewed by David J. Whittaker

Fawn McKay Brodie has cast a long shadow across the landscape of Mormon studies since 1945, when her controversial biography of Joseph Smith appeared. Since that time, she has been alternately praised or vilified, cited or ignored. Some consider her a saint; others are sure she is a devil. Within the Mormon community, it is almost impossible to be neutral about her work. While this biography does not reconcile these views, it does allow readers to see Fawn Brodie within the broader context of her family, her life choices, her marriage, her own world as wife and mother, her education and literary productions, and her views on the world of the Mormon Utah that both shaped and repelled her.

Newell Bringhurst teaches history and political science at the College of the Sequoias in Visalia, California. He received his Ph.D. from the University of California, Davis in 1975, writing a dissertation on the history of Mormon attitudes towards Blacks. His dissertation was published by Greenwood Press in 1981. This study was followed by a short biography of Brigham Young, issued in the Library of American Biography Series published by Little, Brown in 1986. With the exception of a few articles on other Mormon topics, much of his research and publishing since then has focused on Fawn Brodie.\(^1\) Between 1989 and 1997, he published eleven articles on her life and thought, and in 1996 he edited a volume of essays on *No Man Knows My History* that grew out of the conference held on the fiftieth anniversary of that biography's publication. To those who have followed these essays, Bringhurst's research and approach are already clear. But the biography gives a fuller and more complete accounting of his work, even though he does not directly inform the reader that much of the volume has appeared in other places.

In weaving his biographical tapestry, Bringhurst gathers several threads. The patriarchal and authoritarian McKay family is ever present during Brodie's life and in the tensions between her parents. Her father was Thomas E. McKay, brother of future Church President David O. McKay. Her mother, Fawn Brimhall, was a daughter of George Brimhall, president of Brigham Young University from 1903 to 1921. At the time of her parents' marriage, her father was nearly thirty-seven and her mother was twenty-three. This age gap, Bringhurst suggests, created distance and tension between them. In her early life, Brodie was influenced by the faith of her family and their strong emphasis on education. As the story of her
early life unfolds, we see a bright youngster who gradually grew beyond what her biographer views as the provincial religious and cultural world of her youth and slowly entered the world of learning and its accompanying secular explanations. Bringhurst shows this process to be a gradual one, slowly influenced by her travels as a college debater; her broad reading; her own mother, "the quiet heretic" (20); the Brimhall clan, who were seen as liberal and liberating; and her own inquisitive mind. Brodie would clearly feel more at ease with the Brimhalls than with the McKays.

Bringhurst argues that Brodie was frustrated in her youth by a strong patriarchal family that would not tolerate either dissent or public questioning. We are given a picture of an inquisitive young girl slowly moving toward the disappointment and frustration that she felt was the product of a religion and its male authorities who would not allow the discussion of serious questions. Like her own mother, Brodie wanted to challenge and question, to set fires, as it were, on the landscape of Mormonism. For Brodie, this compulsion would be manifested in her scholarly work, a major theme of which was the critical study and psychoanalysis of strong male figures. Brodie's mother ended her own life by literally setting herself on fire. In dealing with this tragedy, Brodie wrote, "I can't help feeling that mother wanted to set fire to things all her life, without knowing it, and in the end chose to take vengeance on herself rather than on whatever it was she hated" (164). Bringhurst might have argued that this is exactly what Brodie was doing in her published biographies.

Fawn Brodie was born September 15, 1915, in Ogden, Utah; she died of lung cancer January 10, 1981, in southern California, where she and her husband had made their home since 1952. The framework of Bringhurst's study is chronological, moving through Fawn's youth in Huntsville and Ogden, her schooling and interest in books and reading, her family's poverty, her early interest in creative writing (crushed by a male teacher at the University of Utah), and her studies and experience as a student at the University of Utah ("I was devout until I went to the University of Utah" [45]). At the university, she found friendship and liberating models in her association with her uncle, Dean Brimhall, and his wife, Lila Eccles Brimhall, the daughter of Utah businessman David Eccles. Dean, an outspoken Democrat, encouraged questions, and the Brimhall home provided an open setting for critical discussion. Lila, a professional dancer and faculty member at the university, was an important example for a young woman seeking role models, suggesting that success was possible both in and out of the home.

Fawn's studies at the University of Chicago, beginning in 1935, further broadened her world view. Her educational experience at Chicago during the heady days of Robert M. Hutchins's leadership and her additional
reading as she worked in the university library continued to exert powerful influences on her intellectual development. Chicago is also where she was introduced to Bernard Brodie, whom she married after a six-week courtship. They married the same day Fawn received her master’s degree in English literature, August 28, 1936. Bernard was everything she had been moving towards: he was well read, a secular Jew who had also abandoned the faith of his family, and someone to whom she could talk. Bringhurst leaves no doubt as to the importance of this relationship. Bernard would soften her anger toward Mormonism; she would assist him in research and writing in his field of political science and international diplomacy. He would continue her education in ways no one else could. But he would also betray her through his affairs with other women. Ironically, many of the men who were subjects of Fawn’s biographies possessed traits that she found manifest in her own husband.

Bringhurst has managed to gather a lot of interesting material for his biography. Family sources were critical, but most of these remain unavailable to current researchers. Fawn’s own papers, on the other hand, are accessible in the Marriott Library at the University of Utah. Her oral histories and several autobiographical essays also provided important insights for this biography. Her husband’s papers are in the University Research Library at UCLA. The editorial files of Alfred A. Knopf and W. W. Norton, Fawn’s main publishers, are an important source for understanding her as an author and intellectual. Knopf issued her first biography, but after being rebuffed by him, she turned to Norton, who published her other major works.

Especially revealing are the many letters that she exchanged with George Brockway, her editor at Norton, who became her friend. Bringhurst provides extensive citations from their correspondence, the core of which reveals Brodie’s life as a working author, struggling to articulate what her research, psychological theories, and intuition were telling her. Brockway was surely an important silent partner in her biographical endeavors. Bringhurst thus helps us better understand the process of book creation once she had submitted her drafts to her publisher. We are also given some insight into the financial aspects of Brodie’s book production; for example, we learn that her royalties on the Thomas Jefferson biography totaled $350,000. We also learn of her strong and active interest in having several of her biographies made into motion pictures.

Fawn Brodie clearly had her own inner demons: her love-hate relationship with her heritage and the LDS Church, both of which were so central to her early life; her relationship with her parents and the larger McKay family; her struggle with sex and intimacy; and her own professional psychoanalysis over several decades. These personal issues and tensions
became important themes in all her biographies; clearly she was able to use biographical study to address most of these "personal" devils.

For her biography of Joseph Smith, Brodie had a number of mentors. The most important was Dale Morgan, whom she first met in 1943. As a critic of, and source for, Mormon historical items, Morgan was particularly valuable to her biography of Joseph Smith, although he later misled Brodie (who wanted to write a biography of Brigham Young also) by telling her that his girlfriend, Madeline R. McQuown, was just about finished with her own study of Brigham. He knew that this was not true. But in other matters, Morgan was a critical source and advisor for Brodie's historical work. It was Morgan who correctly saw just what the role of her biography of Joseph Smith played in her deepest inner life. When she was unable to settle on a topic for a new biographical study after 1945, he wrote to her in January 1946:

I don't think you fully recognize the extent to which your book was written out of an emotional compulsion, and the extent to which that compulsion persists. You are looking for something that will occupy and satisfy your emotions as Mormonism has done, and it is hardly likely that you will find such a topic or subject. Because writing Joseph's biography was your act of liberation and of exorcism. (115)

There were others who assisted Brodie with her Mormon research: Vesta Crawford supplied material on Emma Smith; Claire Noall shared research files on Willard Richards; Wilford Poulson read Brodie's manuscript and taught her about James J. Strang, an early claimant to Joseph Smith's mantle (Samuel Taylor would later argue that she took Poulson's ideas about Strang and applied them to Joseph Smith); and Juanita Brooks assisted with several topics, although Brodie could never personally understand Brooks because Brooks remained faithful to the Church while still studying its history.

Brodie herself was considered by many to be one of America's preeminent, if controversial, biographers. Bringhurst treats her published work on Thaddeus Stevens (1959), Richard Burton (1967), Thomas Jefferson (1974), and Richard Nixon (1981), providing interesting detail on these projects. Her biographer weaves into his larger narrative the scholarly activities of her husband, Bernard, and shows her involvement with several of Bernard's printed works. In addition, Bringhurst provides a useful bibliography of Fawn Brodie's published works, including her lesser-known essays (at least one published under another name) and reviews. While her Mormon background and long-term interest in things Mormon are the major themes of this biography, Bringhurst also involves his reader with the broader life and scholarship of his subject.
One of the valuable aspects of this study is its attempt to present a full portrait of a life. We see Fawn Brodie as a wife, loving and supporting and even coauthoring Bernard’s works; a fundamentally insecure person; a mother who preferred that role to all others; an environmental activist who helped save the Santa Monica Mountains from developers; a university professor who had to fight for tenure and promotion in the history department at UCLA because she had no degrees in history; and a human being who could never completely escape from her family and religious heritage. Even as she was dying, she asked for a blessing from her estranged brother, only to clarify within days of the blessing that this was not the action of a prodigal daughter returning to the fold. In a final evaluation at the end of his study, Bringhurst suggests that Brodie was an agnostic, not an atheist, when it came to her personal religious views.

She could be quite stubborn in her pursuit of a topic or theory, as with her work on Richard Nixon. Such limiting focus, as Bringhurst suggests, created methodological weakness in her research and writing, but with the exception of her theories on Nixon’s homosexual tendencies, we are not shown how this problem might have affected her other works.

Bringhurst could have treated other areas in greater depth. It is clear that Brodie was a great reader, but Bringhurst does not fully probe either the content or the possible influence of the written word on her. She liked Russian literature, including Dostoevsky’s novels, but what impact did these authors have on her thought? How many of her psychological insights came from this powerful literature, an influence separate from her reading of Freud and Erickson? From her youngest years, she was drawn to King Lear and seems to have identified with Cordelia, the “good daughter,” but the reader is left to relate this identification to Fawn herself as she thought about her loving, but “blind,” father. She loved her father but was deeply hurt that he refused to even discuss her book on Joseph Smith with her; she was sure that he never even read it. How did her love of literature and storytelling relate to her approach to biography? Bringhurst shows the influence of Alice Smith McKay’s 1930 master’s thesis, which applied psychological tests to Joseph Smith’s prophecies, but he does not evaluate Alice Smith’s theories or her Mormon history.

Biographical studies can tend toward the autobiographical. Stanley Fish has recently argued that because they are excessively autobiographical, biographers can only get it wrong, can only lie, and can only substitute their own story for their announced subject. He concludes that we really ought to give up writing biography or at least claiming that is what we are doing.4 While this position is overblown, Mormons have tended to believe that Brodie’s biography of Joseph Smith reveals far more about her religious faith (or lack of it) than that of the founding prophet. Bringhurst has
shown in one of his published essays that her work on Joseph Smith does contain many autobiographical elements. Marvin Hill argued years ago that her portrait of Joseph Smith is flawed at the most fundamental level: it is a secular study of a religious man. Brodie admitted that she considered Joseph Smith to be an imposter and a fraud before she began her research for the biography, although she later said that she "felt guilty about the destructive nature of the Joseph Smith book" (116).

Bringhamst readily admits in the preface that he was drawn to this thirteen-year project because he shares much with his subject. Like Brodie, he married out of the Mormon faith, and like her, he writes outside the faith. Like her, he rejected Mormonism's pre-1978 policy of denying the priesthood to Blacks and also questioned the historicity of the Book of Mormon and the Book of Abraham. No doubt these views helped him better relate to his subject, but they leave the reader wishing for more analysis, more insight into her life and thought. For example, rather than provide analysis and evaluation of her biographies, Bringhamst gives the reader a sample of reviews of them. Does he think that Brodie's work on Richard Burton is dependable? that she really understood Burton? that her hatred of Richard Nixon did not get in the way of objective analysis? Brodie thought Nixon and Joseph Smith had a lot in common; without evaluation the reader assumes Bringhamst would agree. Did she really do all her homework about the subjects on whom she chose to write?She admitted that she hated archival work, but how did this distaste affect her research?

On the whole, this is an adequate biography, if for no other reason than that the reader will come away from it with a better sense of Brodie as a human being—fallible, shy, and struggling somewhat with melancholy. It helped me to better understand the private devils that she tried to exorcize in her biographical works.

David J. Whittaker (david_whittaker@byu.edu) is Curator of Western and Mormon Americana in the L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library and Associate Professor of History at Brigham Young University. He received his Ph.D. in American History at Brigham Young University in 1982.

1. An additional project was his work on the history of Visalia Fox Theater as part of his involvement in the preservation and restoration of a landmark in his community: Newell G. Bringhamst, Visalia's Fabulous Fox (Visalia, Calif.: Josteus, 1999).


3. Bringhamst conducted over sixty oral history interviews in addition to having some access to the family's correspondence. His research files will eventually be placed in the Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Folklorist Eric A. Eliason recently asked, "Will written personal narratives become the literary genre through which Mormons most contribute to world literature, as some have suggested?" If all Latter-day Saint autobiographers possessed Effie Carmack’s gift for storytelling, the answer might be yes. Beyond her autobiography’s value as a personal narrative, the editors suggest that “Effie Carmack’s preservation, and celebration, of folkways may be her most significant contribution” (1).

Effie Marquess Carmack (1885–1974) began composing her autobiography in the mid-1940s and finished in 1973, shortly before her death. She wrote, “I wanted to leave something of value to my children and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—and this seemed better than riches, of which I have none anyway” (344–45). Reading her prose is almost like hearing her stories by the fireside.

Effie’s story spans her early life on a tobacco farm near Hopkinsville in Christian County, Kentucky; her family’s conversion to the LDS Church in 1898, when she was twelve; and her efforts to raise a family, primarily in Kentucky and Arizona. Her writings are insightful on several topics: plant life and tobacco farming in Kentucky, women’s roles, Mormonism in the South, bereavement, and aspects of folklife including games, music, architecture, art, traditions, and medicine.

In addition to her writing talents, Effie was a gifted painter and musician. Her love of visual detail and song are evident in this word picture:

We used to all sit out in the old porch, as we called it. There was usually a pallet on the floor, an old soft comfort, where Autie, the baby had played and slept during the day. Mammy would get two long limber twigs, bend them over the pallet, stick the ends in under the sides, and stretch a thin plant-bed canvas over him while he slept, to keep the flies away.

In the evening this pallet was pulled to the edge of the porch, and we would lounge on it and the doorstep. Lelia or Sadie would get the guitar and sing old songs. The sad ones always made me cry—“Oh Yes, I’ll Take You Home Kathleen”—“The Years Roll Slowly By, Lorena”—“Ronald and I”—“The Dying Cowboy.”

The boys were good singers. John would add his bass, and Elmo his tenor. Elmo would have been a good radio singer, high and low. Sometimes Pappy would get his old fiddle out and play softly some sweet old harmony.
Some of us would be washing our feet in the washpan out by the doorstep, and drying them on an old meal sack towel. Whippoorwills would be calling. Bats would be diving for insects, and the crickets would be chirping loudly in every corner.

The memory of those peaceful evenings together, after a long hard day’s work is very sweet in my mind. (51–52)

Too often there is a chasm between modern historiography and memory. As Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, chair for Jewish studies at Columbia University, observed about Jewish culture, “The divorce of history from literature has been as calamitous for Jewish as for general historical writing, not only because it widens the breach between the historian and the layman, but because it affects the very image of the past that results. Those who are alienated from the past cannot be drawn to it by explanation alone; they require evocation as well.”2 Effie’s writing explains or describes the past and evokes feelings about it. Consider her memory of the first Mormon sermon that she ever heard, one given in 1887:

I had no idea what my parents or brothers and sisters were thinking of it, but I was so thrilled that I could hardly contain my feelings. I was sitting halfway back, with a group of my schoolmates, who kept trying to whisper to me, but I had no time for foolishness that night. Something great and wonderful had come, something we had dreamed of and waited for for years. I’m sure it was the spirit of it, and not the letter, that whispered to my spirit, and filled me with such joy. (170)

The editors—Noel A. Carmack, Effie’s great-grandson, and Karen Lynn Davidson—have done an admirable job of providing context for Effie’s narrative. In a few instances, they point out errors in the narrative, including Effie’s mistaken belief that her grandfather had once wrestled, and beaten, Abraham Lincoln. The book is amply illustrated with photographs of her family and several of her paintings. The bibliography and footnotes reflect extensive research and are a valuable resource in and of themselves. The volume also includes maps; a chart showing four generations of Effie’s family, beginning with her grandparents; a list of her “song and rhyme repertoire”; and an index.

A minor drawback to the book is the formatting of some of the contextual information. There is a stark contrast, particularly at the beginning of the account, between Effie’s warm narrative style and the rather clinical footnote descriptions of several plants. Such notes might have fit better in a glossary at the back of the volume.

It is always difficult to keep track of who is who in extended families, and Effie named a lot of people in her autobiography. The editors’ biographical footnotes provide useful information, such as complete names and life dates, but the notes also tend to disrupt the flow of the narrative. I would
have benefitted more from a biographical register in an appendix, which would bring together all of the names and describe how each person was related, by blood or association, to Effie.

These small criticisms reflect stylistic preferences more than substantive problems and should not deter anyone from reading Effie Carmack's remarkable story. She insightfully reflected on her vicissitudes as a mother: the joy of seeing a small son brought back to life after a doctor pronounced him dead; the challenge of making ends meet when her husband's financial priorities were horses and family, in that order; the heartbreak of holding a four-year-old son in her arms as his life ebbed away after a tragic fire; the worry of having a daughter marry too soon and to the wrong man; and the satisfaction of watching her children make good in their lives. Her idyllic recollections of her childhood are nearly as captivating as the stories of her adult life. Persons with a passion for Latter-day Saint personal narratives, folklife, or any number of the topics mentioned above, should find reading *Out of the Black Patch* to be time well invested.

---

Brian D. Reeves (brian_reeves@byu.edu) is University Archivist for Special Collections in the L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. He received his M.A. in history at Brigham Young University in 1987.


Reviewed by Wendy L. Watson

If a good book is one that challenges dearly held beliefs and invites deep reflection, then *Confronting the Myth of Self-Esteem* is a good book. One may initially wonder what a wife, mother, and educator with a degree in English and postgraduate work in ancient Near Eastern studies is doing writing an anti-self-esteem book. But it doesn’t take long for the author to establish herself as one who has thought deeply about the myth of self-esteem as she draws from her own experiences, which include extensive missionary service.

Ester Rasband is indeed a woman with a mission, and she tenaciously undertakes her self-appointed mission—which at times seems less like confronting and more like combating. Her missionary zeal is palpable as she chisels and whacks away at society’s fruitless pursuit of self-esteem and presents keys to assist the reader to turn away from self-help and others-help in the futile quest for self-esteem and to turn to the Lord for divine confidence and peace. Somewhat ironically, her twelve recommendations are presented in a self-help manner.

As a therapist and professor who took a private oath about twenty-five years ago never to give a talk on “self-esteem” that was not anchored in our relationship with the Savior, I was positively attracted to many ideas in this book, especially to many of the distinctions presented in its twelve keys to finding peace. Those distinctions include the distinction between self-esteem and confidence; self-help versus divine help; the belief of “I am loveable and capable” versus “I am loved and grateful”; feeling great about ourselves versus showing “our humility to our Father in Heaven, so that we can feel great about him” (17); believing “I am important” versus “I am important to the Lord”; the anxiety that accompanies a search for self-esteem versus the peace that accompanies a humble total commitment to the Lord; loving versus admiring; acknowledging good things about ourselves versus being humbly grateful to God for the good things about ourselves; self-worth versus our worth to God.

As powerfully useful as some of Rasband’s ideas are, and as much as her ideas have helpfully perturbed my thinking, deep reflection—months of it induced by writing this review—has caused me to suggest caution in five areas.

Concern 1: Grand sweeping statements may work against the credibility of the book and the ability of readers to fully engage its useful ideas. For
example, some readers may question the statement “We tell ourselves that we are splendid just the way we are” (17). In over thirty years of clinical practice with individuals, couples, and families seeking peace and confidence, I have not met anyone who said (overtly or covertly), “We are splendid just the way we are.”

Concern 2: The foundational idea that the key to peace and confidence is abasement—which she supports by one pivotal scripture (D&C 101:42)—does not seem to fit with the teachings and practices of modern prophets and Apostles. Consider President Hinckley’s signature greetings to the Church, which consistently include commendations about how good—even great—the Saints are. Former Apostle George Q. Cannon encouraged those who were feeling worthless with the following words:

> We humble people, we who feel ourselves sometimes so worthless, so good-for-nothing, we are not so worthless as we think. . . . We may be insignificant and contemptible in our own eyes and in the eyes of others, but the truth remains that we are the children of God and that He has actually given His angels . . . charge concerning us, and they watch over us and have us in their keeping.1

And Elder Neal A. Maxwell counsels, “We cannot build up the kingdom if we are tearing ourselves down”2; “self-contempt is of Satan; there is none of it in heaven”3; “since self-esteem controls ultimately our ability to love God, to love others, and to love life, nothing is more central than our need to build justifiable self-esteem.”4

Concern 3: Any presentation style that involves an abundance of declarative statements may well give a book an authoritarian tone but may impede the acceptance of truths, as often does a mother’s demand for us to stop what we’ve been doing. Rasband acknowledges that she uses this style, which she admits in chapter 14 (a must-read that modulates and clarifies the previous 120 pages) results in inducing fear in one of her friends because of Rasband’s “badgering with anti-self-esteem rhetoric” (121).

Instead of declarative statements offered as axioms or self-evident truths, many times the reader needs a thicker, fuller, richer description or explanation. For example, in response to the statement “We misread the still, small voice” (18), the reader asks, “What do we misread it as saying, or as what?” and her description of “striving for pride” (18) seems to come out of the blue—a conceptual leap that the reader is asked to make without sufficient building and bridging. At times this style can lead to an outcome well beyond the author’s intent. In her attack on the world’s idea that “each has the right to receive love in the way that we recognize it and accept it” (60), Rasband invites us to consider that others may offer love to us in ways that don’t mean love to us. She draws a distinction between “rights versus
responsibilities” (61), embracing “responsibilities” and eschewing “rights.” However, one does not have to think very long to see that there may be times when it is would be “irresponsible” not to declare one’s “rights,” especially in light of Rasband’s statement, “How valuable it would be to our mental health to examine the ways that others give love to us instead of the ways we are willing to accept it” (61). Imagine the devastation for a survivor of childhood abuse reading such a statement.

Concern 4: With the best of intent, Rasband may inadvertently feed exactly the situation she so desires to starve, i.e., self-focus. Through this book's anti-self-focus, anti-self-consciousness comments, the reader is actually invited to focus on him- or herself—at least for a period of time—and becomes increasingly self-conscious (if only to check to see if one has been unwittingly too self-conscious or has invited others to be self-conscious through offering the wrong kind of compliments and commendations).

One wonders if an attempt to understand and live Rasband's pro-abasement stance might not backfire just as C. S. Lewis’s Screwtape suggests to Wormwood:

All the abjexion and self-hatred . . . may even do us [the devils] good if they keep the man concerned with himself, and above all, if self-contempt can be made the starting point for contempt of other selves, and thus for gloom, cynicism, and cruelty. . . . Thousands of humans have been brought to think that humility means pretty women trying to believe that they are ugly and clever men trying to believe they are fools. And since what they are trying to believe may in some cases, be manifest nonsense, they cannot succeed in believing it, and . . . their minds endlessly revolv[e] on themselves in an effort to achieve the impossible.5

Concern 5: When the reader learns that the author discovered/uncov- ered these ideas through personal revelation, one is left in quite an unten- able situation. How does one comment on ideas distilled through another’s personal revelation?

Perhaps the best answer to that question is to follow the author more in example than in logic. Rasband is clearly a courageous woman who cares deeply about assisting her readers to rid themselves of what she believes works against their needs for peace and confidence—“not peace made simple, but peace made possible—not peace without pain but peace that overcomes pain” (9). All counselors would hope to achieve that same end. My recommendation is that readers of Confronting the Myth of Self-Esteem emulate this author’s process to seek their own personal revelation on which ideas in this book could make a difference to the peace and confidence they seek.
Wendy L. Watson (wendy_watson@byu.edu) is Professor of Marriage and Family Therapy at Brigham Young University. She received her Ph.D. in marriage and family therapy and gerontology in 1984 from the University of Calgary in Alberta, Canada.


Brief Notices

The Journals of George Q. Cannon, Volume I: To California in '49, edited by Michael N. Landon (Deseret Book and The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1999)

As California gold miner, missionary to Hawaii, Apostle, European Mission president, personal secretary to Brigham Young, editor of the Deseret News, Utah’s delegate to Congress, and counselor to four Church presidents, George Q. Cannon occupied an unparalleled position from which to view the historical events of nineteenth-century Mormonism. By keeping a personal journal in which he recorded his daily events from 1849 to 1901 (with only occasional lapses), Cannon produced a first-person account that, according to Richard E. Turley Jr., should be considered one of the “best extant records of Latter-day Saint history during the second half of the nineteenth century” (xiv). Long unavailable to researchers and Church members, Cannon’s journals are being published by Deseret Book in conjunction with the Historical Department of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

As the first volume in the series The Journals of George Q. Cannon, this book provides a verbatim reproduction of Cannon’s journal during his overland trip to California in 1849. Cannon traveled to California as part of a group of men who were called by Church leaders to mine for gold. Spanning from October 6 to December 9, the journal includes Cannon’s trip through central and southern Utah, an account of an ill-conceived “shortcut” that took the travelers from the main trail and proved nearly disastrous, and Cannon’s description of his travel along the Spanish Trail to California. Editor Michael N. Landon, a historian and archivist at the LDS Historical Depart-
the *Juvenile Instructor*. Lengthy excerpts from this 1869 account appear in the footnotes and provide details omitted from the original account, showing that in the intervening years Cannon had developed a new perspective on the meaning of certain events. Reading the two together provides a unique vantage point to understand the processes of memory and the construction of historical narrative.

When published in full, *The Journals of George Q. Cannon* will make a significant contribution to the study of both Mormon history and the history of the American West in the nineteenth century. This volume stands as the harbinger of wonderful things to come from the continued publication of Cannon's journals.

—Richard Ian Kimball

---

*The Temple in Time and Eternity*, edited by Donald W. Parry and Stephen D. Ricks (FARMS, 1999)


Even though there is no substitute for experiencing selfless spiritual service of the highest order, receiving personal revelation, and basking in the refugent atmosphere of the House of the Lord, the scriptures and other writings about the temple can prepare our hearts and minds so that we are more able to take full advantage of this sacred work. Two recently published books will take you out of the world and into more spiritual realms and could be recommended by any temple president to his patrons.

*The Temple in Time and Eternity* follows *Temples of the Ancient World: Ritual and Symbolism* (1994). While the earlier volume contains twenty-four essays on past and present temples, this second volume comprises eleven articles in three sections: "Temples and Ritual," "Temples in the Israelite Tradition," and "Temples in the Non-Israelite Tradition." The lead essay, Hugh Nibley's "Abraham's Temple Drama," is based on a very popular presentation given April 6, 1999, at Brigham Young University. The final two essays, "The Great Mosque and Its Ka'ba as an Islamic Temple Complex in Light of Lundquist's Typology of Ancient Near Eastern Temples" (by Gaye Strathern and Brian M. Hauglid) and "Inside a Sumerian Temple: The Ekishnugal at Ur" (by E. Jan Wilson) are two unprecedented but excellent forays into temple topics that are not usually associated with LDS temple literature.

While Matthew Brown's 1997 book on temples, *Symbols in Stone*, looks at symbols of the Kirtland, Nauvoo, and Salt Lake Temples, as well as the plans for the temple at New Jerusalem, *The Gate of Heaven* offers insights into symbols and doctrines throughout the ages. There are eight chapters, including "The Tabernacle of Jehovah," "The Temple on Mount Zion," and "Early Christians and the House of the Lord," as well as an appendix that elucidates the history of Freemasonry. Brown's book is full of surprises, including an illustration taken "from an early Christian catacomb painting that depicts a saint being introduced into paradise by the parting of a curtain" (189).

Although *The Gate of Heaven* will probably be easier to understand for most Latter-day Saints, I would not call it any less "scholarly" than *The Temple in Time and Eternity*. Both have the power and insight to inspire, motivate, and stir the soul not only to attend the temple more often but to better appreciate its blessings and ordinances. These books encourage us to feel "set apart" from the world, enhancing our lives with a sense of the sacred and holy.

—Gary P. Gillum
Understanding Isaiah, by Donald W. Parry, Jay A. Parry, and Tina M. Peterson (Deseret Book, 1998)

The title of this recent Isaiah commentary is inviting. Who does not long to understand Isaiah? The opening words of the introduction describe the predicament: "Most of us know that we have been commanded to diligently search the words of Isaiah. And most of us agree that that is a hard thing to do" (1). The authors offer tools and suggestions to ease the task. The first-time reader of Isaiah, the seasoned scholar, and all students in between will find aid and comfort here as they seek to understand Isaiah.

The format of the book is particularly helpful and user friendly. How to utilize this format is explained in the first six pages of the 659-page volume. A chapter in the book corresponds to each chapter in Isaiah. Each chapter begins with a focus paragraph or two to help readers in " likening Isaiah unto ourselves" by relating themes of particular chapters to specific challenges people face today. This approach welcomes the reader into the chapter with some notion of its content. Of course, the notion is the authors' interpretation, but this is the stuff of which commentaries are made. Isaiah's poetry is so heavily symbolic that authors have difficulty standing back and allowing readers conjure their own images, allowing the metaphor speak to each individual on a personal level. The temptation to simplify is always present, especially when there are so many levels of meaning to be plumbed; defining one may close the door to others waiting in the wings. The Isaiah text is printed in Hebrew poetic form: short poetic lines enable the reader to discern the symbolic parallelism that is obscured when the text is printed in prose as it is in our King James Bible.

The book also provides several short appendices, one of which lists quotes and paraphrases of Isaiah found in the Book of Mormon and another providing a brief discussion of Isaiah's poetry and Hebrew poetic form. Unfortunately, this latter appendix is insufficient for serious students. Also, sprinkled throughout are quotes from modern LDS leaders. Most of these references help the reader with present-day applications but not with textual analysis. These comments by modern pastoral shepherds liken Isaiah's rich messianic vision to our time.

The expressed goal of the authors, to give the reader tools to overcome difficulty in understanding Isaiah, is best met in the historical notes and linguistic help in defining Hebrew words and phrases. Gathering this material and placing it in close proximity to the verses themselves has done all students of Isaiah a great service. The authors' purpose was not to produce a book that should be read from cover to cover but rather to create one to be used more as a reference tool. It meets this purpose admirably.

—Ann N. Madsen

C. S. Lewis: The Man and His Message, edited by Andrew C. Skinner and Robert L. Millet (Bookcraft, 1999)

C. S. Lewis: The Man and His Message presents eleven of the fourteen addresses given at the December 1998 Brigham Young University conference commemorating the hundredth anniversary of C. S. Lewis's birth. These strong and diverse essays are valuable for both newcomers and confirmed Lewis enthusiasts.

The point of The Man and His Message is explicitly "not to canonize C. S. Lewis, but to appreciate him" (157), and the authors carefully avoid "contorting" him into a Latter-day Saint (4). They spend little time comparing Lewis's thought and LDS doctrine, yet the connections between Lewis and the restored gospel are constantly implied, and several essayists argue that Lewis, despite his lack of prophetic authority, can serve Latter-day
Saints as a source of insight and as an example of Christian discipleship.

Elder Neal A. Maxwell's essay sets the tone of the volume by emphasizing that Lewis's value for Latter-day Saints lies in his Christian discipleship rather than in his doctrinal writings. Several contributors take a similar approach: Terrance D. Olson examines self-deception and its impact on family, Brent L. Top movingly discusses affliction, Andrew C. Skinner writes on temptation, and Daniel K. Judd powerfully addresses the predicament of self-love and the way—by offering ourselves to Christ—we can become our true selves. Also relevant to daily discipleship, but set in a firm doctrinal context, is Robert L. Millet's masterful essay on the "transformation of human nature." Millet comments on passages from Lewis about the need for personal change and the hope Christ offers us of becoming like Him.

Other essays cover less familiar ground, such as John S. Tanner's brilliant essay comparing Lewis's and Milton's depiction of the "psychology of temptation" and Paul E. Kerry's discussion of Lewis's important but relatively unfamiliar writings from the 1930s. Another unusual and stimulating essay is Brent D. Sife's discussion of Lewis's move from viewing truth as abstract and passive to viewing it as personal, concrete, and active, as embodied in Jesus Christ.

Understandably, the book pays little attention to Lewis as a literary critic, scholar, or imaginative writer. Though some of his fiction is discussed, the essays contain only brief references to The Chronicles of Narnia and none at all to Till We Have Faces, which Lewis considered his best work of fiction and which has profound relevance to his thought on discipleship and personal transformation. Most quoted and referred to are Lewis's autobiographical and theological works and those imaginative works, such as Screwtape Letters and The Great Divorce, that are most transparently theological.

Despite a few errors—"comic sadist" on page 165 should read "cosmic sadist"; George MacDonald, whom Lewis never met, is described as Lewis's "old friend and mentor" (132); and Ransom, a philologist in Lewis's science fiction trilogy, is called a "scientist" (43)—the essays generally display a solid understanding of Lewis's life and thought. At their best, they give penetrating expression to Lewis's central ideas and introduce readers to new and stimulating avenues of exploration. Even more importantly, by connecting his insights with the daily realities of gospel living, the book presents Lewis as a source of encouragement and practical help.

—Bruce W. Young