

our home life. From what I can tell from talking with other women, I had a closer relationship with my father than most girls do, and I know that this helped to influence me to develop as much as I could professionally. I remember when I was about three my father decided to raise some pigs for the bacon. I went out to help build the pigpen. When he hammered the nails, his hammer left an indentation on the wood which I thought was like a ruffle or lace, so he made sure that he left hammer marks by all the nails. It's a little thing, but it always made me feel very happy to be with a father who understood a three-year-old's idea that pigs, like little girls, needed ruffles. I grew up feeling there was no contradiction between being a girl and developing to the fullest whatever talents I had.

Q. Do you think you'll marry?

A. Probably. It's a very great burden to break hearts all the time. Actually I prefer the company of men to that of most women. The most lasting and meaningful relationships I have had with people — particularly with men — have been where we both had deep intellectual curiosity. Few women are encouraged to explore the world of ideas, and I am happy in their company for only limited periods of time; the new rap groups are an even worse drag because of the ideas they think they explore. I prefer to be off doing something.

Q. Then you're not one of the bra-burning Fem-Lib People who —

A. You've been observing me closely enough to answer that question yourself.

A LETTER FROM THE WEST

Anonymous

I sat down to write for *Dialogue* on the position of the widow in the Church, but I could never get past the first sentence, which was: "There is no place for a widow in the Church unless she is willing to look resolutely and cheerfully toward the grave." I'll probably write such an article sometime, but it won't be now and it won't be for *Dialogue*.

The truth is I don't like being "single" again and yet it gives me a great deal of freedom and mobility which I love. I find my greatest joy in being a mother, the role I take most seriously and which has the most stabilizing influence in my life. So far as the Church is concerned, the mother who *must* work is regarded in a far different light from one who does it for other reasons.

I also think that so far as the Church is concerned a widow is in quite a different position from someone who has never married or from a divorced woman. It's not a position I like because it does carry with it a certain amount of pity and condescension, but on the other hand there is no feeling of censure, which I think the divorced and single often get, and my strong sense of identification with women who are married helps them to see me as a person rather than as a position — widow.

Although I can in no way explain it, my relationship with people who knew my husband has a different aspect to it than my relation with people who only see me alone. The best way I can describe it is to say that people who only know me, only know a part of me.