



Update!

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This article was printed in one of the earliest editions of Through the Maze. The King of Tonga personally had it circulated throughout the Kingdom.

A Woman's Perspective on Mormonism

*by
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The following article was written by Margaretta ten years ago, but it is fresh and insightful today. After she wrote this article, the King of Tonga, translated it into Tongan and circulated it throughout the kingdom.

I was born and raised a Mormon in the land of Zion. My earliest memory is my desire to be married in the temple. I wanted to have my family sealed to me for time and all eternity, just as I was sealed to *my* family. This seemed like such a wonderful thing to me. I pitied the poor gentiles who would only be with their families for this life.

As I grew older, I acquired another motive for temple marriage. My teacher in the Mutual



Improvement Association had not married her husband in the temple. She often related to our Mutual class that since she had not married her husband in the

temple, she would only be a servant in the Celestial Kingdom. She would have to wait on tables and take care of the babies of those who had been more faithful. She would never be able to become a goddess to populate and rule worlds with her god-husband.

I determined that I would never be a servant and wait on others, I would have a world of my own with my husband. I do not ever recall hearing that Jesus had said, "If you want to be great in the Kingdom of God, you must be the servant of all." (Mr 9:35; Mr 10:44; Joh 15:15)

I judged my Mutual teacher harshly. I considered her weak because she and her husband had not made themselves worthy to

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go through the temple.

I promised myself I would never compromise on the issue of temple marriage. And I didn't! In 1966, Jim and I were married in the Idaho Falls temple. I was able to wear the holy garments and the way was now clear for me to make it to the highest degree of glory in the Celestial Kingdom. I would, of course, have to continue to keep myself worthy, but I really felt I had accomplished my goal.

Looking back now over my thirty years of Mormonism and my eight years as a born again Christian (now it is 18!), I am able to compare two, quite different, lives. I am able to see the difference between being a Mormon woman and being a Christian woman.

As a Mormon woman of unshakable faith and testimony, I was often called upon to believe things that were so unbelievable I was forced to simply put them out of my mind. For example, I was taught that in the last days, many men would be killed and my husband might be forced to take other women as his wives to keep them safe under the Covenant. I didn't like to think about that.

I also knew that in the resurrection, my husband would have to call me out of the grave, using a name given me in the temple. I wasn't sure I could trust Jim's memory! (A friend's husband did forget her name and had to go back to the temple to get it again.) I also worried that Jim might just decide not to call me out.

When Jim left the Church, the Stake President warned him that

if he didn't repent I would be given to another man in the resurrection. I especially didn't like to think that my destiny could be changed by the whim of my husband or some other man, and that I had no say in the matter.

After I became a Christian woman, I began to see that Jesus has a special plan for all women. I began to experience the joy in my destiny as a woman of God. I read in the Bible that: "You are all sons of God through faith in Christ Jesus, for all of you were baptized into Christ have been clothed with Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. 3:26-28)

This does not mean that there is no order in Christian living. Jesus has placed the husband at the head of the home. But this does not change my personal relationship with Jesus in any way.

Jim is the head of our home. He is the spiritual covering for me and our children. I wouldn't have it any other way (most of the time!). But I am not under his thumb. I am a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ and I am an heir to all the promises of Abraham just the same as my husband is.

It is exciting to know that Jesus considers me a child of God through faith, and an heir to *all* the promises of Abraham. I never have to worry that I will be kept out of any corner of the Kingdom of God by the whim of men. I will enter the same way any other Child of God does—by faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, trusting in Him and Him alone. I cannot express the difference knowing these things has made in my life. I have literally experienced the promise of John 8:36—"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

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