

MY EXPERIENCE in MORMONISM

Mr. Einar Anderson
P.O. Box 389
Burbank, California

Dear Mr. Anderson:

I wish to extend my sincere thanks to you for your courteous letter and booklets. I have read your letter and booklets and have checked the Scriptural references mentioned with care and thought, and now feel that I've read enough to begin this letter.

During the past, I have openly and quite unashamedly accused many of my associates of possessing a stubborn and solidly hardened heart and closed mind. "How could they possibly remain so glued to such false beliefs, I wondered." I said, "Not me!" I would accept truth no matter where it came from, so long as it complied with my rigid standards.

I went looking for Mormonism about six years ago. When I found it, the teachings seemed so refreshing after 24 years of Roman Catholicism. I was so tired of the pomp and ceremony, the ritual and finery. At any rate, I read the *Book of Mormon*, *Doctrine and Covenants* and *The Pearl of Great Price*, and

dozens of doctrinal works by the authorities and other leaders of the Mormon Church.

Then on September 29 I was baptized, just nineteen days after I had sought out a Mormon missionary. Shortly after, a Mormon priest laid his hands on my head so I could receive the gift of the Holy Ghost in accordance with the principles of the Mormon gospel. They placed me in a Senior Aaronic class in priesthood meetings and in an Investigator's class in Sunday School. Also, I was strongly advised to attend Sacrament Meeting. "How fortunate," said I, "to finally have found God's one and only true church."

Before long I was given the lower priesthood, and not many weeks passed before I was given a job in the Mutual Improvement Association. Soon I was "promoted" and became a counselor in that organization—a leader for the first time in my life, and that after little more than six months of membership.

A year after my baptism, I was ordained into the higher priesthood, to the office of an Elder. A little less than three weeks later, I escorted my wife-to-be into the Los Angeles Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Out of little more than respect for a promise I made, I will not go into the details of the ceremonies which followed. But, now I was an Elder, had received my "endowments," had purchased several church books and fancied myself to be the missionary

who would save the heathen world.

Later on I was given another job, in the Sunday School of a small Ward in Vacaville, California. This shortly afterwards led to the assignment as Superintendent of that whole Sunday School. Within a year I was asked to assume the presidency of a yet-to-be-formed Branch of the Church in Dixon, California. I declined, reasoning that I had little enough experience as it was. How could I be expected to run an entire Branch, when it was all I could do to keep the Sunday School running to my satisfaction.

Well, things worked out fairly well, and my "testimony" grew with time. Soon I thought I was sharp and clever enough to write! I tried to convert the whole intelligent world. I made concerted attacks on the Catholic Church, an Assembly of God Church in Dixon (verbal and written attacks, of course); I wrote to all sorts of people, a minister in Iowa (Keokuk, of all places!), an anthropologist in New York, to the Smithsonian Institution, and many others. The only answers I got back were courtesy replies, and there weren't too many of those.

But that didn't discourage me. One day a friend told me about a religious "nut" who used to be a Mormon, and who was slated to lecture on Mormonism and the Bible at the Moana Loa Gardens Missionary Church in Honolulu. Wow, I thought, what an opportu-

ity. I was excited and nervous the whole day before the meeting. I pictured myself just cutting this kook all to pieces with my "absolutely proven restored Christianity." It was an interesting meeting, but before it was over, I just couldn't stand another word of that "heresy," and left in the middle of a closing hymn. I made sure the man who delivered the lecture saw me kick the dust of the place from my feet as I made my exit. Of course that gave me great satisfaction, even though I hadn't verbally assaulted him openly before the gathering.

So I thought about it for a few days, and then in a fit of indignation, decided to personally destroy that man's terribly slanderous teachings. You'll no doubt remember that first letter, Mr. Anderson. Well, I gave you and the organization that sponsored you all sorts of static in two or three different letters, and all I got back was kind words about us poor Mormons. You cannot imagine how stirred up I became when the only answers I got back made little sense to me and quite thoroughly turned the tables.

I began reading everything I could get my hands on, books by Louis Talbot, Walter Martin, Max Stilson, Arthur Budvarson and numerous leaflets which I had been accumulating. "Everything I could get my hands on" was not really very much. There aren't many anti-Mormon bookstores in Vietnam. I searched through the *Book of Mormon*, the *Bible*, and

the other churchly books; but what I read, and the comparisons made, created a good deal of reasonable doubt.

There are several other Mormons on this ship with me, and out of curiosity to see what kind of reaction I would get from someone who had never been exposed to anything but the pure Mormon stuff, I tempted one of my friends with what I had found. Well, the more I tempted, the more tempting it became to me. And the more tempting it became to me, the more thoroughly convinced we both became. So now there are two of us who have, (and I have deliberately saved this until now), rejected Mormonism. Even while I wrote the rough draft of this letter, there was another comparatively staunch Mormon Elder taking notes on what was being said, and reading "The Book of Mormon—True or False" like crazy! He doesn't have the answers either.

What can I say? The type of character I am, I don't like to have to admit that I was wrong, and that one man converted me. What I will admit, however, is that if it hadn't been for the challenge I issued myself to destroy one, Einar Anderson, I would still be a practicing Mormon. So, if anyone gets credit besides the Lord it is you, Mr. Anderson, for making me antagonize myself into a fight.

I have re-read the third chapter of the Gospel of John, and parts of other chapters which seemed strange to me before. Now they seem so plain and simple and pure, since the

curtain has been removed from my prejudiced mind. All that I can say now is, I'm terribly sorry that I was so insulting in my past letters and want to thank you, Mr. Anderson, for your patience with me.

I would appreciate a little guidance as to which way to turn now. Also, I am thoroughly convinced that my new decision, and that which I have learned from my experience with Mormonism could be put to some good use.

Most sincerely,

Signed: Frederick G. Davis

Mr. Davis discovered, like so many of us who were raised in the religion of Mormonism, that the Mormon Church is not the answer. We discovered that there is something better than Mormonism and that is a personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. And we now have the assurance that we belong to Him by virtue of the fact that He redeemed us with His own precious blood which He shed on the Cross of Calvary for our sins. We do not have a "hope so," "guess so," "think so" religion, but we know that we have Eternal Life. (1 John 5:13.) The good news of the Gospel is that Christ died for our sins, that He was buried and He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. Put your faith in Christ, not a religion or a creed. For the Bible tells us, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12.)

If you wish further information on Mormonism or Bible truth, write:

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