

# ST ELIZABETH'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The Right Rev. Phyllis Spiegel, 12th Bishop of Utah  
The Rev. Michael Carney, Vicar

**SUNDAY WORSHIP, HOLY EUCHARIST 10:00 AM**



## A Special Visit with Our Bishop

It was such a wonderful weekend at the beginning of April, spent with the beautiful people of St. Elizabeth's in Whiterocks and Holy Spirit in Randlett on the Ute Reservation. We gathered on Saturday for an afternoon of conversations followed by dinner. There were kids and leaders there who do Art Empowers, the afterschool art program at St. Elizabeth's. Every community needs a program like this one! It is transformational for the kids and the leaders. Not to mention, when you arrive on Sunday morning, there is glorious artwork everywhere.

The next day, we had joyous Palm Sunday services where, in both churches, I had wonderful young acolytes. My young companion in worship at St. Elizabeth's had not been a crucifer before, so I delighted when she leaned over to me during the service and said, "This is really fun!"

Each congregation gifted me with a beautiful beaded piece: a necklace and a vestment cross. As I look at them now, hanging in my little worship nook, each tiny "seed" bead was carefully placed to form an intricate design. I think they might be a very good representation of the care and time that goes into building relationships - especially as a white person with native people. I have a great deal to learn, and I look forward to the many years I have ahead of building relationships, learning stories, and working together.

Amongst the wonderful stories, of which there were many, there were also some very hard ones. It was an incredibly powerful way to begin Holy Week, filled with stories and and thoughts of the damage caused by the white empire.

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# Art Empowers Springs Forward



In our last newsletter, you saw photos of Art Empowers bravely carrying on during the longest winter in recent memory. Those visual art and movement activities helped us make it through the season, but look at us now! Round dancing outside with our beloved Ute singers and drummers. Playing endless games of

dodge ball and enjoying our playground. Eating dinner at the picnic table at the end of the day. It was like we'd been holding our breath for months, waiting for the season to change, and now we can finally exhale.

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I find myself, on this Maundy Thursday, reflecting on the betrayals humans commit. Denying others' very humanity has to be the greatest betrayal of all.

Yet, through God's powerful outpouring of love, relationships can be rebuilt, which truly astounds me. Such repair is done one bead at a time. It makes for slow going, but if we keep at it, the story of Holy Week tells us that a new and beautiful pattern of resurrection will emerge. I am deeply blessed to be received so graciously by the Ute Episcopalians. I agree with my young acolyte friend, "This is really fun!" But it is, also, really real. May Holy Week speak its truths to our souls.

***+Bishop Phyllis***



***Art Empowers Springs Forward  
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At the heart of all we do is the leadership of Becca Gardner, surrounded by our awesome facilitators Sadie Santio, Maria Alanis and SueAnn Cottonuts, with support from Pepper and Nehemiah Alanis and Trinity Santio. We've also been blessed by the invaluable skills and experience of grant writer Lola Beatlebrox, who's helping us tell our story to the wider community and beyond. We're so thankful for the donors who make it possible for us to offer this program at no cost to the families: the George S. and Dolores Dore Eccles Foundation, Larry H. Miller Charities, E & B Oilfield Services, Uintah Basin Medical Center, Northeastern

Counseling (with the State of Utah), Sunrise Rotary Club of Park City, Bill Williams, Joel and Frances Harris, Helen Duritsa and a number of other generous individuals.

Every day of our lives is a gift from our Creator, and all of us at Art Empowers give thanks for the blessings of serving our young people and knowing we're supported by a cloud of witnesses. We're truly springing forward!

***- Michael***

# Photo Gallery



Our Youth Group joined the local walk for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women.

Forrest Cuch blessed the hands of dedicated medical workers at St. Mark's Hospital in SLC



Learning traditional arts like beading is a focus for the teenagers.



We're so proud of graduates Kailynda Santio and Nehemiah Alanis!



Outdoor fun at Art Empowers.



Michael loves to play his grandmother's piano on Sunday mornings.



Dodge ball at Art Empowers.

# Our Very Own Saint Jane

Jane Thompsen was a legendary figure in the Basin, right up until her death three and a half years ago. I went to school with three of her kids (Charley Ray, Dave, and Christie) at Wasatch Academy, a college preparatory school in central Utah. But I didn't really get to know Jane until I was working for the Ute Indian Tribe back in the 1970s. I was the tribe's education director, and Jane was directing the Thompson School, a program for disadvantaged youth who struggled academically and socially in the public schools. Jane worked tirelessly to make the school successful, donating the land, fundraising and working with the Duchesne School District.

When my career took me to Massachusetts and Salt Lake City, I didn't see Jane until I returned home following my retirement. I learned that church leaders had decided to close the Presbyterian Church in Myton, which Jane had been attending. She was upset about this and began to attend our St. Elizabeth's Church in Whiterocks, 25 miles from her home. Jane soon became a star, respected by everyone and always occupying the first pew at the head of the church. I helped her walk in from her car and made sure she was seated before the service began.

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***Our Very Own Saint Jane  
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One day, she invited our priest Michael Carney to go with her on one of her regular God-serving excursions, to visit the Duchesne County Jail to visit with the inmates and give out bibles. Michael was quite impressed that most of the people there at the jail, inmates and staff alike, knew her and treated her with high regard. I was told that when Jane drove through the town of Roosevelt, people on the streets (including former inmates) would wave and greet her, calling out, "Miss Jane, Miss Jane!"

Jane dedicated her entire life to helping people. She used to say, "Life is not for wimps!" and Jane was certainly no wimp. She suffered a lot in her old age, but that didn't slow her down. Jane loved coffee, always carrying a little cup in her purse. She would visit Kim's, her favorite café, and Kim would come out with a carafe of coffee and a

big hug for her. The trouble was that Jane would not drink enough water to balance out all that coffee (which is a diuretic), and she would come down with bladder infections. Jane could be stubborn at times, but that was part of her persona, and we all loved her so very much!

It was a sad day for everyone when Jane passed, at age 95. I remember her funeral, conducted by her family with Charley taking the lead. A big crowd turned out, including a lot of people from town and our church family. In addition, there were about thirty current and/or former inmates huddled in one of the corners of the large room. These folks, who loved Jane for all her attention and love, were there to pay their final respects and bid her a fond goodbye. I can say with complete certainty that we all greatly miss our saint... Miss Jane (Jane Thompson), to this very day!!!

**- Forrest Cuch**

**St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church  
occupies and operates upon the  
ancestral and traditional lands  
of the Ute Indian Tribe.**

