

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

PLANTING OUR FUTURE

Two months ago, none of St. Elizabeth's Youth Group members had ever planted a tree. Now they're skillful, having done it four times. "I'm going to invite them over to my house," said adult leader Sadie Santio, and she probably wasn't kidding.

We're not talking about saplings, but good-sized trees they picked out at Allred's Nursery. That meant digging substantial holes: chopping through the packed gravel of the church driveway, unearthing dozens of stones, including one the size of a basketball. (This is White-rocks, after all.) Because moose are regular winter visitors here and love to nibble tree bark, metal stakes had to be pounded into the ground to circle the new plantings with wire fencing. Along the way, the youth learned how roots and leaves work together and how delicate the bark of a young tree is. They carried water to nourish the new plantings, a job that will need to continue for a couple of years.



Image: Devin Ankerpont

After each planting session, we gathered around the trees to give thanks and bless them in their new homes. "I can't wait to see what this tree looks like in five years," one planter said. "I'm going to sit down right here in the shade, one day." "I can picture birds sitting on the branches." They prayed

for the new trees to thrive here on the church grounds, and it was clear that they really cared.

One evening as we were finishing our work, Devin tapped me on the shoulder. "This summer I went to a National Geographic photo camp," he said.

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Planting, continued...



"I got an app on my phone that lets me adjust the exposure and focus manually." Naturally, Devin took the final group photo, turning his phone upside-down and bending over to capture both the planters and the height of the tree. Then, as we were putting away the tools, someone said, "Look at that!" The Supermoon was rising in the east, captivating us with a reminder that we're part of something much bigger than ourselves.

People often consign young people to some future role, but in our Youth Group we see them taking their places now. They have clothing giveaways and blanket drives, bake sales and lunch ministries, as well as outings just for fun. We see them becoming adult leaders in Art Empowers and going to college and tech school to build their skills. And planting trees, because it's their future after all. What could be more hopeful than seeing them embrace the possibilities for new life?

- Michael



EPISCOPAL LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE



Back in the old days (before the pandemic), The Episcopal Church sponsored regular in-person conferences. Among other reasons, drastic cuts to church budgets have put that out of reach today, but one that has remained is called “Why Serve?” It’s an opportunity for young adult leaders from minority communities (African-American, Latino, Asian-American and Indigenous) to gather together to share stories and draw on the wisdom and experience of the church’s gifted senior staff members. We were blessed, thanks to a generous gift from a Utah Episcopalian, to be able to send Becca Gardner, Pepper and Maria Alanis to the conference, held this year at Sewanee Seminary in Tennessee.

The three of them had a wonderful time and appreciated the unique opportunity. As Becca said, “It was amazing to be at a church gathering where everyone looked more or less like us.” Sharing stories with other young adult leaders “was so inspiring,” said Pepper Alanis. “They’re all dealing with the same kinds of challenges we have and are doing such great work.” Becca came away “feeling blessed that I actually get paid for doing this ministry that I love.” Maria developed a deeper sense of vocation: “I feel called to get my teacher’s certificate and come back to teach at Eagleview Elementary, where I went as a kid.”

Nothing good happens without a few bumps in the road, like the return flight having mechanical problems and having to go

back to Nashville, where they were stuck in a motel for two nights. But that made coming home even sweeter, and hearing their reports reminded us how blessed we are to have such wonderful young adult leaders in our church. Thanks be to God!

See more photos from the Summer Camp



Summer Camp 2023



AE Summer Camp Island Day



Summer Camp 2023



ART EMPOWERS

You Can't Listen, Learn, Create, or Eat
If You Can't Get There



For 16 years Art Empowers' 12-passenger vans have transported Reservation children from their schools to the Art Empowers gathering space at St. Elizabeth's in Whiterocks, UT.

Today our vans are showing their age.

Not only will one of them soon need major engine repairs, but last winter's heavy snowfall drove home the fact that greater reliability is essential.



"This Granddad needs to be retired!"

Current Fundraising Goal: \$10,000.00

Your donation is tax-deductible (as allowed by law).

You can send a check made out to St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church at the address below or Contact Michael Carney at whiterocksrev@gmail.com (or call/text him with any questions).

ART EMPOWERS

P. O. Box 100 Whiterocks, UT 84085 (435) 823-1559

PHOTO GALLERY



Rev. Leon Sampson, our special guest, preparing to celebrate the Eucharist.



Michael celebrating another grant to Art Empowers arranged by Lola Beatlebox.



Danielle and Nate Arthur were married this summer!



Special guest Madeline Sampson with friends.



Youth Group tree planting



Old friends enjoying conversation at the Language Conference.



LeeRoy's family celebrating his graduation from the Red Pine treatment program



Youth Group preparing for a Clothes Giveaway.

NEVER TOO LATE

by *Forrest S. Cuch*

In the spring of this year, I was invited to participate in a river raft trip down the Green River. I was hesitant at first, due to my age, but grudgingly agreed to take the trip. My role would be to serve as a cultural guide and storyteller for all those taking the trip.

As the date of the trip grew nearer, I really began to question whether I should take the trip or not. The last time I took the trip, I was younger and had the aid of my second wife, Shauna. This time I would be older and...by myself. I recalled the difficulty of setting up camp each night and taking it down the following day. And I remember how important it was important to be well organized and have things planned out in advance. I called up the person who invited me on the trip and begged her to let me off. She said, "Oh Forrest, you can't back out...everyone is looking forward to hearing from you." Oh, okay, was my soft and slow response.

I began to plan for the trip, thinking of everything I would need. The company gave us a checkoff list, and I meticulously checked off each item as I secured what was needed; in one case having to go to town to buy some of the items, some of which I didn't even use, i.e. ChapStick. I only needed the bug spray one night when the black flies were putting some serious and painful bites on us.

That scary day came sooner than expected. I drove to the little town of Green River, Utah, and got a room and attended a required meeting. Wow! At this meeting, I met some fun and interesting people. Perhaps, this was a good idea after all. The charter flight to the site was fine except for the rickety landing on a simple dirt road at the top of a mesa out in the desert. The landing had some of us, not me... yes me, screaming with fear! After a hot one-mile walk down to the river, we boarded the raft. Our stuff had already been loaded and secured to the raft.

There were 11 people total with three rafts. Some of the people were from eastern Washington and a group from



southeastern Colorado. I was assigned to the raft with two fun ladies from Salt Lake City. We had a fun conversation, and we immediately became friends to this day. I had forgotten how wonderful it was to be on the water and the magnificent beauty of the soaring cliffs of Desolation Canyon. The power of the river and the spirit it contains engulfed us, and we were all in awe with all its beauty and confinement. We hiked and witnessed rock writing of the ancient Fremont people on two occasions. The spirit of those ancient people seemed to emanate from those mysterious rock walls.

Each day, we enjoyed delicious food for breakfast, lunch, and dinner prepared by the guides. Each night I would give a talk on the history of the Ute Indian people and ancestors. We all enjoyed the funny stories everyone had to offer as well. We were blessed with excellent

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Never, continued ...

weather up until the last two nights and the last day when we encountered some rains storms. One storm interrupted our steak/salmon dinner on the last night as we scattered for shelter and ate in our tents. The storms were a reminder that life cannot always be perfect, there always must be some drama, some fear mixed with some excitement.

At the end of the trip, I found myself surprisingly happy, content, and fulfilled. I was quite proud of myself for completing the trip and ashamed that I had considered bailing or opting out. I guess I needed this experience to prove that I still have plenty of energy and knowledge that I can offer to enrich and make life enjoyable for others. Thanks, Lauren, for giving this old man the opportunity to keep on moving or trucking as they say!!!



ST. ELIZABETH'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH OCCUPIES AND OPERATES UPON THE ANCESTRAL AND TRADITIONAL LANDS OF THE UTE INDIAN TRIBE.