Building the "Goodly Fellowship of Faith"

A History of the Episcopal Church in Utah

1867–1996

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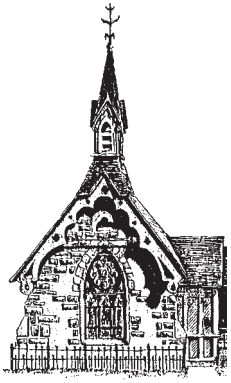

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To the women of the
Episcopal Church in Utah,
1867 to the present,

In the heavenly kingdom,
the blessèd have their dwelling place
and their rest for ever and ever.
—refrain from the Magnificat, feast of any saint

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Introduction

> The past does not repeat itself, but sometimes it rhymes.
> —Mark Twain

The past draws us to it like a magnet, and a question many new church members soon ask is, "What is the history of the Episcopal Church in this place?" The obvious first response in Utah is to read the *Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop* by Daniel S. Tuttle, the territory's first missionary bishop, who arrived by stagecoach in July 1867. The Tuttle work is remarkable; the quality of its travel writing belongs with the best products of the nineteenth century, but the book is over a century old, and only parts of it are about Utah. Tuttle had a vast missionary district including Montana and Idaho, and in 1886 left Utah to become bishop of Missouri and, through seniority, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States from 1903 until his death in 1923. Abiel Leonard, Tuttle's successor as bishop from 1888 to 1903, was a less colorful figure who worked hard and consolidated the gains of Tuttle's time, and advanced them as means would allow.

Then came another commanding presence and gifted writer, Franklin Spencer Spalding, bishop from 1904 until his tragic death in September 1914. He was killed by a speeding motorist while crossing a Salt Lake City street at night. Spalding's short book on Mormonism and extensive writings on Christian socialism made him a national figure. Spalding was also opposed to American participation in World War I. His successor, Paul Jones, 1914–1918, was added to the Calendar of the Episcopal Church for his witness to peace during World War I.

Jones was a socialist and pacifist whom the leadership of St. Mark's Cathedral parish and St. Paul's parish sought to remove, with the support

of Tuttle, by then head of the Episcopal Church in America. Jones resigned on December 20, 1917, effective April 11, 1918, but the question is—what would the church have done had he not resigned? Jones steadfastly held to a defensible Christian position, had strong support among the non-Salt Lake City clergy and laity, and was a gifted pastor and administrator. A bishop could be tried for heresy or immorality, but Jones was never formally charged with *anything*.

The 1920s and 1930s especially were a hard time for the church. Bishop Arthur W. Moulton, 1920–1946, struggled to keep church doors open and salaries paid. A World War I veteran, Moulton was also an advocate for peace with the Soviet Union, and to his surprise and everybody in Utah's, was one of the first recipients of the Stalin Peace Prize in 1951. Three peace activist bishops in a row for Utah.

Bishop Stephen C. Clark, 1946–1950, had impressive postwar plans for the church in a growing state. His annual convocation reports were filled with vision and energy, but he died after a few years in office. His successor, Richard S. Watson, 1951–1971, a sometime actor and former attorney, was the last of the missionary bishops. Watson was a highly popular figure who drew on Clark's planning and built several new churches with limited resources during the state's expansive postwar growth period. In 1971 the national church abolished missionary districts in favor of independent dioceses, and the Utah church was cut loose to function on its own.

In the juvenescence of the newly independent Diocese's life in 1971 came a new bishop, Otis Charles, heralded by trumpets, balloons and firecrackers at his consecration. It was the 1970s. There was never a dull moment in his time, one in which the new Utah diocese successfully confronted most issues facing the modern church, including the introduction of the new prayer book and hymnal, the ordination of clergy for limited local ministries, the place of women clergy in the ordained ministry, and the church as a moral voice on issues from capital punishment to the Vietnam War. Charles accepted a prestigious appointment as dean of the Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1986, "came out" as a gay man, and on retiring divorced his wife of many years and later took a male partner at a church ceremony in San Francisco.

The autocratic George E. Bates followed as second bishop of the independent diocese, 1986–1996, and represented a difference in style and substance from his predecessor. Shortly after his arrival Bates sold St. Mark's Hospital on December 31, 1987, for nearly 100 million dollars (the exact sum was always at issue) and the diocese went from poverty to affluence overnight. Bates hired a staff of twenty-four persons for a diocese of twenty-one churches. Visions of shared mission and examples of sustained local

stewardship in the small, struggling diocese gave way to a dependence on seeking monies from the bishop.

This story ends with the consecration of a Utah native and one of the Episcopal Church's first women bishops, Carolyn Tanner Irish, on May 31, 1996, as bishop coadjutor (assistant bishop with the right of succession). On June 29, 1996, with Bates's retirement, she became the diocese's tenth bishop. Born into a prominent LDS family of educators, studies at Stanford, Michigan, and Oxford universities led Irish to the Episcopal Church, and to work with the Shalem Institute and several parishes in Michigan and the Washington, D. C., area, including Washington National Cathedral. Since I am married to Bishop Irish, this history of the diocese's first 130 years concludes at the time of her consecration.

Boundaries of the large diocese shifted during its history and only in the twentieth century were state and missionary district coterminous. The original Missionary District of Montana, Idaho, and Utah existed from 1867 to 1880. Next it was the Missionary District of Idaho and Utah, 1880–1886, followed by the Missionary District of Nevada and Utah, 1886–1898. The Missionary District of Salt Lake, 1898–1907, became the Missionary District of Utah from 1907 to 1971, when Utah became an independent diocese. The state's southeast corner was ceded to a separate Navajoland Area Mission in 1977.

What does the historian of a church write about? At first, I resisted building this work around the tenure of Utah's bishops. The arguments can be anticipated; it would call undue attention to them, the church is more than bishops, etc. But the problem is that the small, isolated church in Utah *was* centered on its bishops. They were its public figures, policy makers, and fundraisers; they had the power given them by virtue of their office in an episcopal, not a congregational church, and left the most extensive records of the church in their time.

This is a work of analysis by an independent scholar and historian, and not an official or commissioned institutional history. There is a tendency in older "official" church histories to write as if the participants were all saints, or at least Sunday school merit badge winners, but anyone who has read or written other forms of history knows that human motives range from altruistic to self-serving. I have described the times, events, and personalities as written sources and, in later times, written sources and oral interviews would allow. In such a process the historian both searches and evaluates at every level, determining which documents to use, what information to extract from them, what to say about an issue, person, or institution. This

does not mean being bland and indecisive; human motives are complex and issues, especially the kinds churches deal with, are notoriously untidy. At the same time, it is the historian's task to assemble a full spread of facts about participants while painting a picture of them that is fair, if not always flattering.

Also, the historical narrative emerges out of the materials available to the historian, and not from what the historian wishes they would say. It is not a question of bringing a predetermined point of view to the subject, then finding facts to support it. Instead, the challenge is to take the source materials—archival records, newspaper accounts, and the testimony of oral witnesses for later periods—and ask the question, "What do they tell us?" Several people told me that Bishop Arthur W. Moulton was the only highly placed Utah church leader to condemn the lynching of an itinerant African American coal miner, Robert Marshall, who was killed in Price, Utah, on June 18, 1925. It would have been like Moulton to speak out on such an issue, consistent with the outspokenness of the Episcopal Church on racial injustice, and a tribute to his civic courage, which he frequently demonstrated elsewhere.

The only problem was there was no written evidence that Moulton said anything at all about the Marshall lynching. I read and reread his convocation addresses of the period, consulted other historians, and worked the University of Utah's aging microfilm viewing machines while pouring over photographed reels of old newspapers of the time. All I found was a letter from Moulton to the governor's office asking what he should tell the national church if they asked about the state's position on Marshall's lynching.

Those who look for a history of every parish, clergy member, and building improvement should return this book immediately to its shelf. Not every parish or priest was included, due often to a lack of documentation and space.[1] Many laity and clergy's lives contributed to the larger picture of the church, but only traces of their stories remain. I wish I could have found Harriet Tuttle's letters to her traveling husband, or the letters of Katherine Murray, who ministered in adverse, isolated conditions in Whiterocks in the early twentieth century, or the papers of William F. Bulkley, who spent over fifty years in Provo and Salt Lake City, and went everywhere by rickety auto, keeping small congregations together in the 1920s, '30s, and '40s. The history of the Episcopal Church in Utah would have gained another valuable source document, Arthur S. Moulton's autobiography, if a relative had not burned it.

Utah is a young diocese, independent for only three decades at this writing. Archives were not extensive for many parish churches. Outside of

Salt Lake City, documentary sources were plentiful in Ogden and Logan, less so elsewhere. Information on construction or improvements to buildings was more readily available than details about what clergy preached or taught. But it is a boring book that begins, "This church was built in 1905, the stained glass window was added in 1910, and the roof repaired three years later."

Tuttle and Spalding were the two coordinates around which future episcopates coalesced. Both were high energy, strong personalities, outspoken, in Tuttle's case, as a missionary bishop literally building a church from nothing, and in the instance of Spalding, as the moral conscience of the wider church on social issues. Yet the tendency of the Utah church was to want a pastoral, less publicly visible bishop to follow an activist one. Thus Leonard came after Tuttle, the affable Moulton followed Jones, and Bates, who rarely spoke out on issues, succeeded the outspoken Charles.

In Utah, the church encountered an unusual range of local, national, and international issues: potentially tense relations with the Latter-day Saints, encounters with the state's dwindling Native American populations, World War I, socialism and pacifism, Prohibition, the Great Depression, World War II, responses to population growth, ministry to first Japanese then Hispanic communities, political issues with moral implications like the Vietnam War, and wider questions close to home like nuclear testing, dumping nuclear waste in the Utah desert, and the planned deployment of the MX missile defense system within the state. In short, Utah was a microcosm, responding to or reflecting most topics facing the larger church. Surprisingly absent were any voiced concerns about the environment, despite the state being both a major mining center and a source of unsurpassed natural beauty and ecological complexity.

While I originally wondered if material was adequate to write a history of the Episcopal Church in Utah, an abundance of topics and sources emerged. When the Vernal opera house owner of an earlier era said Episcopalians could use his premises any time because "the Episcopals were ladies and gentlemen and didn't spit all over the floor," he uttered a truth about that denomination. Episcopalians are a highly literate church population that leave a significant paper trail, but are rarely demonstrative. God's chosen frozen, we have been called. Months were spent with nearly sixty boxes of diocesan archives in the Special Collections of the J. Willard Marriott Library of the University of Utah and the more than fifty boxes at the Utah State University Library Special Collections and Archives in Logan. This gave me a solid base from which to begin writing. The tiny scrawl of the former diocesan historiographer, Professor Harold Dalgliesh, not only pointed me to many valuable documents, but his carefully organized work made it easy

for a later generation of researchers to find what they need quickly. A. J. Simmonds, his successor, was also skilled in finding and commenting on documents. Gradually the picture took shape.

Serendipitously, sources emerged from unexpected places. John Dixon Stewart shared his choice library of historic Utah original editions with me. David Jones, son of Bishop Paul Jones, and his wife, Pat, arrived in Utah with a car full of documents on Paul Jones. They were retracing the journey of David's famous father, and had collected material in Scranton, Pennsylvania; New Haven, Connecticut; Antioch, Ohio; and other cities where Utah's fourth bishop had worked. Jane Moulton Stahl asked what she could do with her collection of papers from her grandfather, Bishop Arthur W. Moulton, including a copy of his FBI file. Thelma Ellis lent me her pale blue 1950s traveling case filled with original documents and photographs carefully collected over more than seventy years at Good Shepherd, Ogden. Francis L. Winder gave me over a hundred early black and white photos carefully mounted on display board by his predecessor as archdeacon, William F. Bulkley, who lived in Utah for fifty-eight years and carefully depicted the story of the church and its times for use in lectures. I wanted to share my findings with parishes, and did so at "History Days" in places like St. John's, Logan, and St. Michael's, Brigham City, where carefully preserved material from earlier times emerged from trunks and attics, and the memories of participants.

I wish I could meet graduate students seeking a thesis topic or colleagues looking for a next book to write. One ready topic is *The Life and Writings of Daniel S. Tuttle*. Tuttle was a giant of the church in nineteenth-century America, and his *Reminiscences* only scratch the surface. A person of spiritual depth and thoughtfulness, he deserves a modern biography. He belongs with such other formative figures in the early life of the Episcopal Church in America as James Lloyd Breck, "The Apostle of the Wilderness," which is how Minnesota and Wisconsin were once known, Jackson Kemper, who worked extensively in the mid- and southwest and established missions among Native Americans in Missouri, and John Henry Hobart, whose work in upstate New York in the first half of the nineteenth century paralleled Tuttle's in Utah in the century's second half. Breck, Kemper, and Hobart have found places in the Episcopal Church's calendar of exemplary figures; a case can be made as well for including Tuttle in their numbers.

Another subject is the *Life of Franklin Spencer Spalding, Bishop and Socialist*. Spalding was every bit as richly textured and memorable as Tuttle, but belongs to a different era. A third study might be *Paul Jones, Pacifist and Pastor*. Jones merits a more extended study than he has received to date. Generally known for his conflict with church leadership over World War I,

he was also a tireless visitor to small missions and commentator on the larger issues facing the church.

H. Baxter Liebler was a quirky character with a long, colorful ministry among the Navajo. He was likewise a pioneer in reversing the extant church policy toward Native Americans, and his writings were extensive. More modern subjects might include a biography of Otis Charles, whose episcopate contended with most of the structural, political, liturgical, and sexual issues facing the church. Another topic is the sale of St. Mark's Hospital and its financial consequences, and how that changed the character of the diocese. In short, the Utah Diocese contained an unusually high number of interesting bishops and issues. Jones made it to the Episcopal Church's Calendar, listing historic and more modern people who led exemplary lives of witness to their beliefs. But many would argue that, in addition to the obviously qualified Tuttle, Spalding and Liebler were equally deserving of commemoration for their sustained witness in their own times.

Other, broader topics emerge. Men wrote most of the documents about the church and occupied the ecclesial offices until recent times, but it was often women who held the church together. They raised the money, a dime here and a dollar there, to build churches, buy organs, and furnish rectories. They read Morning Prayer in vacant parishes, taught generations of Sunday school students the basics of the faith, visited the sick, comforted the dying, cooked the parish meals that were the basis of fellowship, and adorned simple country altars with flowers and fair linen cloths. Some, like Sara Napper in Salt Lake City and Lucy Carter and Katherine Murray on the Ute reservations, worked long years in demanding or isolated settings at half the salary their male counterparts received. It is to them that I dedicate this book.

Another study could be the Native American work of the Episcopal Church in Utah. There was Liebler in the south among the Navajo in the 1940s and 1950s and Milton Hersey earlier to the east among the Utes, but that is by no means the whole story. Liebler was an accommodationist, an ultra-high-churchman coexisting in the same hogan with traditional Navajo healers, while Hersey, with utter sincerity, tried to dismantle major local rites like the Sun Dance, not realizing their importance to Native American society. It is a sad and difficult history to write, a story of Native Americans's lands being seized, people being subjugated and betrayed through broken treaties, and their own religion misunderstood and culture denigrated. In this the Episcopal Church was the willing or thoughtless co-agent with the government, "elevating the Red Man" on the one hand while on the other suppressing traditional structures that had provided social and cultural cohesion.

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Writing a history of the Episcopal Church in Utah was a different challenge for a historian whose earlier books were about religion, law, and history in other contexts. As I assembled a time line of people, institutions, and issues on the Church in Utah, oral interviews led to additional information. Such interviews were structured around dates, such as events in the life of a particular parish, or a subject, like the introduction of locally ordained clergy into the ministry of the church. They also provided an opportunity for significant and insightful participants to recall past eras in the life of the church.

This project became a race against the clock when one valuable source, Robert Gordon, the close associate of Bishops Charles and Bates, died before I could interview him, and another, Thelma Ellis, the living memory of Church of the Good Shepherd, Ogden, was stricken ill on the eve of our planned encounter. Still other persons moved away, became ill, or no longer remembered events in which they had participated. In some sessions I asked an elderly person to give an even approximate date of an event, but memories had faded with age. A line from the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" suggests the transitory nature of the historian's enterprise: "Time like an ever rolling stream bears all our years away: they fly, forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day."[2]

Western history, Utah history in particular, was a new subject for me. Except for brief exposure to the "frontier thesis" arguments of a bygone era, I knew little of such history, and less about Utah, which I imagined to be the history of Latter-day Saints arriving by covered wagon and the subsequent battles over theocracy and polygamy. Regional history has undergone the evolution all historical research and writing has experienced in recent decades, including greater use of anthropological source materials, exploration of minority and gender issues, the integration of cultural activities into the study of history, and the balancing of individual biography and institutional life in historical narratives. Numerous accounts on Latter-day Saints history have been written that have little bearing on the history of the Episcopal Church in Utah. Less well known but no less important is the work of a recent generation of Utah social historians writing on non-Mormon populations and issues. Many such persons gave generously of their time and insights in the completion of this project, and I acknowledge their contributions.

Religious history, finally, is the history of the encounter of a people with the living God. That is the narrative theme of the Bible. Church history is thus far more than history about buildings, budgets, positions taken on

controversial issues, and membership numbers, although it is also that. What people prayed about and what was preached about in churches is included when available. The powerful description of Bishop Tuttle regarding the ministry of Emily Pearsall (pp. 27–28) and Bishop Jones describing the winter burial of a Native American child on the Ute reservation (pp. 87–88) are two such examples. So is the satisfaction of Sara Napper over a church pageant well done in a small, struggling parish (p. 69), H. Baxter Liebler's baptism of a Navajo baby (pp. 144–45), and the statement of Bishop Watson, old and tired now, about seeing a new vision of the emerging church under a new generation's leadership. But the subjects of most people's intense prayers are infrequently and imperfectly committed to paper. Moments of deep religious encounters are difficult to describe, and are rarely articulated in source documents; when found, they are a pearl of great price.

The joy for most historians comes in shaping their material, deciding how and why things happened as they did, then molding the result into presentable narrative form and sculpting its conclusions. It is also the excitement of a moment of discovery, as in rereading Bishop Tuttle's description of his encounter with Brigham Young and seeing a meaning in it quite different than that which previous commentators had taken for granted. Or coming upon a letter where Bishop Watson summarized exactly how he saw his delicate relationship with Father Liebler and the Navajo mission. Historical research is also detective work; the researcher sifts patiently through box after box of material for clues, abandons false leads, is satisfied when new material confirms already reached conclusions, and is pleased when new insights are forthcoming that might advance a fuller interpretation. Beyond that I see no grand themes to history; so much of what it is possible to write depends on the materials that are available. Instructive for those who read and write history, or wonder about its real life applicability, is the advice of American historian and one-time Librarian of Congress, Daniel J. Boorstin, "Planning your future without looking at your past is like putting cut flowers into the ground and expecting them to grow."

This book was written at a time when each day's news brought accounts of the sexual misadventures of Roman Catholic clergy. Was that a theme in the life of the Episcopal Church in Utah? Since the Archives did not contain individual clergy personnel files, there was little evidence on the subject, except for information about the church trial of the cathedral's dean on child molestation charges early in the twentieth century, and the Church Army worker on a Ute reservation who was sent to federal prison for child molestation in the 1950s. All Saints', Salt Lake City, dismissed an associate clergy member for improper sexual activity in the late 1960s, and the parish became divided over how the matter was handled.

More common were cases of poorly paid clergy leaving a string of debts, but, again, few of these made the archives. There were also a fair number of clergy–congregation fallings out, probably no more so than in other places. Clergy–bishop stresses bubbled to the surface at various points, and cathedral–bishop relations were a source of periodic tension as well. Tuttle tried to solve the problem, Leonard alluded to it, Spalding and Jones encountered it, both Moulton and Watson encountered it. And, when the cathedral's leaders wanted to remove Charles as its rector in the 1970s, the bishop threatened to move his cathedra, or official seat, to St. Stephen's, West Valley City, a new mission quartered in a temporary cinder block building.

One day in late spring, sitting with piles of documents around me, I happened on the Easter Vigil reading in Ezekiel 37:1–15 about the dry bones coming together in a great rattling noise. That seemed an apt metaphor for the historian's work, to give the bones of Utah Episcopal Church history a trace of the life they once had, providing such depth as the sources would allow, recreating their life and purpose in a new context. As it happened, on Easter Eve 2004 I visited Thelma Ellis, historian of Good Shepherd Church, Ogden. The sun was setting over the Great Salt Lake; the Christmas poinsettia we had brought her earlier gave way to an Easter lily. Thelma's treasures surrounded her in the assisted living center high above the town: an early photograph of the church where she had spent her life, her collection of church historical records, a document she was working on in her frail handwriting. "The tumors are spreading, I can't wear a dress any more," she said, pointing to the widening stomach of a tiny, frail woman. I asked about some of the church personalities she had known and observed over seventy years. Most of all, I was trying to keep our three-year conversation going. So was Thelma; she gave me a copy of a document, as she did each time we visited. "I may not be here next time you come," she said matter-of-factly. That night's Great Vigil of Easter at Good Shepherd began with a collect about hearing "the record of God's saving deeds in history." I was asked to read the Dry Bones lesson, that momentous and poetic passage, with a tiny flashlight that cast a faltering blue illumination on perhaps four lines at a time. "Mortal, can these bones live?" Ezekiel is asked. The dry bones in the desert valley rattled and came together, flesh and breath were added, graves opened, and Israel returned to its land. If this work of history helps future readers to find their place in the land, and to give the times, issues, and personalities a momentary breath of life, its purpose will have been amply achieved.

Acknowledgments

The Special Collections staff of the J. Willard Marriott Library of the University of Utah have been extraordinarily helpful, especially Gregory Thompson, director; Walter Jones, assistant head of Special Collections; and Stanley Larsen, archivist. Equally valuable were the Utah State University Library Special Collections and Archives in Logan. My thanks go to Stephen Sturgeon, manuscript curator, and Daniel Davis, photograph librarian, for the high professionalism experienced in working in their respective collections. The library of the General Theological Seminary of New York City was a treasure trove with its complete run of *The Spirit of Missions*, the Episcopal Church's monthly magazine on mission activities from 1836 to 1939, when it was replaced by *Forth*, from 1940 to 1959, which contained only minimal material about Utah. General also houses the Howard Chandler Robbins Collection of Bishops' Papers, containing material from bishops Tuttle, Spalding, and Moulton, all General graduates. Although there were 255 items in the Tuttle collection, most were after he had moved from Utah to Missouri, and the smaller Spalding (23 items) and Moulton (22 items) collections were largely about travel plans or polite acknowledgments of receipt of funds or books.

The Utah Historical Society Archives, stored in a historic building of an earlier era, the Rio Grande Railroad Depot, was a similar source of rich materials. Both the Church Archives and Church History Library of The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, were efficient in tracking down early LDS-related church history publications.

The Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City is a major depository for nineteenth century Episcopal bishops's papers, which include over thirty Tuttle letters and some by Leonard as well, in the Autographs and Manuscripts of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A. Collection.

The Archives of the Episcopal Church, Austin, Texas, contains wide holdings on the early Missionary Church, including extensive letters from Tuttle, Leonard, Spalding, Moulton, and some of the early women missionaries. Mark. J. Duffy, archivist, and Jennifer Peters, archivist for

research and public service, offered skilled and hospitable service during my visit there, as did the library of the Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest.

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Andrus suggested several leads on Utah history. Debora Jennings shared with me the records of St. Jude's, Cedar City, which the parish thought had been destroyed in a 1988 fire. Stephen Keplinger gave me copies of some of the extensive records kept by St. David's, Page, Arizona. David Jones, son of Bishop Paul Jones, and his wife, Patricia, a journalist, shared with me memories of the bishop's Utah and Antioch, Ohio, days.

Sue Rehkopf, archivist of the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri, found hard-to-locate material on Bishop Tuttle's time in Missouri. Jeanne Simmonds, widow of one of the diocesan historiographers, A. J. Simmonds, lent me a cache of documents assembled and meticulously annotated by her late husband, whose family had lived for six generations in the Cache Valley. Jane Moulton Stahl, granddaughter of Bishop Moulton, provided both reminiscences of her grandfather and records of his time in Utah, including his FBI file. Julie A. Barrett and Susan Koles of Rowland Hall–St. Mark's School introduced me to the impressive contribution of Utah's Episcopal church-sponsored schools. Sue and Jim Duffield at Whiterocks, Brian and Cheri Winter in Brigham City, and Ruth Eller in Logan all shared with me the results of History Days conducted at their parishes. Edwin (Mac) Baldwin, Anne S. Peper, and Rev. Leonard D. (Len) Evens showed me the carefully collected archives of St. Mary's, Provo. Dr. C. William Springer shared with me the early archives of All Saints', Salt Lake City. Coi Drummand-Gehrig of the Denver Public Library, Western History Collection, found important but difficult-to-locate material on Franklin Spencer Spalding. Judy Hanley and Beckie Raemer led me through the records of St. Luke's, Park City. Robert I. Woodward, archivist, St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Colorado, provided material on Bishop Spalding's early years there.

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Jane Shaw, dean of Divinity, New College, Oxford University, read sections of the manuscript. John Alley, history editor of Utah State University Press, was both a meticulous editor and a wise counselor.

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Matthew Gilmour, William J. Hannifin, Dovie Hutchinson, Stephen F. Hutchinson, Lisa M. Jones, Quentin F. Kolb, Tony Larimer, F. Q. (Rick) Lawson, Joan Liebler, Barbara Losse, William F. Maxwell, Madaleene D. Martinez, Kathryn Miller, Jerry Oldroyd, Paula Patterson, Dona Pedersen, Nancy Pawwinnee, Wayne Pontious, Jack Potter, Pablo Ramos, W. Lee Shaw, John Dixon Stewart, Julie Fabre Stewart, Reed Stock, Alan L. Sullivan, Alan C. Tull, Lincoln Ure, III, Bonnie Jean Winder, Francis L. Winder, and Bradley S. Wirth.

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The cover drawing of Church of the Good Shepherd, Ogden, is by the Rev. Kenneth W. Green, a former commercial artist and rector of St. John's, Logan, from 1984 to 1994. I am grateful to Rev. Adam S. Linton, rector of Good Shepherd parish, for calling my attention to it.

Prayers
For the Diocese

O God, by your grace you have called us in this Diocese to a goodly fellowship of faith. Bless our Bishop(s) *N.* [and *N.*], and other clergy, and all our people. Grant that your Word may be truly preached and truly heard, your Sacraments faithfully administered and faithfully received. By your Spirit, fashion our lives according to the example of your Son, and grant that we may show the power of your love to all among whom we live; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

—from *The Book of Common Prayer,* 1982

1

Daniel S. Tuttle

The Pioneer Bishop

(1867–1886)

> Out from the training in church schools may emerge in most wholesome manner and degree, faith that is not afraid to reason and reason that is not ashamed to adore.
>
> —Bishop Tuttle, 1906

> We are in a foreign country.
>
> —Bishop Tuttle, 1876

Daniel S. Tuttle, who arrived by stagecoach in Utah in the summer of 1867, was the first permanent Protestant missionary to settle in Salt Lake City. Two decades earlier the Latter-day Saints had settled there and Brigham Young, their leader, had declared, "This is the place." A small number of Protestants also came to Utah, drawn by new industries like mining, banking, overland transportation, and the military. And the Episcopal Church, a century old now and established in the East, turned its eyes westward.

Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, son of an upper New York state Methodist blacksmith–farmer, was born on January 26, 1837, in Windham, New York. He became an Episcopalian as a young man through the influence of the Rev. Thomas S. Judd, rector of the rural church in Windham, later Ashland, where Tuttle grew up. (The Episcopal church, Trinity Church, was situated in town; the Methodist church was two miles away.) Judd, whom Tuttle called "a second father," tutored the ten-year-old in Latin and Greek, and arranged for his admission to a nearby school, the Delaware Academy at Delhi. Tuttle paid for his room and board by milking cows and doing farm chores. He entered college as a second-year student and graduated from

Columbia College in 1857, second in his class. He had worked his way through college by tutoring students in classics and mathematics. Although Tuttle originally hoped to be a teacher, he also had a deep interest in the church. After graduating from the General Theological Seminary in 1862, he became assistant to the rector of Zion Church, in Morris, two hundred and thirty miles northwest of New York City. A classmate at General, George W. Foote, soon to be Tuttle's brother in law, had invited him to visit Zion, where Foote's father, the rector, was ill. An active parish of more than 200 communicants, it combined farmers and merchants, old families and new. Tuttle was elected assistant minister on August 23, 1862, and named rector after Foote's death in November 1863 at a salary of $800 a year. Seven calls came quickly from other parishes, some almost doubling his salary, but Tuttle stayed in Morris five years. On September 12, 1864, he married his mentor's eldest child, Harriet, four years younger than himself.

"Morris made me strong physically," he later wrote. Under the church's horse-shed he assembled a set of parallel bars and each summer afternoon swam in a nearby millpond. Then, and later as a traveling missionary bishop, Tuttle seemed indefatigable; in twenty-seven years of ministry he missed only two Sunday services because of illness.[1] Life in upstate New York was not demanding and Tuttle was free much of the week to work on his Sunday sermon. On Saturdays he swam to a small island in the middle of a nearby stream and "between two trees, almost joined together at the root, I set up a rude pulpit board, and there . . . I spread out my sermon for the next day, and preached it, loud and full, with the birds for listeners. The exercise helped my voice. Emphasis took to itself right inflections. Eye and hand and bodily posture familiarized themselves with their duties and adjusted themselves to the ways of most efficient work."[2]

Tuttle's time with Foote was formative. Although the older man had been stricken by a stroke and soon would die, he freely shared the experiences of his long, productive ministry with an eager young assistant and during these months Tuttle's outlook on the church and ministry were formed. In this sentence Tuttle summarizes his view of the pastor's role: "If children love him, and women respect him, and men have confidence in him; if the happy are happier to welcome him among them, and the sorrowful lighter in heart, more hopeful of the future, and stronger for duty, by his coming, if he is a prophet among them in the true sense of the word, that is, one speaking for God and the realities of the world invisible, then it seems to me, the daily life and pastoral conserve of such a man of God with his flock will contribute far more to their spiritual advancement than any special efforts he can make as priest of the Church or preacher of the Word."[3]

The tranquil life of the upstate New York rural parson changed abruptly. On October 5, 1866, a year short of the required age of thirty, Tuttle was named a missionary bishop, the youngest person ever selected as a bishop in the Episcopal Church in America.[4] His vast territory included Montana, Utah, and Idaho. Previously there was only a huge missionary district of the "Northwest," with features as vague as in an early explorer's map. It included Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, the Dakotas, Montana, and Idaho. Only one Episcopal church existed, in Boise, Idaho, but it had no resident clergy.[5]

The Episcopal Church did not establish missionary districts until 1835. Until then, each diocese covered a state. Such bishoprics were not sought after. Another person had turned down the Montana–Utah–Idaho offer before it came to Tuttle, as would be the case with his successors Leonard, Spalding, and Moulton. Isolation was real, travel was burdensome, funding almost nonexistent, and living conditions were often unhealthy and dangerous. Missionary bishops were nominated by the House of Bishops and confirmed by the House of Deputies. The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was created at this time as the church's agency to carry out missionary work.

The House of Bishops was small, less than thirty members in 1860. Probably, when the western position was decided on, colleagues asked New York's Bishop Horatio Potter to recommend a strong, self-reliant younger candidate, and Potter suggested Tuttle, who had tutored his sons and spent summer vacations with the Potter family, and who was doing excellent work in a sizable rural parish.[6]

Tuttle was consecrated bishop on May 1, 1867, in Trinity Chapel, New York City, with Bishop Potter presiding, commencing what would become a nearly fifty-six year episcopate, the first nineteen years in the West, followed by thirty-seven years in Missouri. It included almost two decades as presiding bishop, which came to him through seniority. After leaving Utah, he returned several times for brief interims between bishops, and participated in the consecration of four of his successors and the removal of one. When he died on April 17, 1923, he had been a bishop for fifty-five years, eleven months, and seventeen days, one of the longest such tenures in the history of the Anglican Communion.

A church publication remarked in 1867, "Bishop Tuttle goes forth as the fifth missionary bishop west of the Mississippi. . . . Full of youthful vigor and elasticity, and thoroughly wonted to country life, he will bear fatigue, exposure, and peril as the natural incidents of his career."[7] It was an apt description of what lay ahead.

The new bishop needed clergy to go west with him and called in his chips. His friend and brother-in-law, George W. Foote, left for Salt Lake

City on April 5, 1867, "after detentions and perils from floods and snows," and arrived in early May. The Rev. G. D. B. Miller, rector of a nearby church, married now to Mary T. Foote, Tuttle's sister-in-law, left next for Boise City, Idaho, and the Rev. E. N. Goodard, who had a nearby parish in the Catskills, agreed to go west as well with his new wife. Thomas W. Haskins, a recent seminary graduate and friend of Foote's, joined the party.

The Trip West as Missionary Bishop of Montana, Utah, and Idaho

Leaving his wife and small son in New York for the next eighteen months, Tuttle headed west on May 23 from Albany, New York, following the Union Pacific Railroad to its terminus at North Platte, Nebraska. Not all of the clergy Tuttle eventually recruited completed the arduous journey. On the night of February 6, 1871, a train carrying the Rev. Morelle Fowler, his wife, and three children, from Batavia, New York, apparently collided with a coal oil train on a bridge near Hamburgh in western New York state. The Fowler family and many passengers died by drowning or burning.[8] The Fowlers were remembered by a stained glass window in St. Mark's Cathedral, Salt Lake City, until the window was destroyed in a 1935 fire.

While sections of Tuttle's *Reminiscences* belong with the leading travel writing of their period, his strong religious convictions are evident throughout the work. In this description, written in Omaha, Nebraska, on June 2, Tuttle ministered to the family of a clergy colleague:

> I have come home to a very sad house. Little Norah Woolworth, two years and a half old, and one of the brightest of children, is dying, probably of brain fever, or congestion. She has been very precocious, and has been probably doomed to this, to speak humanly, by her active brain. The mother has not left her bedside for three days and nights, and will not leave her. Last night I prevailed on Mr. W. to take some sleep, and I myself sat up till 2 A.M. I have had prayers with the parents and for the child and the tears flow freely from the eyes of us all. I sympathize with them deeply.[9]

Tuttle's train arrived three hundred miles out in the Nebraska plains on Tuesday, June 4. Further departure was delayed by reports of hostile Native Americans. The bishop bought a rifle in Denver and wrote his last will and testament. Reports of an ambushed stagecoach, the death of its driver, and the escape of another Episcopal clergyman heading toward Denver sobered

him. The fleeing priest survived by discarding his clothes and swimming to an island in the middle of a river where he was later rescued by U. S. Army troops searching for deserters. "We stayed five days in the crowded, hastily constructed, high-priced hotel in North Platte," Tuttle wrote.

> We could get only one bedroom appropriated to us, so the two clergymen slept on their blankets on the office floor. Each night after the ladies had retired I lay down on the floor in their room with a blanket and a pillow, my revolver under the latter. The novelty of sleeping on the floor or on the ground wore off in later years, for hundreds and hundreds of my night rests have been taken that way.[10]

On June 26 the party left Denver by stagecoach, and arrived in Salt Lake City on July 2. Tuttle's first dispatch from his new destination described the trip:

> We rode day and night until Friday noon, having for more than a hundred and fifty miles through the hostile country an escort of three cavalrymen. It seemed very strange to look out of the coach on moonlight nights and see the horses and armed riders galloping by our side. In less dangerous countries our escort consisted of only one rifle-armed man sitting beside the driver. Every night at dusk I felt very nervous, for dusk and daybreak are the favorite times to attack. But thanks to our merciful and loving heavenly Father we have been watched over throughout, and have not seen a hostile Indian from Denver to here.[11]

The last twenty-five miles were "the grandest and strangest" as the party descended the Wasatch Range. It was July but mountaintops were still covered with snow. The stagecoach heading for Salt Lake City met hundreds of loggers moving toward the mountains for wood.[12] He described his entrance into Salt Lake City:

> [Haskins] was quite taken aback at sight of my cartridge pouch in front, my pistol behind, my trousers in my boots, and my dark features. He declares that he thought the driver had a brother of the reins and whip beside him, and did not recognize me at all. . . . First, we went to Clawson's bathrooms for a delicious bathe, which cost us seventy-five cents each. Then we came here to the Revere House for tea. Welcome was the sight of our meal, and Miller's mouth watered when a full pint of luscious strawberries was placed in front of each of us. O how good were the new potatoes, and green peas, and string beans, and fresh turnips we

> had for dinner today. After dinner we all went up to George's and got our letters.[13]

Three days after arriving, on July 5, 1867, Tuttle wrote his wife, describing a city with "streets straight and wide, rills of irrigating water running along the sides to refresh the growing shade trees . . . yards and gardens filled with peach, apple and apricot trees, of grapes, and all vegetables." Almost every family had a cow, he wrote, adding, "a herd-man or herd-boy drives them all over the river every morning, and watches them and brings them back at night. For this he charges three cents a day per head. This morning as I arose, the herd-boy, dinner pail in hand, was driving more than two hundred cows along in front of the Revere House to cross the Jordan."[14]

Tuttle looked the part of a rugged missionary bishop. Period photographs show him with an athlete's build, a strong, squarish face, firm jaw, and deep-set eyes, attentive to those around him, a portrait that could easily fit into a gallery of "Westward Ho!" explorers, soldiers, miners, and settlers, but it would stand above most for its owner's commanding presence. He was in robust health, and undue introspection and melancholy were not features of his personality. Still, despite his stolid exterior, Tuttle acknowledged, a decade into his episcopacy, "anxiety possesses our hearts, and care chisels some lines on our faces, in planning and working to keep our obligations met and things vigorously moving on."[15]

The bishop's activist manner was demonstrated in numerous examples throughout his long ministry, including an instance in a stagecoach when "a so-called doctor . . . by manner and act was insulting to a colored woman in the coach. . . . I reproved him, and when he repeated the offense, I shook him soundly. At the next station, he got out and slunk entirely away from our sight."[16]

The territory assigned to the thirty-year-old "Bishop of Montana, having jurisdiction also in Utah and Idaho" represented 340,000 square miles of land, of which nearly 85,000 belonged to Utah. Possibly there were 155,000 inhabitants, not including Native Americans. During the next nineteen years, Tuttle estimated traveling over 40,000 miles by horse, stagecoach, or railroad, crossing empty plains, burning deserts, rocky roads, and snow-filled passes. He held services in nineteen Utah towns, fifty-two in Montana, and fifty in Idaho. After fourteen years Montana was withdrawn from his responsibilities, but demands for his time in the north were substantial and Tuttle never made it south of Salt Lake City until 1873, and then only for a brief visit to Beaver, where a preaching station was established from 1873 to 1885. Later, in 1880, he visited Silver Reef, where a church existed from 1880 to 1893.

The missionary bishop spent several months each year traveling by coach, or by train when it became available in the 1870s, and stagecoach drivers recognized him as a regular passenger. The main stagecoach route was between Salt Lake City and Colliston, Utah; there it divided into roads leading to Boise, Idaho, and Helena, Montana. Twice Tuttle crawled from overturned coaches and once he was chased by a grizzly bear. (Even a bishop should avoid a mother and cubs.) On a stagecoach north from Salt Lake City, Tuttle encountered "a squad of half naked Indians, who were resting under the shade of a high cliff. I was startled, but observed that the driver did not even deign to look at them, and that they too scarcely looked at us, and made not the slightest movement toward molesting us."[17] That night was a "night of peril and suffering." The peril came from a night crossing of the swollen, swiftly coursing Snake River; the suffering came from an attack of mosquitoes. "My hands and arms grew tired, my face and neck swollen and sore, my whole nervous frame was diseased," Tuttle wrote, leaping from the fully moving stagecoach for relief.[18]

Tuttle's reports are consistent throughout these years, marked by a similarity of message. First came a statement of hope and a specific enumeration of needs, such as the cost of buildings, salaries, or scholarships. Next, he thanked his donors, the Dioceses of New York, $1,412.43, Pennsylvania $176, Massachusetts $28. Total funds raised in 1868, Tuttle's first year as bishop, were $10,809. The sums and donors changed little through the years. "My needs are, much money for our Salt Lake work; considerable money for the general work; good men to help us to preach the blessed Gospel."[19] Groups like the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, the Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, and the Evangelical Knowledge Society sent their publications westward after Tuttle visited them. The files of missionary bishops like Tuttle contain many letters that begin, "Thank you for your generous contribution of" $1, $3 or $5.

The western bishop made periodic trips back East to raise funds, a crucial part of the work of any such missionary leader. Other missionaries and missionary bishops were making similar rounds, often to the same audiences. In 1884 Tuttle spent seven months—and in 1885 four months—visiting eastern parishes, giving talks, and meeting with potential donors. (He was also on the road each year to Montana and Idaho, including a nine-week visitation to Montana in 1874, a three-month tour in 1876, and six months worth of visitations in 1880.) It was a pattern his successors followed, and often they, as he did, reported donations coming in far below needs. "I was received most kindly and welcomed most cordially everywhere, and generous aid was ministered to our wants. Not to the degree, I must honestly say, adequate to those wants. But, it may be as honestly said, perhaps to the

degree that may be best and most wholesome for us." He cautioned the struggling church "as one who has seen the givers of the east and knows their views, their habits, and their wishes. . . . It is not wise in us to act upon the expectation that eastern gifts will come to us."[20]

Eastern churches looked on the western mission field much as they would on China or South America, inviting missionary speakers to tell their stories, and supporting missions with money, supplies, and personnel. Such personal relationships continued for over a century and were a lifeline of support for the church in Utah. Tuttle maintained lasting ties with St. Paul's Chapel, a historic lower Manhattan church, part of Trinity Parish, Wall Street, which he had attended while in New York. Years later, he carried a cross on his watch chain carved from a pew in St. Paul's where George Washington worshipped following his swearing in as President of the United States. When St. Paul's remodeled, the wooden cross over its altar was transported to St. Paul's, Virginia City, Montana. A Sunday school teacher, Jane Mount, who has worked with Tuttle, was memorialized by her sisters, Maria, Charlotte, and Susan, who sent Tuttle $25,000 to found St. Paul's Chapel, Salt Lake City, and later provided St. Paul's and Church of the Good Shepherd, Ogden, with rectories.

The Utah into which Daniel Tuttle arrived had recently become a territory of the United States. Brigham Young and the Latter-day Saints had settled there in 1847, when Utah was still part of Mexico. In 1880 it became an American territory following the Treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo. The industrious Mormons organized a shadow "State of Deseret" with a constitution and government and petitioned Congress for admission to the Union, something they would be denied for almost forty years because of polygamy and the theocratic Mormon government. The 1860s were not the 1960s and the civil tolerance of a later era was not a feature of the early decades of Mormon history. A persecuted minority, driven westward by hostile local and federal governments, the LDS Church was reviled in the press and public square. And just as the new Zion was being built under their autocratic control, a steady stream of outsiders arrived as settlers, wanting to hold public office, convert the heathen Mormons, and establish businesses, a formula for continual friction and, at times, violence.

Great Salt Lake City was a town of twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants in the late 1860s, Provo had three to four thousand residents, and other cities like Ogden and Logan claimed a thousand each. Ogden became a major western railroad center in 1869 with the coming of the transcontinental railroad. The region's non-Mormon population, whom the Latter-day Saints called "Gentiles," was estimated at a thousand persons; about two hundred worked for the stage company, others were miners, traders, and

government officials.[21] Such non-LDS populations were the base from which the Episcopal missionary district drew its core membership, although ex-LDS members joined as well, especially some former Church of England members converted by LDS missionaries in the United Kingdom to come to Utah.

Members of Tuttle's party were not the first Episcopalians to set foot in Utah, but the first to stay. An English clergyman, on his way across the country, had been invited to speak in the Tabernacle and another Episcopal missionary bishop, J. C. Talbot, had passed through Salt Lake City during the Civil War, but was not allowed to preach in the open air, nor would anyone rent him a house in which to hold services. Bishop Talbot, on his stage coach journey to Nevada, "had eaten a few meals in Utah and that was all," Tuttle wrote.[22]

The first episcopal residence was an adobe house at the corner of Main Street and 300 South, rented for sixty dollars a month. Later, when the cathedral was built, the Tuttles found a residence at 454 East First South, which they initially shared with other clergy familes. Of the original residence Tuttle said, "It was originally built, I feel sure, for a polygamist for there were three front doors," Tuttle noted.[23] The residence was not far from a Mormon meetinghouse. One day, during an LDS church conference, a person appeared at the door and asked, "'Is the bishop in?' 'No,' came the answer. 'Is the bishop's wife in?' 'No.' 'Is any one of his other wives in?'"[24]

A Congregational church chaplain attached to Camp Douglas, a military post on the strategic bench above Salt Lake City, had led Protestant church services in 1865 and 1866. Camp (later Fort) Douglas was built in 1862 to control the Native Americans, watch the Latter-day Saints, and protect the overland mail. The minister, Norman McLeod, a vocal anti-LDS cleric, preached periodically at Independence Hall, a non-LDS auditorium in the midblock of Third South. McLeod left Utah soon after his Sunday school superintendent, a land speculator and physician, was lured from his house and assassinated. The assailant was never found.[25] Thus when the advance party of Foote and Haskins arrived in May 1867, they found a functioning Sunday school of fifty to sixty persons and three women communicants, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Durant, and Mrs. Tracy. For the next three years, the Episcopalians held the only regular Protestant services in Utah. Tuttle described one of the early Salt Lake City services in a letter to his wife dated July 7, 1867. He had just returned from a morning service at Independence Hall.

> There was a congregation, I should think, of about a hundred. Mrs. Hamilton played the Mason & Hamlin that the church people have purchased, and we have all the chants but the Te Deum. Mr. Goddard

> took the first part of the service, Mr. Haskins the latter. I read the ante-communion, and George [Foote] the epistle, and Mr. Miller preached a capitally good sermon from: "That My joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." The offertory alms amounted to $15.75. George gave notice of confirmation and communion for next Sunday.[26]

Elsewhere he reflected on the place of the Prayer Book in the missionary district:

> In many places in the mountains I was shown by one or another miner, or lawyer, or business man, a copy of the Prayer Book with the information that they had used it in reading the burial service in the days before any minister had come among them. Not a little one among the blessings bestowed by the Prayer Book is this of affording simple and fit guidance and help to a frontier people in reverently and religiously laying by the sacred bodies of the dead.[27]

By October 8, 1867, Tuttle, with Foote and Haskins, launched a printed appeal to eastern donors that began, "A strange community we are living among; a strange social atmosphere environs us. . . . Increasing thousands of children are growing up in this Territory, who have never heard of any other religion than the Mormon; who know nothing of any other social system than Polygamy."[28] The church's great need was $15,000 to purchase an acre and a quarter of land on which to build a school. For Tuttle, "the great feature of the work is the teaching and training of the children."

The initial results of the church's activity set the tone for a pattern of slow, steady growth. Church work had begun on May 1, 1867. In its first sixteen months in Utah there were 73 baptisms, 31 confirmations, 44 registered communicants, 5 marriages, 11 burials, 150 young people in Sunday schools, 13 teachers, 100 students in a grammar school of 6 teachers, and local contributions of $3,970.[29] By September 1869 Tuttle had settled in Salt Lake City with his family, and he stayed there until 1886; in 1883 he was able to report that, "St. Mark's Rectory, which is my own residence, has been improved by the addition of a bathroom, and by the building of a much needed barn."[30]

Meeting Brigham Young: "My Policy Will Be to Have as Little as Possible to Do with Him"

Only one encounter between the Episcopal bishop and the LDS leader took place, a perfunctory exchange a week after Tuttle's arrival. Because Tuttle