

EDITOR'S LETTER



It Will Be An Adventure!

THE STARS WERE SO THICK, I WAS SURE I could reach up and grab them like a handful of popcorn. It was a warm summer evening, and I was in Utah, camping at a place called Island in the Sky, in Canyonlands National Park. Perched on sandstone cliffs that tower 1,000 feet over all of the surrounding terrain, Island in the Sky provides breathtaking views of the park. My eyes weren't on the sheer sandstone cliffs that dropped off all around us, though; they were fixed on the canopy of stars hovering above. It was one of the most beautiful sights I had ever seen. There is something so beautiful about resting under the stars on hot summer night.

I remember that experience so clearly, even to this day. Having just graduated from college, and planning a trip to Europe at the end of August, my job search was in limbo. Finding an employer who wouldn't frown upon my request for a month off for vacation, eight weeks after starting, I turned to the ol' standby form of college-age employment: summer camps. The director of the summer camp I had grown up attending recommended Camp Tuttle, in Utah, as the perfect place for me to work. He knew the executive director, sang praises of the camp's beautiful setting and guaranteed I'd have a great time. With his personal recommendation, three successful phone interviews under my belt, and a Delta Airlines ticket to Salt Lake City tucked in my backpack, I was ready to go.

The first glitch came when I arrived. Weekend housing was suddenly no longer provided at the camp because of insurance reasons, and all staff had to be off-site Friday afternoon through Sunday morning. I was provided a room in the basement of an

old, creepy fraternity house on the University of Utah campus. Not ideal, but 'I can handle this!' I said to myself. 'It will be an adventure!'

The second glitch came when an unexpected June snowstorm hit and closed the road into camp the day we arrived. Leaving our vehicle behind, we hiked the last two miles with all of our bags, while sporting our very non-winter clothing. 'Woohoo, it will be an adventure!' I told myself as I hoisted my bag onto my back, tucked another one beneath my arm and took the first step, sinking my Nike-clad foot into the snowfield.

After the long, chilly, damp hike into camp, the third glitch surfaced. During a break, before lunch, I asked the program director, "Excuse me, but which way are the restrooms?"

"Oh, they're over there," she said pointing in the direction behind me. I scanned the area, looking for the building to which she was pointing.

"Over where?" I asked.

"Right there. With the moon on it." I strained my eyes. Slowly I turned back at her.

"That's an outhouse," I said, "it's not a restroom."

"Yeah," she replied, "we don't have indoor plumbing." I believe at that moment the earth may have come to a screeching halt on its axis. I stared at her in horror. In all of my phone interviews it had never occurred to me to ask if there was indoor plumbing. Didn't all places have indoor plumbing?! I am not an outhouse kind of girl, and decided this would not work.

That night, escaping to the staff office, I called my sister, Courtney. "Get me out of here!" I urgently whispered into the phone. "I am not spending two months here! Call back in the morning, say that there is a crisis, better yet, say someone died, and I need to come home!"

Equally aghast, Courtney plotted and brainstormed with me, but, alas, she couldn't bring herself to lie, nor to kill off a relative in order to get me home, so I was in for the long haul. Accepting my fate, I sighed and began repeating to myself, "It will be an adventure., it will be an adventure."

Fast forward two months, and guess what? I survived. In fact, I really liked at Camp Tuttle. Despite the ruggedness of the amenities, I had an incredible summer, met great people and was sad to leave.

As I stared up at the stars that last night of camp, transfixed by their beauty, I was so grateful for the incredible summer I had, and for the opportunity to lie beneath the stars in one of the most beautiful settings I had ever encountered. Looking at the incredible light show above, I thought about how sometimes we have to endure glitches in life and put up with inconveniences, but when we do so with a sense of adventure, there can be sweet, beautiful rewards at the end of the road.

May you enjoy the adventure you are on this summer— glitches, stars and all!

Blythe

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