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Cultivating Stewardship

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**Cover Photo by Rebecca Bryson*



Safer Trails For All

President's Message

Hello everyone and we hope you had a great summer! Lots of good things have happened and more coming down the pipe! One of the big ones we are doing is to support the upgrade of HAM Radio sites around the state! Also adding GMRS Repeaters around the state with groups like the Dixie Amateur Radio Club, Red Rock 4-Wheelers and more! The reason behind this is to make the trails safer. With better radio communications, follows better assistance from first responders. We want the safe recovery of all our friends and families when there is an issue on the trail. GMRS has completely taken over on the trail. CB was really cool back in the day. But GMRS fills the need much better!

Ham Radio is also great and can even be better, but I'm not going to bore you with it. You have to take quite the test to get a Ham Radio License. It can be worthwhile and I do have it. In addition to the radios, one might want to also work on their First Aid Certification. Make sure your First Aid Kit is up to date and that everything in it has not expired! You might be surprised! Feel free to stop by any of the upcoming events and say hi and lets talk about land use!

We will be at the following:

Trail Hero • SEMA • Winter 4x4 Jamboree • SLOREX • Easter Jeep Safari

By the time this issue is released, I hope to have been to Washington with BRC working on a Bill for better access to back country for people with disabilities. We have meetings with the Forestry Service and members of Congress. We hope to get the Bill — Outdoor Americans with Disabilities Act (H.R. 9221). H.R. 9221, the Outdoor Americans with Disabilities Act— sponsored by most of the Utah Legislative Team, introduced in June 2026 to ensure motorized access to public lands for people with disabilities. You can check the bill's progress by clicking on the QR code below.

As we go into the winter months and we SNOW wheel, be prepared! I hope you all get out on the trail to make memories, and new friends! Remember to pack out more than you pack in!

Matt Westrich President



HR9221 info



Feature

Expect the Unexpected

Three Days.

Three Trails.

**One Wheelchair,
and a Whole Lot of
Red Rock Magic!**



Jeff Griffin

conjure a different image: sitting home watching YouTube videos of other people doing the cool thing. But here's what I found out — with the right vehicle setup and the right human beings around you, the red rock doesn't care one bit about your mobility status. It just wants to be experienced. And I was not about to miss that invitation.

Day 1

Dome Plateau — Or, How I Learned to Love a Breakdown

Dome Plateau is not a trail that eases you in gently. It's the kind of terrain that looks at your suspension and laughs. Marc Bryson, our trail boss and the kind of guy who probably dreams in tire pressure ratings, led our convoy up into the slickrock expanse with the calm confidence of a man who has watched Jeeps do things physics professors would dispute. The views from Dome Plateau are, in a word, absurd. We're talking

They say there are mountain people and there are city people — and then there are Jeep people. Marc Bryson is absolutely a Jeep person. And after three days trailing through the cathedral-red canyons of Moab, Utah during Easter Jeep Safari, I can confirm that Jeep people are a breed entirely their own — part mechanic, part philosopher, part mountain goat. I went in expecting adventure. I did not expect to have my worldview rearranged by sandstone, storm clouds, and the most good-natured group of humans I've ever been stranded on a plateau with!

Oh, and I did all of it from a wheelchair! Let that sink in for a moment. For most people, the phrase 'off-road adventure' conjures images of rugged able-bodied adventurers launching their rigs off ledges. For those of us with physical disabilities, it might

panoramic vistas of the Colorado River corridor, layers of red rock stacked like geological lasagna, and a silence so big it almost has a sound. From my seat — loaded into the rig and positioned for maximum scenic impact — I kept having to remind myself to breathe. Utah does not mess around when it comes to scenery. And then one of our Jeeps decided it was done for the day.

Right there on a steep incline, at the beginning of the trail, one rig simply said 'nope' and retired from active service. Now, in most situations, a breakdown is a crisis. In Jeep culture, a breakdown is a social event. Within minutes, people were crawling under the vehicle, offering tools, swapping theories, and generally treating the whole thing like a fascinating puzzle rather than a catastrophe. The stranded Jeep was left behind — not abandoned, mind you. Left

behind with dignity. Two of our fellow participants heroically circled back at the end of the run, got it working, and recovered it. That's the Jeep people code: no rig left behind.

Marc handled the whole situation with the practiced cool of someone who has seen every possible way a trail day can go sideways. His message, delivered with a grin: It's the experience that matters.



“It's the experience that matters.

—Marc Bryson, Trail Boss, philosopher, and keeper of the calm.

Day 2

Easter Jeep Safari — 7-Mile Rim in the Rain

Let the record show that nobody told the sky it was supposed to cooperate.

Day two sent us onto 7 Mile Rim during Easter Jeep Safari itself — the crown jewel event that's been running since 1967 and draws off-road enthusiasts from across the country. The energy at the start was electric. Hundreds of Jeeps, lifted trucks, and purpose-built rigs lined up like the world's most capable traffic jam, everyone buzzing with the particular excitement that only comes from knowing you're about to do something most people would consider mildly insane.

And then it rained.

Not a polite sprinkle. A proper, enthusiastic, canyon-echoing rainstorm that turned what one might think would become a red rock slip-n-slide into something altogether different. Here's what I learned: Jeep people do not go home when it rains. They put on their rain gear, downshift, and carry on with enormous smiles. I also discovered that sandstone on rubber is **NOT** a slip-n-slide — it's actually a cleaner, stickier surface. Physics, it turns out, is on the Jeep's side.

The wet sandstone took on colors so vivid it looked like someone had turned up the saturation on reality — deep crimson, burnt orange, the impossible blue-grey of storm clouds draped over mesa tops. 7 Mile Rim in the rain is simultaneously the worst idea and the most breathtaking experience. From my seat, watching the wipers work overtime while Marc navigated ledges with surgical precision, I felt something I can only describe as privileged — to be there, to be part of it, wheelchair and all.

The community of Easter Jeep Safari deserves its own paragraph. These people are unbelievably welcoming. Nobody batted an eye at the wheelchair. Nobody treated me like a liability or a curiosity. I was just another participant — someone there for the same red rock, the same mud, the same ridiculous fun. That kind of inclusion doesn't happen by accident. It's a culture Marc Bryson embodies and reflects back out to everyone around him.

Day 3

Fins and Things — The Grand Finale

If Day 1 was an introduction and Day 2 was a plot twist, then Fins and Things was the triumphant third act. This trail winds through a geological fantasyland of parallel sandstone fins — towering blades of rock rising from the desert floor like the spine of some buried prehistoric creature. It is dramatic. It is gorgeous. It is the kind of place that makes you wonder why you ever spend time indoors.

Fins and Things is rated moderately difficult, which in Moab means 'you will encounter situations that require both skill and optimism.' Marc guided our group through the fin corridors and open benches with the effortless expertise of someone who has run this trail so many times he probably sees the line in his sleep. For those of us experiencing it for the first time, each turn revealed something new — a hidden arch here, a drop-off that made your stomach do a small flip there, and always, always, that staggering backdrop of canyon and sky.

By the end of Day 3, I had red dust in places I didn't know existed and a grin I couldn't wipe off with a sandblaster.

The Setup: Making the Impossible Possible on Wheels

Let's talk logistics for a moment, because if you're a wheelchair user reading this and thinking 'that sounds incredible but not for me,' I need to correct that assumption immediately.

Getting a mobility-challenged person onto a trail like Dome Plateau or Fins and Things requires a little forethought — but far less than you'd expect. The Jeep community, almost universally, is a problem-solving community. They will find a way to get you in, get you situated, and get you out safely. That's just who these people are. Here are the solutions that make it work:

Hand Controls

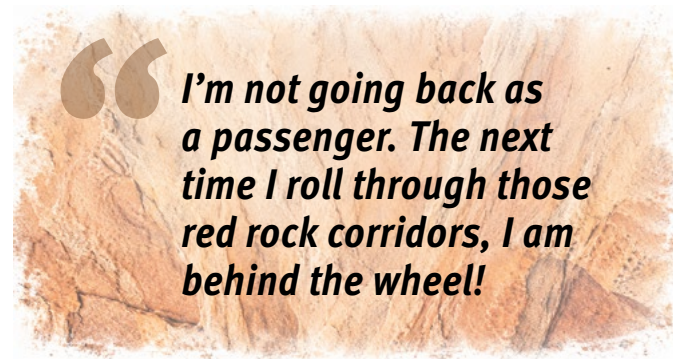
For those of us who wheel instead of walk, hand controls transform a standard Jeep into a fully operable rig. Aftermarket hand control systems can be installed on most Jeep Wrangler or Gladiator models, allowing acceleration and braking via lever or push-pull mechanisms — no feet required. Companies like Compassion Mobility offer systems that are trail-rated in spirit, if not in literal certification. These aren't accommodations. These are performance upgrades for people who refuse to sit out the adventure.

I'll be direct: I'm not going back to Moab as a passenger. The next time I roll through those red rock corridors, I am behind the wheel — literally. Hand controls and Marc Bryson on the radio. That is the plan. For other wheelchair users, you might want to get a lift to get you in the Jeep itself!

Possible Side Lifts

Getting in and out of a lifted Jeep is its own adventure when you're in a wheelchair. A side lift — similar to those found on adaptive trucks — can be mounted to modified Jeep platforms to assist with entry and exit, particularly for higher lifts common in serious off-road builds. While not yet a mainstream off-the-shelf solution for every Wrangler variant, custom fabricators in the adaptive mobility space are increasingly building these solutions. It's worth a conversation with a qualified adaptive equipment

installer before you write off the idea. In fact, I met a quad down there that adapted his rig to lower to the ground so his wife could transfer him in. The bottom line: where there's terrain, there's a way. And where there's a Jeep person, there's someone willing to help you find it.



The Case for Buying Your Own Rig

Here's a thought I didn't expect to have after three days of trail riding: I want to own one of these things.

I know. I know. Jeeps are not cheap. A properly built trail rig — lifted, locked, with adaptive hand controls installed — is a significant investment. It might cost me more than an arm and my legs this time. But let me make the case anyway.

When you own your own rig, adapted to your body and your needs, you stop being a passenger in someone else's adventure and start writing your own. You choose the trail. You choose the pace. You control the line. For someone who uses a wheelchair — where so much of daily life involves navigating systems and spaces built for other bodies — the freedom of piloting your own vehicle through a landscape that demands skill and attention is not just recreation. It's **reclamation**.

A used Jeep Wrangler JK or JL can be found in the \$20,000–\$35,000 range. Add a quality hand control system (\$1,500–\$4,000 installed), a modest lift kit, and all-terrain tires, and you've built an adaptive off-road platform for well under what some people spend on a new commuter car. Companies specializing in adaptive vehicle conversions can walk you through the specifics for your particular mobility situation. Would I do it again? In a heartbeat. Would I encourage every mobility-challenged adventurer

I know to consider their own rig? Absolutely — and without a hint of hesitation. The experience is worth every logistical puzzle, every modified transfer, and every trail-dusted wheelchair cushion.

The Takeaway

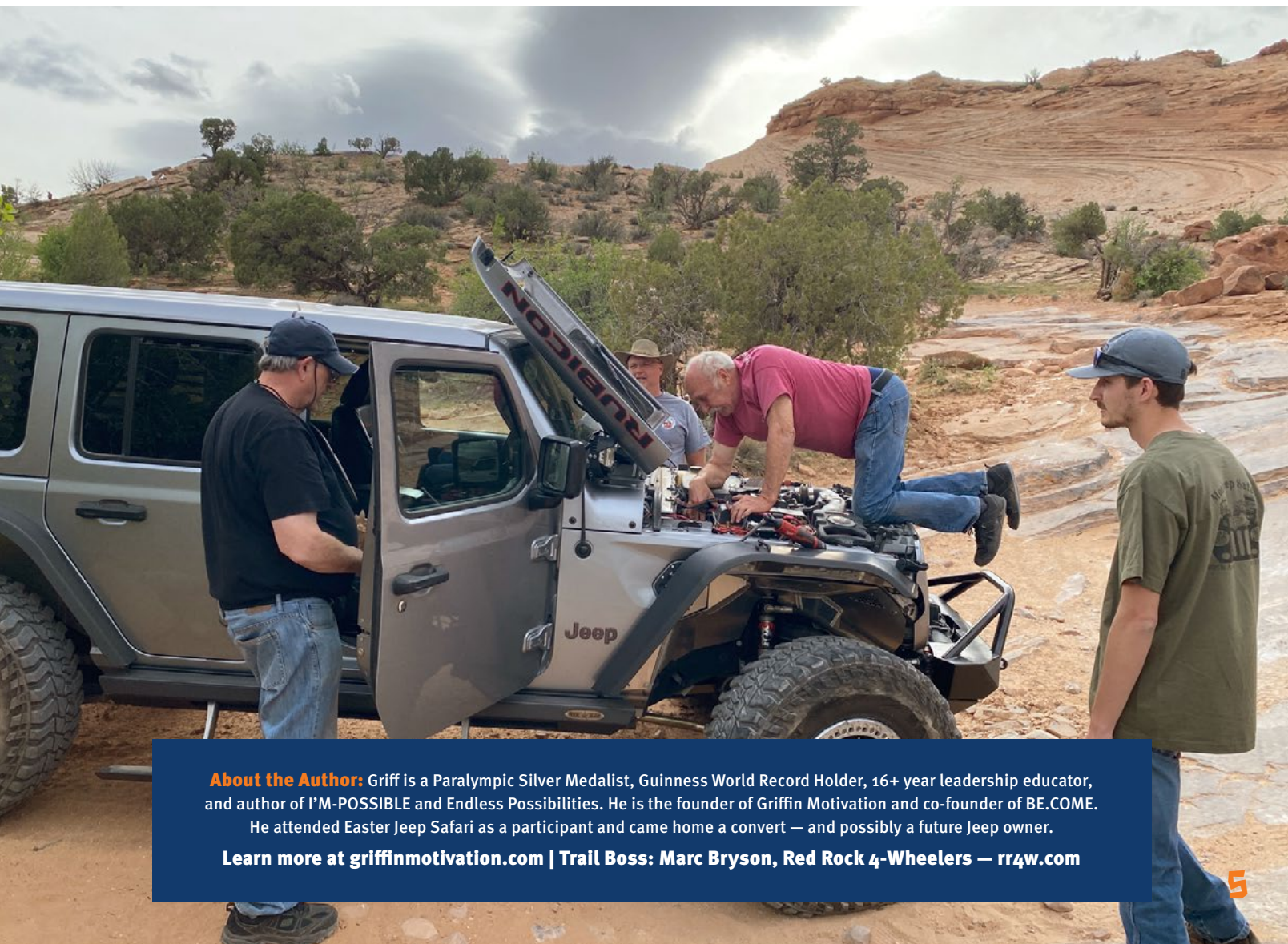
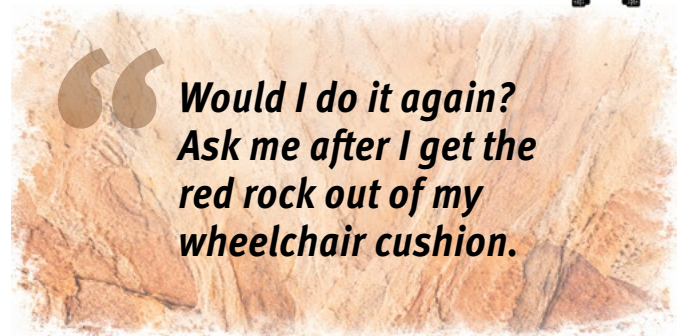
Three days. Three trails. One broken-down Jeep recovered by the best kind of strangers. Rain that turned a rim run into a watercolor painting. Fins of sandstone that made the world feel ancient and small and magnificent all at once.

Marc Bryson is the kind of trail boss who makes the impossible feel possible — and for a guy in a wheelchair who showed up to one of the most rugged off-road events in America, that means everything. Red Rock 4-Wheelers (rr4w.com) isn't just an organization. It's a community that takes the

phrase 'everyone is welcome' and drives it straight up a cliff face.

To my fellow wheelchair users, adaptive athletes, and anyone who has ever been told that adventure is for other people: Moab is calling. The red rock doesn't care how you get there. It just wants you to show up.

And when you do — expect the unexpected.



About the Author: Griff is a Paralympic Silver Medalist, Guinness World Record Holder, 16+ year leadership educator, and author of *I'M-POSSIBLE* and *Endless Possibilities*. He is the founder of Griffin Motivation and co-founder of BE.COME. He attended Easter Jeep Safari as a participant and came home a convert — and possibly a future Jeep owner.

Learn more at griffinmotivation.com | Trail Boss: Marc Bryson, Red Rock 4-Wheelers — rr4w.com

When Access Makes the Impossible Possible

by Brent Oliver

Founder, Brent Oliver 541 Foundation

On May 19, 1991, at twenty years old, my life should have ended in the mountains of northeastern Oregon. I was riding a motorcycle when I struck a cable. I broke my neck at C3 through C5. Both lungs were punctured. My trachea and esophagus were severed. CPR was performed on me for approximately two hours in those mountains before I ever reached a hospital. I survived, but survival was only the beginning.

The prognosis that followed left little room for independence. I was expected to be a quadriplegic dependent upon a ventilator, with much of my future defined by what I would probably never do again. The doctors were not trying to take anything away from me. They were working from the medical evidence in front of them, and the evidence was terrible. But there is an enormous difference between *probability* and *destiny*.

I became an incomplete C3 through C5 quadriplegic with a permanent airway, and what followed became a decades-long process of discovering just how large that difference could be. More than twenty-four surgeries followed, along with rehabilitation, setbacks, years of pain and an extraordinary level of functional recovery. Eventually I returned to work and built a career producing concrete, running batch plants myself on infrastructure projects throughout the western United States, including roads, bridges, structures, military runways and taxiways, and thousands of wind turbine foundations. That work reinforced something life had already begun teaching me: difficult and impossible are two very different things.

Life also taught me that some things cannot be fixed. I lost my son, Tyler, to SIDS. There is no engineering solution for burying your child. That loss changed my faith, my understanding of strength and the value I placed on whatever time we are given.

Then, in 2018, I was told my spinal cord was actively dying and that only about thirty percent of its



function remained. Twenty-seven years after the first prognosis, I was facing another one built around everything I was expected to lose. That diagnosis helped change the direction of my life.

I formed the Brent Oliver 541 Foundation, a 501(c)(3), around a simple principle: meaningful access to life and the outdoors. ***We believe in a hand up, not a handout.*** Sometimes that means rebuilding a home so someone who has suddenly become disabled can safely get through their own front door. Sometimes it means advocating for specialized rehabilitation, providing adaptive mobility equipment, or bringing contractors, businesses, volunteers, and complete strangers together to solve a problem that a family cannot solve alone. Underneath every project is the same question that has followed me since 1991: What might this person be capable of if we first give them the opportunity to find out?

Eventually I realized I needed to keep asking that question of myself. That idea put an incomplete quadriplegic with a permanent airway behind the wheel of a nearly 6,000-pound 1978 Toyota Land Cruiser on 49-inch tires, pointed toward the highest navigable pass in North America, a place sometimes called the "Frozen Highway of Death." There was one unavoidable problem: I could not walk to where I intended to go.

That was not a failure of courage, motivation or determination. My spinal cord was damaged. Determination cannot reconnect a spinal cord. But technology can change what a damaged body is capable of accessing.

In June 2025, I attempted the climb and came within 185 feet of completing it. I went home, studied what worked and what failed, made changes and spent nearly another year preparing to return. On May 24, 2026, I completed the ascent and descent solo and unassisted in a wheeled vehicle. The achievement is now being documented as a potential world record while verification is pursued.

But what happened on that mountain may ultimately matter for reasons far beyond a record. More than thirty-five years after injuries expected to leave me profoundly dependent, my survival, neurological recovery and long-term functional outcome have raised medical questions of their own. My case is now being examined as an N-of-1.

In research, N-of-1 means the subject being studied is one individual. It does not mean my experience represents every person with a spinal cord injury, nor does it mean everyone with my diagnosis could do what I have done. It means this one case may be unusual enough to warrant asking why. How did someone survive this combination of catastrophic injuries? How did the functional recovery that followed occur? How has that function persisted for more than three decades? What can be learned from the relationship between injury, rehabilitation, adaptation, neurological function and long-term outcome?

Those questions are also why I am careful about what the potential world record proves. It does not prove disability can be overcome through determination. That would be insulting to millions of people living with physical limitations that determination cannot change. What it demonstrates

is something different. Technology and access can change the opportunities available to a disabled person without changing the disability itself.

The Land Cruiser did not cure my spinal cord injury. Reaching the highest navigable pass in North America did not make me less disabled. It gave me a way to reach somewhere my body physically could not take me. I could not walk there. But I could drive there.

Off-road enthusiasts understand the power of technology better than almost anyone. Tires, suspension, recovery equipment, navigation, communication systems and vehicle design have continually expanded where people can responsibly travel and what they can accomplish. Adaptive technology has evolved too. Power chairs, adaptive vehicles and other mobility technologies now



give paraplegics, quadriplegics and people with significant mobility limitations opportunities that did not exist when many public-land policies were created. The question is whether our thinking about access has advanced with that technology.

That does not mean every road should remain open forever, every trail should become motorized, or conservation and wilderness protections should be abandoned. I believe deeply in protecting public lands and responsible stewardship. But I also believe civil rights belong in that conversation. Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973 prohibits disability discrimination in federally



Off-roading and exploring is a very big part of my life and identity. I can't ever imagine being told that it was something I could no longer do. Brent's story confirms for me my personal belief that our physical and mental health are tied to our ability to explore outdoors. So when I hear that there's even a small chance at losing even a mile of access, that gets me fired up. The fight to keep motorized access to our public lands is far more important than most even realize. It's about keeping every square inch so that we have the space to spread out and explore but more importantly, that all abilities can access it.

*There are other organizations out there that have made that connection between experiencing our public lands and mental and physical health. My sweet friends, Dwayne and Shara Lewis with Disabled Veterans Offroad Adventures is just one example. They take disabled veterans out on off-roading adventures and have spoken to me several times about how this experience changes the whole outlook on life for these men and women. Some find hope to live again after severe depression and suicidal tendencies. Imagine that! After just one adventure out on public lands! Now imagine what that can do if they could have multiple experiences exploring public lands! Look again at Brent's experience. His drive to get back out there and explore brought about an incredible miracle in his recovery. **Go explore! It just may change your life!***

—Danielle Newman

conducted programs and activities. It does not give a disabled person an unrestricted right to drive anywhere on federal land, nor should it. But disability cannot simply disappear from consideration when decisions about access are made.

Imagine an existing road that has provided access into public land for decades. A culvert is removed, the road is decommissioned, or a gate is installed. An able-bodied visitor parks, walks around the gate and continues. Now put a quadriplegic in exactly the same place. "Park and walk" is no longer an inconvenience. It may be the end of access. The mountain, forest or lake remains technically open to everyone, but one American can continue and another physically cannot.

That is the difference between theoretical access and meaningful access. Before an existing route disappears, shouldn't we ask who loses access with it? When responsible adaptive technology can provide access without destroying the resource being protected, shouldn't that possibility at least be considered?

Those questions are a major reason I support the Outdoor Americans with Disabilities Act. This is not about demanding access everywhere. It is about making sure disability is part of the conversation before access decisions are made rather than after another opportunity has disappeared. That is why Blue Ribbon Coalition is sending me to Washington, D.C. in September to speak about the Outdoor Americans with Disabilities Act and the need for meaningful consideration of people with disabilities in public-land management. We are not asking to be placed ahead of everyone else. We are asking not to be forgotten.

We are seeing the other side of this issue at Jubilee Lake in Oregon's Umatilla National Forest. Jubilee Lake has an approximately one-mile hard-surface foot trail built in 1992 and designed to provide meaningful access, including for people with mobility limitations. More than three decades later, portions of that existing trail have deteriorated. Root heaves,

cracking and uneven surfaces that an able-bodied visitor may simply step across can stop a wheelchair or power chair. The disability did not change. The access did.

That is why the Brent Oliver 541 Foundation is collaborating with the United States Forest Service, elected officials, accessibility advocates, engineers, contractors, volunteers, industry professionals, nonprofit organizations and community partners on the Jubilee Lake Pilot Project. We are not proposing a new trail through untouched country. We are working to repair and maintain an existing recreation asset within its established, previously disturbed corridor, learn from that work and develop practical approaches that may help other public recreation sites facing similar deferred-maintenance problems.

The highest navigable pass in North America and a one-mile trail at Jubilee Lake could hardly look more different, but they tell the same story. One demonstrates what can happen when meaningful access exists. The other demonstrates what happens when access slowly disappears.

On the mountain, an existing route and technology allowed an incomplete quadriplegic with a permanent airway to attempt something my physical body could never have accomplished alone. At Jubilee Lake, deteriorating infrastructure can take an opportunity intentionally created for people with mobility limitations and gradually make it unusable. In both places, access determines possibility.

That is the conversation I want the off-road community, public-land managers, elected officials and Americans with disabilities to have. Not a fight over opening everything. Not an argument against conservation. A serious discussion about what happens to human opportunity when access disappears.

Before we pull the culvert, close the gate, erase the road or allow an existing accessible recreation asset to deteriorate beyond use, we should ask who we are leaving behind.

Thirty-five years ago, my future was described largely

in terms of what I would probably never do. Today, that same person is being examined as an N-of-1 case and has completed a solo, unassisted ascent and descent of the highest navigable pass in North America in a wheeled vehicle, an achievement being documented as a potential world record while verification is pursued.

That does not prove every disabled person can do what I did. It proves we do not always know what another human being is capable of until that person is given an opportunity to find out.

Maybe the next person will never attempt a record or climb a mountain. Maybe meaningful access simply allows them to hunt with their son, fish with their grandchildren, reach a lake with their family, get through their own front door, or experience a piece of public land the rest of us take for granted. Their goal does not have to be extraordinary for their access to matter.

We should protect our public lands. We should conserve them, maintain them and be responsible stewards of them. But protecting land and providing meaningful access do not always have to be opposing ideas. When an existing route, responsible technology or reasonable accommodation can allow a person with a disability to experience public land without destroying the resource being protected, that possibility deserves consideration.

My potential world record began as a personal challenge. It became evidence of something much larger. My N-of-1 case may someday help medicine better understand what happened inside one catastrophically injured spinal cord. Jubilee Lake may help us understand how to preserve access that already exists. The Outdoor Americans with Disabilities Act may help ensure that disability has a meaningful place in future public-land decisions. Different efforts, but one principle connects them all. Do not decide what someone is capable of before giving them the opportunity to find out. I could not walk there. But I could drive there. Because meaningful access existed, I got the opportunity to discover what was possible. The next person deserves that opportunity too.



The Greatest Trails on Earth! —by Wade Allinson

Utah is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, places for off-road recreation. There are many reasons for this.

We are all familiar with the state slogan, “The Greatest Snow on Earth.” Utah has the greatest snow on Earth when we have a decent amount of snowpack. Some years, however, the snowpack is minimal, and we do not have the greatest snow on Earth. There are simply too many variables. The correct slogan should be, “The Greatest Trails on Earth.” This slogan would hold true no matter what the snowpack is for the year.

It is not by luck that we have the greatest trails on Earth. There are many reasons that, when combined, have created the perfect environment for awesome trails. Most off-highway users have no idea how or why a particular route or trail is open. It is important to understand the history behind a particular route or trail. By understanding the history behind a

route, the trail lives through each user. A greater appreciation is gained, and respect for the trail and surrounding landscape is achieved.

Utah is the culmination of a perfect storm for off-highway vehicle use. There is a strong correlation between the amount of public land and the availability of off-road recreation. In the lower 48 states, Utah has the second-highest percentage of public lands, at 74%, with Nevada being the highest.

Utah became a state in 1896. Being a latecomer to the United States of America, Utah received four sections per township instead of two like California and Colorado. In fact, some of the early states received zero trust lands. State trust lands contribute approximately 10% of Utah’s total public lands.

As federal regulations tighten their grip on OHV use and dispersed camping, trust lands have become an even more important part of our OHV recreational



experience. This has been evident over the years as the BLM has developed wonderful campgrounds. However, while campgrounds are being created, part of the management plan is to close dispersed camping opportunities. The number of campgrounds created never equals the amount of dispersed camping that is being closed. This should be a huge concern to the OHV community.

We tend to shy away from formal campgrounds. We tend to have larger trailers and trucks to haul our machines. When our machines are unloaded, we need additional parking spaces. Perhaps the prevailing reason is solitude. Most of us would rather not camp in a Walmart-parking-lot-type setting on public lands.

Last summer, my wife and I spent the night in a developed campground. It was part of a quick overnight trip to the Dixie National Forest. As we pulled into the campground, we noticed that it was near capacity; however, we were able to find an open site. Rather than set up a tent, we decided to sleep on the ground and enjoy the nighttime star show.

The camp next to us threw some plastic on their fire. All night, my wife and I could smell the burning plastic. The smell permeated our gear and clothing. Dispersed camping is a legitimate and sustainable use of public lands, and we, as OHV users, should be vigilant in preserving this right.

Historic mining throughout the state contributed to many of the routes we enjoy. These routes started out as pack mule trails and eventually evolved into wagon roads. Mining in the western part of the state involved gold, silver, mercury, and copper, while the eastern part of the state involved the mining of radium, vanadium, and some gold and copper.

As mines closed and veins played out, towns vanished and miners moved on to the next big strike.



They unknowingly left behind great recreational OHV routes. In Utah, it is very hard to ride a route that was not tied back to mining in some way.

With the summer fire season winding down, we hear a lot about the positive impact logging could have in taming some of the wildfires. Aside from historic mining roads, it is hard not to mention the hundreds of miles of logging roads that we bring into our OHV experiences.

These logging roads have been around for decades. Many were created by horses pulling scrapers that would cut roads into the forest, allowing logs to be harvested and transported to sawmills. It would be interesting to know how many canyons we have in Utah that bear the name “Sawmill.”

Many of these sawmills started out near creeks because they were powered by steam. Perhaps one of the most important products of these mills was the manufacture of shingles. Shingles were a game changer for our early ancestors. With the availability of shingles, pioneers no longer had to depend upon dirt roofs.

From 1933 to 1942, Utah hosted 116 Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camps located in 27 of Utah’s 29 counties. Due to the amount of federal land, Utah was a hotbed for CCC activities. CCC workers built hundreds of miles of roads and supporting infrastructure that we enjoy today, either in accessing public lands or as part of our OHV route experience.

Every time I utilize a route that was created by a CCC workforce, I always wonder how many of those workers survived the battlefields of Europe or the jungles of Asia. With all this public land and the routes left behind, the elephant in the room is the federal government, which manages nearly three-quarters of the land in Utah. The BLM and Forest Service come up with Resource Management Plans

(RMPs) and Travel Management Plans (TMPs) that tell users what is available for public use.

These entities try to give the appearance of accepting public input on which routes should remain open during public comment periods. As common users, we try to make informative comments. At times, it feels like we are going up against a giant.

As common users, we have to fight off personal biases from federal employees. We have to battle biologists, hydrologists, geologists, and botanists to keep trails open that have been in use for over a century. These battles are real and never seem to stop.

In fact, federal land managers have created rules that require them to open up and evaluate travel plans and resource management plans on a frequent basis. Every time a travel plan comes open, the users always end up with a net loss; there is never an overall gain. Local users fight these travel plans and try to keep routes open for use despite a process that favors closures over opening routes.

Fueling these RMPs and TMPs are environmental groups that want to totally eliminate OHV use on public lands. These environmentalist viewpoints often find their way into TMPs and RMPs, either through policy or litigation. Litigation costs taxpayers and OHVs millions of dollars each year.

A great example of this is the 2017 settlement with the BLM and the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, which required the BLM to reevaluate travel plans within six million acres located in the Vernal, Richfield,

Moab, Price, and Kanab field offices. This action required users to once again fight the battle to keep routes open, not to mention the millions of taxpayer dollars that were spent hiring private contractors to conduct the required analysis of the routes.

As these five TMPs are being finalized, it is the same pattern we have seen: there is a net loss. Near my house, I have a favorite trail that I have been maintaining and working with public land managers to keep open and sustainable for over 20 years. Other users and I have donated hundreds of hours to maintaining this particular trail.

I recently went to this trail. As I approached, I noticed that OHV users had created an ugly hill climb adjacent to the trail. It was disheartening to see the scar that was left behind. It was hard to see hundreds of hours of positive relationship-building with the land management agency being totally destroyed.

Every trail or route is in the backyard of an OHV user who has defended and fought hard to keep it open. Trails do not stay open because of luck. They stay open because users fight to keep them open. These users spend countless hours at scoping meetings and open houses, working with land managers to keep trails open. Every time a user goes off route, it impacts the fight that users are making—a battle that many users have no idea is even being fought.

Most users take it for granted that the trail is open and do not understand the process or fight that keeps it open.



We all need an off-road mentor. This mentorship would include: maintenance, skill improvement, and, most importantly, learning how to be involved in the land-use fight.

Beginning in 2002 and continuing today, Alan Peterson became my mentor. Alan had been fighting BLM overreach in the San Rafael Desert for more than a decade before I became friends with him. Alan had a mentor, Dick Brass. Dick was a trail pioneer on the San Rafael Swell. He developed several trail systems and fought the BLM over the creation of WSAs.

During my mentorship, Alan passed on to me three words: Join, Participate, and Donate. These are three words that all off-highway users should take to heart and internalize. As I rode hundreds of miles with Alan, I heard him deliver this message to numerous users and groups.

Join: Join a club that is actively involved in rides and land use. This is more than a Facebook group that goes on rides. Join a club that has meetings, formal leadership, and participates in group rides and land-use activities.

There are clubs located throughout the entire state. Find a club that matches your off-highway recreational personality. In Utah, we have over 220,000 registered OHVs, including full-size vehicles, UTVs, ATVs, and off-highway motorcycles; however, less than 8% of users belong to a club. Utah has a robust OHV grant program. This program was started and is still being influenced today by user groups. Over the last 50 years, clubs and groups have shaped the OHV program and had a big impact on where and how much of our registration money is being spent on trails. Collectively, clubs have a big impact on influencing land managers.

Participate: As users, after we join a club, we need to participate on behalf of the club. This participation includes being involved in club rides, fundraisers, rallies, land use, and most importantly, volunteering on our trails and roads. Volunteering on public routes builds key relationships with land managers. It documents the use and efforts that users put back into a trail to keep it sustainable.

Oftentimes, I hear that maintaining trails is making them easier. All trails require some form of maintenance. As trail use increases, maintenance is needed. While trail erosion makes great obstacles and challenges, it is not sustainable. Erosion impacts the soil and eventually ends up in streams and reservoirs that many of our rural communities depend upon for drinking water and farming. Volunteering on public routes clearly shows land managers that a particular trail has a purpose and a need. Giving back to our sport increases sustainability and longevity.

Donate: Access requires money—and lots of it. SUWA (Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance) has sufficient money to support litigation — litigation that costs taxpayers millions of dollars.

SUWA has an active nationwide membership of approximately 12,000. With approximately 220,000 registered users, the OHV community, by far, has a stronger representation than SUWA; however, we contribute only minimally to legal defense and advocacy groups.

Imagine the legal access fund the OHV community could have if each user donated \$10.00. As users, we spend thousands of dollars on machines, trucks, trailers, and upgrades but spend very little to support land-use access.

Utah is lucky to have several land-use advocacy groups that we should all be donating to. Utah Public Land Access (UPLA) is a Utah-based group that is leading the way in working with and fighting to keep routes open. The BlueRibbon Coalition, although nationally based, has strong ties to Utah and has filed several suits in court to keep trails open and usable.

Each user should be contributing frequently to these groups! Each OHV user has a responsibility to ensure that what we are doing today will preserve opportunities for future users. There are many users who ride in the cart, while few users are willing to pull the cart.

Join. Participate. Donate.



Let's Go "Fall" Wheeling!





The Best Modification on My Jeep Has Four Legs

—by Susan Cohen

When people see my 2017 Jeep Wrangler with a 4.5-inch lift, long-arm suspension, and 39-inch tires climbing over slickrock or winding through Utah's backcountry, they usually see someone who loves off-roading. They notice the Jeep, the scenery, and the adventure. What they do not see is the rare illness that almost ended those adventures before they began — or the service dog who made them possible.

I live with a rare disorder that can cause a systemic reaction with little warning. Before I had a service dog, I was afraid to travel far from a hospital. I had spent enough time in emergency rooms that I began to lose confidence leaving the city. Eventually, that fear made me mostly homebound. Every trip required me to think about how quickly I could reach emergency care if something went wrong. One of the physicians on my medical team suggested that I consider a service dog. She admitted she had never worked with someone with my illness who had a service dog, but she thought that — at the very least — a dog might reduce my anxiety. The results surprised both of us.

That dog was Wrangler, a standard Parti Poodle. Wrangler learned to recognize changes in my body before I noticed them. His alerts gave me enough warning to take my emergency medication before symptoms became severe. Although every disability is different, the Americans with Disabilities Act recognizes medical alert dogs as legitimate service animals. The ADA notes that service dogs may be trained to alert people to medical conditions such as changes in blood sugar or seizures, and it makes one point very clear: "Service animals are working animals, not pets."

One of my favorite memories comes from driving Utah's White Rim Trail with friends. The trail stretches more than 100 miles through Canyonlands National Park, far from hospitals, pharmacies, or reliable cell service. Most pets are prohibited from trails in national parks, but trained service dogs are allowed because they perform tasks related to a person's disability. As the National Park Service explains, "Service dogs are legally permitted anywhere that visitors can go." Without Wrangler, I could never have experienced one of Utah's most iconic backcountry trails.

After a long, hot day on the trail, we reached camp and started setting up. While I unpacked, my friends noticed Wrangler alerting to me. I felt OK, but my friends had learned to trust Wrangler. Before every trip, I make sure someone knows where I keep my emergency medications. My friends retrieved the medications from the Jeep and helped me take them before my symptoms became serious. Instead of ending the trip with an emergency evacuation, I spent the evening around camp and woke up ready for another day on the trail.

This incident along with others were part of a partnership that allowed me to reclaim a life I thought I had lost. "For people with disabilities, a service dog can be more than a working partner. These dogs can help their handlers become more independent, feel more confident, and participate



more fully in their communities (Hall et al., 2017; Yamamoto et al., 2023)” That has certainly been true for me. Before Wrangler, I planned my life around the nearest emergency room. After Wrangler, I planned my next trail ride. He was medical equipment with four legs, but to me he was much more than that. He was my partner, my safety net, and my best friend.

Wrangler became a fixture in Utah’s off-road community. Thousands of people met him at Jeep events, trail rides, charity runs, and campsites across Utah. He greeted strangers like old friends, posed for countless photographs, and became a familiar face in the Jeep clubs we rode with. While I depended on him for my health, many others simply loved him because he made every campfire and trail stop a little brighter.

In September 2025, Wrangler passed away from cancer at only eight years old. Losing him was devastating. I have often said that I am alive because of Wrangler. His training, his instincts, and his

unwavering commitment gave me years of freedom that I never expected to have. His loss left an empty seat in my Jeep and an even larger void in my life.

Today, I am training my next service dog, Axle. He is learning the same skills that made Wrangler such an incredible partner, but training takes time. As capable as Axle is becoming, he is not yet ready to take on the full responsibility of protecting my health. It is a reminder that trust between a handler and a service dog is built over thousands of hours together. We are putting in that work every day, and I know we will get there.

My Jeep carries me into the backcountry, but it was Wrangler who gave me the confidence to go there in the first place. As Axle continues his training, I hope one day he will help write the next chapter of those adventures.

Wrangler’s tire tracks may have faded from the desert, but the path he created for me never will.



Public Means All of Us —*Making Public Lands Accessible*

Editor's Note

Jeff and Brent's stories compelled us to reach out to the Disability Law Center. Big thanks to Lakshmi Vanderwerf for penning the below:

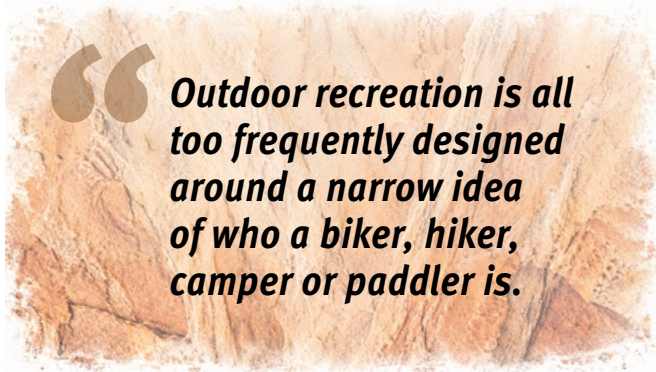
Public lands and outdoor spaces are intended to be an open invitation to get outside and explore. But how open is that invitation? For many people with disabilities, that invitation is narrowed by inaccessibility.

Watch the birds migrate at the lake. *But the trail surface is too uneven for your wheelchair.*

Enjoy the sunset on a ridgeline. *But the parking lot doesn't connect to the trailhead.*

Breathe the fresh air. *But the gate isn't wide enough, the grade is too steep, the restroom is too small and yet the sign still says "accessible."*

Public lands from the municipal to the national are inextricably wrapped up in policy issues including ecological conservation, energy development, livestock management, tourism, and recreation. These are all important policy issues, but they often focus so heavily on the 'land' that they fail to include the entire 'public.'



“Outdoor recreation is all too frequently designed around a narrow idea of who a biker, hiker, camper or paddler is.”

According to Merriam-Webster, in this context public means “relating to or being in the service of the community or the nation”. The public is all of us, every person an equal part of our community. Public access isn't complete until everyone can access public lands.

Outdoor recreation is all too frequently designed around a narrow idea of who a biker, hiker, camper or paddler is. That stereotype of an outdoorsperson often excludes people with disabilities. But it doesn't have to.

There are ample examples of athletes and recreational enthusiasts who have developed adaptive equipment to make trails and wilderness accessible to people with disabilities. Mountaineer and climber Mark Wellman made his 1989 trail-blazing ascent of El Capitan in Yosemite with paraplegia. Now Wellman's self-designed adaptive gear is commonly provides access to climbing. Snowboarder and motocross rider Mike Schultz invented the Moto knee after his left leg was amputated above the knee. Now his company BioDapt produces prosthetics for high-impact sports.

Those stories can be powerful, but they risk making access seem like an individual triumph rather than a shared public responsibility.

For many people, the barriers to access start long before they reach the wilderness. Public transportation and paratransit might not reach the trailhead. The information available online might not accurately represent the accessibility conditions. There are costs associated with obtaining specialized adaptive equipment.

But we can't let these barriers be the end of the story. There are well-documented physical and mental health benefits from engaging with the outdoors. There are laws, tools, and policies that everyone can support to remove these barriers and create equal access to our natural world and all the benefits it offers.

The Architectural Barriers Act and corresponding accessibility guidelines set minimum accessibility standards for many federally owned or developed outdoor areas. These accessibility standards create a baseline and express a public promise: parks and trails should be planned so that more people can

participate with dignity, safety, and independence. Now it's time for society to deliver on that promise.

Urban trails and investment in urban wild spaces can make the outdoors accessible to people with disabilities facing transportation barriers. Conversely, increased public transit to rural recreation sites is also necessary to facilitate access to many rural recreation sites.

Wheelmap.org and similar crowd-sourced accessibility resources allow users to rate the accessibility of locations and include photographs to verify the accessibility of elements like restrooms, firepits, picnic tables, trails, gates, and parking lots in recreational areas. One of the benefits to crowdsourcing accessibility data is that it distributes the burden of identifying, documenting, and advocating for access to the entire community. Practicing the skill of barrier identification can make nondisabled people better allies and advocates while distributing the work of making the world accessible more equitably.

Find wheelchair accessible places on
Wheelmap.org with this QR code



Information itself is one of the most powerful accessibility tools. A trail description that names the distance, surface, grade, cross-slope, width, obstacles, shade, rest areas, nearby restrooms, and cell service allows visitors to decide for themselves whether a route will work. People need specifics, because disability is not one experience and access is not one feature.

One of the many touted advantages of outdoor recreation is that it is something that people can enjoy without spending large amounts of money. A hike can be an affordable social alternative to spending money at an expensive restaurant or paying for entrance to establishments like zoos, theaters, and museums. This benefit hits home for people with disabilities, who

experience poverty at disproportionately high rates compared to nondisabled individuals. Zion National Park in Utah recently purchased an “Extreme Motus” adventure wheelchair, available to visitors with mobility disabilities on a first-come first-served basis. Publicly provided adaptive equipment lowers the financial barriers to participation.

One of the most important disability justice principles is “nothing about us without us.” In the context of trails, that means accessibility cannot be treated as an afterthought or a checklist completed without disabled people at the table. Users with mobility, sensory, cognitive, and chronic health disabilities bring practical knowledge that planners may miss: how much detail is needed before choosing a trail, where rest areas matter, what kinds of surfaces create fatigue, or why a trail that is technically compliant may still be unusable.

But “nothing about us without us” doesn’t mean that the disability community fights for access alone. After all, public lands are public, so it’s up to all of us as the public, to make sure that promise comes true and the invitation to participate in nature can be open to everyone.



Lakshmi Vanderwerf is a Staff Attorney with the Disability Law Center in Salt Lake City Utah. Her legal practice focuses on individual disability rights cases. In her personal life she is a hiker, camper, and birdwatcher.

A Season to Dance —by J. Dance

Did I forget your Arctic Suit? Amused as can be, my dad and I stood on the side of that highway laughing. Rained on, the fragrance of that rain, splashing in those rain boots, all part of an epic ride: A dance, or an allowance of spring (joy) of life to settle in. Smiling ear to ear we were soaked. Motorcycle rides were not about the right outfit, or the high-end motorcycle. Motorcycle rides were about time with my dad. Neither one of us needed the extra luggage or the additional layer to have fun. Dad and I needed each other.

Recently, while filling water bottles at my local Arctic Mountain water station, I consider the “well” of wonder: how do we survive this life? My thought is: perhaps we dance.

When we talk dance, I am talking the shake it until you make it kind, of course. Additionally, the partnership style of dance that everyone seems glued to on the next starlight competition. Dance is a give and take, not too much of one or the other. And symbolically applicable to life. Dance can be perceived as a solo performance. As an audience member we do sit back and watch. I do however, find it important to draw attention to the idea that a dance soloist is still not entirely alone. Soloists are surrounded and accompanied by light architects, sound engineers, and perhaps an entire orchestra. Additionally, there are directors, choreographers, stylists, and costume designers. My point is that it takes friends to dance. And moreover, it takes grace to be in time with all those dance partners.

I believe we all find ourselves standing on that proverbial stage of life, expected to dance solo. The spotlight is turned on, the music starts, and then what? Sometimes performances go off without a hitch. Then there are those deer in the headlight moments.

My dad, whom handed me this miraculous last name, graduated college, received an undergraduate degree in Political Science, and was expected to attend law school. Dad unexpectedly took an interesting left turn, landed a summer job selling motorcycles, and that is where our dance story began.

Mr. Dance taught interesting lessons through the art of motorcycling. For example, there is limited space for frivolous things. Dad and I would always travel light. Light luggage allows for good balance; and it allows for needs to be less. Fewer things keep life simple: For example, simple and open lead to the possibility of love, friendship, and time. The balance of not too much stuff, and more about the focus of time brings light to our lives. When in harmony, you are able to lean with one another in a more graceful fluid motion. Within the Law of Motion one will not move without the other. With regards to the story of the Arctic Suit, I would have missed the enjoyment of the rain dance, and the laughter with my dad if we both remembered the rain-suit. My friend James Ledyard states that “time is a valued gift.” I agree with James. If we are too busy fussing over costumes, we miss out on what truly is important. What tends to be important, is time with our dance partners. And when we think we are dancing alone, we need to remember our stage crew, and all of those behind the scenes.

Speaking of dancing with my dad, the “hold on” moments in life are important to mention. Strange that I would hear dad over that motorcycle to hold on. I feel those “hold on” moments are applicable more now than ever with the noise in the world.

I loved the “allow the destination” lesson. By surrendering to the open-road we began to



understand that the unknown would lead us on many epic adventures. Once caught in a wicked haboob storm in Arizona we received the last hotel room in a small hotel, only to wake up the following morning to have breakfast with one of our nation's beloved WWII Navajo Code Talkers. Meeting such an incredible hero was an honor for us on that Memorial Day.

I heard once a man say: "journey before destination", a similar perspective of my dad to embrace the entirety of the process. There is nothing more that evokes the sense of curiosity than not knowing all of the details until they arrive. Have you ever come face-to-face with a Grizzly bear on a Harley? Nature can be intriguing.

I believe dad's greatest Dance lesson was to trust God. To live by God's example, and never forget Him in anything you do. While my dad always had my back and taught me well, God is my true dance partner. God leads this Dance in ways you can only begin to imagine.

I found a bird recently, not quite ready to fly, and all alone. I slipped on a pair of gloves and placed her gently in a quiet space so that she could find her wings and fly.

As I have left the nest and worked to grow my own wings, I have been compassed about by human beings. I have learned that in the corporate world there is a rush for the bottom line. The thing about the demand for the bottom line is often we miss something important. Been trying to slow down as of late and remember the season of Dance, and the grace that all that entails (see dance lesson above). Grace for all things is so important in today's world. Mike Finnegan, a colleague and well-respected

friend of my dad once said that "the center of gravity is key to a smooth ride." Mike was talking about motorcycles. I do believe Mike is wiser than he thinks. Also family to me, Mike references the center of gravity in the motorcycling community as my dad. My dad always led others in a quiet, intelligent, and versatile way. Dad knew that each component on

a motorcycle was integral to operate, and how true this is with human beings. Mike, and his wife Kim have become so important to me over the years. Both Mike and Kim are a reminder, and a reflection of similar characteristics of my dad. And both Mike and Kim are important members of this off-road



community, I hope one day you become acquainted. Family comes in many different ways, at least for me they do.

My colleague offered me training wheels the other day when I managed to fall off my bike. He thinks I am weird which is fine, because frankly I am weird. My colleague is weird too. Nice to be in good company. We all fall off sometimes. I am grateful to have friends to laugh with, and who help me get back on when I fall down. I try to learn from my mistakes as I grow.

“

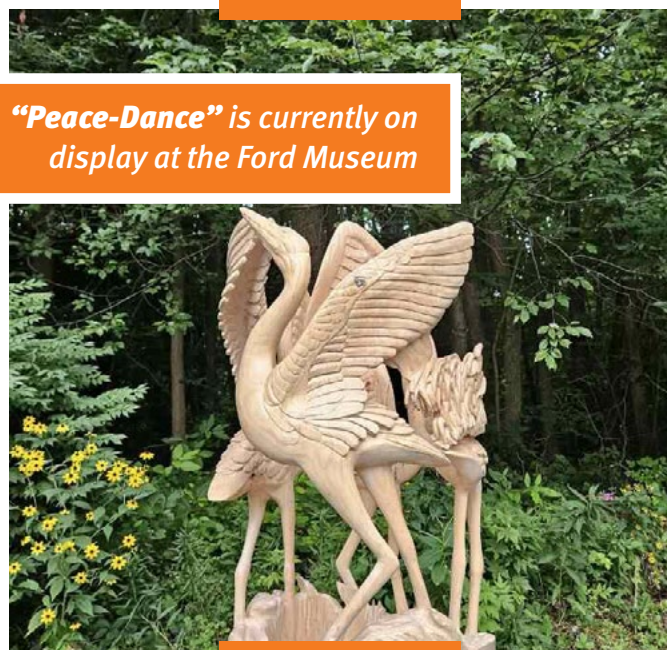
I believe dad's greatest Dance lesson was to trust God. To live by God's example, and never forget Him in anything you do.

Experiences have a strong hold on our lives. Let's face it, memories make us or break (brake) us as adults. How we carry forward really depends on us. When someone steps out of line, or on our toes it does hurt. With great hope we can be gentle and start again. Grace for ourselves and others is so important.

"Life as a dance at times keeps us on our toes; often on our knees; and full of interesting turns."

—My Dad.

A very talented Midwest artist named Michael Oosting recently carved an art sculpture out of reclaimed white-ash wood called, "Peace-Dance". Michael, an expert in nature education, has created a legacy of new-life in the places he has lived. Peace-Dance is a group of crane gathered in a seasonal circular dance. The piece is stunning with the natural light flow of energy. The dance of give and take in a community is beautifully represented in Michael's art-piece. How true that we are not far off from nature in the traditional seasonal dance of our community.



Perhaps the answer to life is not simple. I do know Dad Dance taught me many life lessons. He taught me how to dance with others; and through the art of motorcycling to live by a more simple means. To appreciate the valuable time I have with others. To pay attention to what yet I have to learn, and most importantly, when to listen.

The idea of a utopian society is ideal, if only we were all perfect in nature. I do believe we are all much like Michael Oosting's Peace-Dance, constantly being carved out to achieve artistic perfection. Although we are all uniquely designed, we are all an important part of the greater canvas of life. Further, we really are like deep rooted trees, intertwined into an interconnected family related system. Once uprooted the tree will perish, and the community will suffer. Perhaps with new-life we will all become something more beautiful. What I do believe about this off-road community is you are the salt of the earth. And most certainly, the salt that still holds divine flavor. You are wonderfully kind, good, and more like family. You help one another, when help is needed.

Yes, a Dance like me must be trailered into something more refined, and the more I let the light in, the better I feel I am.

Michael Oosting's wife, Cindy is a good example to me of giving new-life: I watch Cindy with animals, who are lost and broken as she pivots them into new found joy. I really love the "practice as you preach" concept with Michael and Cindy. Both Michael and Cindy contribute to new-life of that which was once lost, broken, and forgotten.

Being a Dance, and a dancer myself I know we have a high tolerance for pain. Every letter ever signed by my grandparents, my mother, my father concluded with "all my love" and began with, "my, darling". I hear my cousin, Chris call me "darling" and it brings me to joyful tears of remembrance. Love of the Dance Family brought to life: This is a practice of choice to be kind and loving. I feel grace is truly key as we dance and connect. The light of kindness is what I am drawn to. Breath of new life to any living being is truly love.

My dad was my best friend. And I cannot tell you how hard it is to lose your best friend. He was also my mentor. Dad was a good steward in this diverse world. Being a good steward takes intestinal fortitude. Anyone can have children. Takes someone very special to be a dad. Moreover, to be a good man takes strength.

I hope you enjoy the adventure story from my dear friend Jeff Griffin included in this issue of Compass. Setting Jeff up with an adventure he discovered a past classmate, made new friends, and had the ability to take in beautiful new scenery. What an example of ability Jeff is to so many, including me.

Thank you, Jeff Griffin for trusting me with my out-of-the-blue invitation to send you on your off-road adventure. And thank you for giving me the ability to put one foot in front of the other following the passing of six family members, including my beloved mom and dad. My universe was shattered when I lost my parents. Learning to rebalance, to have my center of gravity has been a challenge. Learning how to dance again has taken incredible strength. Without my stage crew, I would be lost.

Above all I thank God for all that I have. God's guidance and grace is my True North. I am so thankful to live in a beautiful free country that I love. People need their freedom and independence to express themselves, and I also know we need each other to move forward.

Thank you, Marc Bryson for believing in this publication. I believe everyone should have a chance to share their story. You are an incredible leader. I always love your stories and eye for photography. Most of all, I am grateful for your kindness and wisdom.

Sarge, my deepest gratitude to you for keeping the U4WDA going. You have had a remarkable hand in the longevity. You are also a kind and generously good soul. Your efforts are recognized. Thank you for all the invites as I have lost my family.

I hope within this medium we can come together and share stories of this incredible community. We need to have a voice. And if you happen to find a typo in one of our articles, I invite you to laugh with us. Because, we are all perfectly, imperfect human beings. We believe in embracing one another in our perfect imperfections. Because human imperfections are what connects our heartstrings, and what creates the perfect harmony of this community.

*There is a season for everything.
The dance in the rain is far better
when we do this together.*



"Life as a dance at times keeps us on our toes; often on our knees; and full of interesting turns."

—Jim Dance.



Lone Peak 4 Wheelers

About Us

Lone Peak 4 Wheelers is an offroad club catering to Jeep-style vehicles though all makes and models are welcome. We are a very family and pet friendly group that tackles trails from mild to wild. While some of our club rides require modified vehicles and off-road driving experience, we strive to make sure there are rides suitable for any stock, off-road oriented vehicle. We are an excellent place to start your off-road journey. Our seasoned membership offers decades of experience and knowledge and we love getting new wheelers involved in this lifestyle.

Team & Members

President: Lorell Hathcock

Vice Pres: Marlin Sharp

Secretary: Tawna Crapo

Treasurer: Rachel Hathcock

Region of Activity

Mostly northern and central Utah but we range as far northern Arizona, southern Idaho, and western Colorado.



Club Activities and Schedule

We have a monthly ride every month except December and we plan these rides for the year in January so you can get them on your calendar. We also do a club BBQ in the summer and a Christmas party in December. There are also numerous other unscheduled ride opportunities and activities that happen throughout the years.

How to join/contact info:

Our club meets at 6:30 pm on the second Thursday of every month at Doug Smith Chrysler Jeep in American Fork. You are welcome as a guest on two rides or events a year. Club membership is \$40 for the year per household. You can also find us at Lone Peak 4 Wheelers Jeep Club on Facebook.



Club Write Up:

Earlier this spring, we explored the Behind the Reef trail and Little Wild Horse Canyon wilderness area near Hanksville, Utah.

This is one of the club's favorite rides. This trail traverses some of the most scenic areas in Utah and offers enough four wheeling adventure to keep you interested.



CLUBS (continued)



Utah Overland Community (UOC)

About Us

Utah Overland Community is a statewide off-road and overlanding community, hosted through our dedicated app, built to create a highly connected and reliable 4x4 network across Utah.

UOC brings together everyone from people taking their first vehicle off pavement to experienced overlanders running heavily modified rigs hundreds of miles through the backcountry for days at a time.

What started as a group chat has grown into a full community platform available on the Apple App Store and Google Play. The UOC app gives members one place to connect with other wheelers, join discussions, share their rigs and builds, discover events, create and join trips, access mapping and trail resources, message other members directly, and take advantage of discounts and perks from partner brands.

At the center of it all is the network itself. Members exchange trail information, help each other with builds and gear, organize their own adventures, and

have people they can count on when they're miles from pavement. Through the app's member and trip approval process, there's also a level of trust and accountability that is difficult to create through an open social media group.

Responsible recreation is equally important. UOC encourages members to stay on designated routes, respect closures and private property, pack out trash, help other trail users, and leave Utah's backcountry better than they found it.

Whether you're driving a stock daily driver or a purpose-built overland rig, there's a place for you in UOC.

Team & Members

Utah Overland Community is operated by a small team of administrators, moderators, trip hosts, and community members who help keep the network running both online and on the trail.

Region of Activity

State of Utah, with runs throughout northern, central, and southern Utah, as well as surrounding states.

Club Activities and Schedule

There is almost always something happening in UOC. We organize monthly trail runs throughout Utah, along with larger sponsored events that can bring 20–25+ rigs together. One weekend might be a laid-back mountain trail with a dozen trucks; the next could be a technical run, a sponsored event loaded with giveaways, or a multi-day trip hundreds of miles into the backcountry.

What really sets UOC apart is that any member can create and host a trip. On any given weekend or weekday, groups can be heading in completely



CLUBS (continued)

different directions—from an easy Saturday run to experienced wheelers disappearing into the desert for three days.

The app's Events page goes beyond our own calendar. It brings together off-road and overlanding events happening across Utah, including trail runs, meetups, expos, shows, races, and other events worth knowing about. Instead of finding out Monday morning that you missed something amazing over the weekend, members can see what's coming and make plans.

UOC also partners with companies in the off-road and overlanding industry for sponsored runs, giveaways, product showcases, and exclusive member perks—creating experiences you aren't going to get sitting in another Facebook group.

UOC Club Write Up:

A recent UOC run into the Uintas brought together a convoy ranging from relatively stock vehicles to heavily modified overland builds for a two-day trip through the mountains.

After meeting up, the group headed into the Uintas and spent the first day exploring, navigating obstacles, spotting each other through tougher sections, and making our way deeper into the mountains. Then the weather turned on us. Heavy rain hammered the group and completely changed the character of the trail, turning what started as a scenic run into a much more interesting adventure.

Once the rain finally died down, we found our campsite and the whole mood changed. One of our members surprised everyone by cooking dinner for the entire group. Someone else broke out a cornhole set, music started playing, and before long everyone was hanging around camp eating, laughing, talking about the day's run, and enjoying a pretty darn good night in the mountains.

That's one of the things that makes these trips special. Some of the people around camp had barely known each other before the run, but after a full day of wheeling through pouring rain, helping each other on the trail, and spending the night together at camp, you wouldn't have known it.

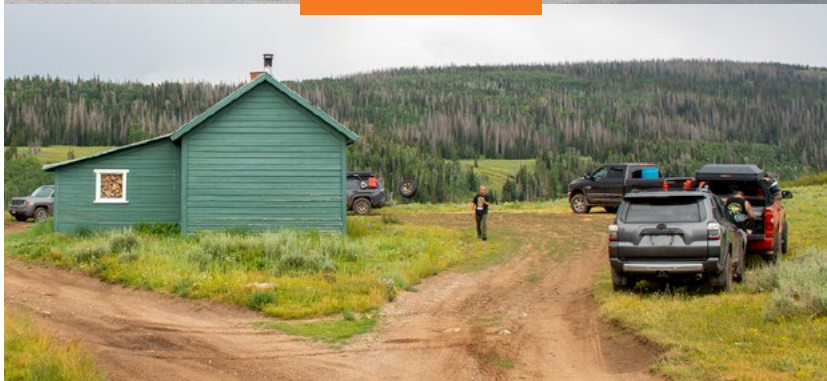
The next morning, we packed everything back into the rigs and headed out to tackle the second half of the route. By the time the convoy rolled out of the Uintas on day two, we'd spent two days wheeling, camping, fighting weather, sharing food, and putting both the rigs and our gear to the test. Those are the trips people remember—and exactly the kind of experiences UOC was built to create.

How to join/contact info:

Apple App Store or Google Play— Download the Utah Overland Community app.

Instagram— @UtahOverlandCommunity

Email: HQ@UtahOverlandCommunity.com



CLUBS (continued)



Wasatch Outlaws



The Wasatch Outlaw Wheelers are a family-oriented 4x4 club based in Ogden, Utah, built around a shared passion for off-road adventure, friendship, and the outdoors. Our members range from experienced rock crawlers to drivers just beginning their off-road journey, and we welcome anyone with a legal, operable four-wheel drive vehicle.

Trail rides are the heart of our club. Throughout the year we organize group runs across Utah, exploring everything from scenic mountain trails in northern Utah to the red rock terrain of southern Utah. Many members also participate in larger events such as Moab's Easter Jeep Safari and Winter on the Rocks, connecting with the broader off-road community.

Beyond the trail, the club meets monthly in Ogden to plan events, share trail stories, and welcome new members. With a strong family-oriented culture, the club creates a welcoming environment where friendships are built while enjoying Utah's outdoors.

The Wasatch Outlaw Wheelers also support responsible recreation and promote respectful trail use to help keep public lands open for future generations.



Keep up with Wasatch Outlaws on
our website and Facebook page.



website



facebook



“Aired Up, I’m Hungry” —by Marc Bryson

I’m always up for a meal after a trail day. Let’s hit up Rock Reef Café in Torrey, UT. Root beer float is incredibly refreshing and I’ll polish off a couple of tacos and you grab some good pizza.

What do you think about the stories you’ve read in this issue? There is no way I can punctuate the experiences expressed in the previous pages of this magazine. You’ve got Juli talking dance, Brent’s story of survival and finding a path. Susan’s story of gaining access with the help of a 4 legged friend. Jeff’s story of finding fun. Wade has quite a story



and an awesome challenge to all of us. Seek him out. There’s layers to his story. The common thread among all of them is that they’ve all found a way to get out there and enjoy the vistas and landscapes that are accessible through wheeled access. We are blessed!

The stories we’ve shared were inspired by Blue Ribbon Coalition’s Operation Accessible (see QR code above). “No American should be shut out from public land experiences because they can’t hike many miles or traverse rugged terrain on foot.” I get REALLY frustrated with the folks that say things like “you didn’t lose access” or “you can always hike”. Not everyone can do that. I feel like that’s an elitist attitude and is pretty offensive. Generally speaking, these same people in other parts of their lives talk about inclusion and fairness. I struggle with the hypocrisy. Because of someone’s age, ability or even preference, those folks want to shut public

lands down UNLESS you participate in their outlined method. Utah 4 Wheel Drive Association fully endorses the vision laid out by BRC.

Big thanks to those that helped us put this issue together by connecting us with amazing people that help us see life through a different lens. Chelsey Copsy connected us with Susan and Danielle with Brent. Juli sent Jeff blind to hang out with me for three days. He survived as you noticed. I have thoroughly enjoyed meeting the folks contributing to this issue and the time I’ve spent with them.

Personally, I do have some slight physical limitations and that is one of the things that led me to the 4x4 community almost three decades ago. I wouldn’t call myself physically disabled. Being a bigger guy with questionable knees and not wanting to be a burden to any hiking companions has led me to accessing open routes through a 4x4 instead of through sturdy hiking boots. As much as I’ve enjoyed the 4x4 ride, it’s possible I’ve enjoyed the people I’ve met even more.

Shifting gears here but humor me. Attached are a couple of pictures of my “CJ”. It’s literally a collection of UROC cast off parts, an ‘89 Suburban, an MB grille and whatever other junk I could scrounge up that became a running machine. It’s truly a Johnny Cash One Piece at a Time story that wasn’t borrowed from a factory like the song. The parts were acquired from friends, online bartering or cast off items my family or friends didn’t need. I measure my Gladiator’s value in “trail days”. The “CJ” has a LOT of trail days and scrapes under it. It’s on it’s own recovery path from it’s last serious trail ride and is looking pretty svelte if I do say so myself. It seems to have a soul in some ways.

As you’ll notice, the CJ (it’s likely more of a YJ but hey, let’s roll with what the title says) doesn’t have a traditional CJ grille. I chose an MB as I’ve always loved the history and the WWII Jeep story. I’ve often wondered what that grille would say if it could talk. It’s brother MB’s and cousin GPW literally won a war in two theater’s 80ish years ago.

(continued on inside back cover)

Marc Bryson



After about 16-17 years of the Jeep being silver, I just painted it green semi-recently. I was worn down by the many comments about it not being Army green over the years and succumbed to peer pressure. There's a small twist as you'll notice the numbers on the hood don't match.

That's a story for another

time. What I want to emphasize with my old Jeep is that it took many friends, myself gaining a few new skills, a ton of work, a patient wife and the support of 3 kids. The Jeep, my kids and wife have made some incredible friends through the years through our off-roading adventures. What awesome examples the people we've met have been to my family in so many ways. The Jeep has literally been a vehicle to a lifestyle of making friends and enjoying open spaces.

Jeff Griffin mentions that he felt like one of the family at Easter Jeep Safari. You can hear his enthusiasm and he is part of the family. More than he or I knew before we met on a Tuesday night for an early Wednesday morning trail ride. He was stuck with me and I with him for at least 10-12 hours running Dome Plateau. We found that we played on the same high school football team back in the day. Odd, eh? We ended up spending 3 days together. I hope he'll join me again sometime. People are put in your path for a reason.



There's a couple of items we haven't had room to touch on in this issue. One is how many service members I've run across in my three decades in the off-road world. I grew up in a small town surrounded by veterans from the 40-70s. One thing I have learned from them is that none of us that haven't been there can truly understand what those people have witnessed and lost. We live in an amazing place with an amazing governmental experiment that has served well for the past 250 years. It's certainly had it's warts over the time. The government is designed so that all can have a place and pursue happiness. It takes sacrifice for that. Time and blood. Shouldn't those that have given more than we can understand have the ability to enjoy public lands?

Another Johnny Cash song comes to mind about a flag. Review those lyrics when you get a chance. Listen to that song. Some of the folks you'll run across have wounds that can't be seen. Most of those will shrug off that they need help. Just being a friend to them means a lot. Thanks to those that have served in whatever capacity. Those that have served we cannot repay but we can respect and honor the sacrifice. All of us can be a friend even if it's just for a few hours on a trail day.

Recently, I was able to get all three of my adult kids along with my two daughter-in-laws and my wife out on a trail a few weeks ago. I was amazed at how happy that made me. Watching my now grown kids be responsible trail users is one of my biggest joys of my life thus far. The land and scenery we enjoy is amazing. The people we meet and rub shoulders with are even more amazing. The whole of the experience is incredible.

Back to the trail worn but in-process CJ: Much like any of us or folks you may meet, it's gotten worn down from it's battles. For the CJ the battles were on trails and rocks. I noticed it's stressed state and have given it a bit of a hiatus. An intervention if you will. It's in it's recovery time and is doing pretty well. Are there any people in your circle that could use a little help from the battles they face? Reach out, a friend is always helpful.

Get out there and enjoy your public lands. Get involved in keeping them open. The government can work if we participate. Write the letters, do the service projects and teach others to be responsible land users.



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