

View from

Listening Point

Newsletter of the **Listening Point Foundation, Inc.**

Volume XXII, No. 1 | Spring/Summer 2019 | www.listeningpointfoundation.org

Dedicated to preserving Listening Point and advancing Sigurd Olson's legacy of wilderness education.

Sigurd's Spring

David Backes

One of Sigurd Olson's best-known sayings is that only those who live in the North can fully understand the coming of spring. "To appreciate it, you must wait for it a long time," he said, "hope and dream about it, and go through considerable enduring."

There's a corollary, based on spring as a symbol of hope, new life, new possibilities and fresh starts. Just as with the season emerging all around us, to appreciate this interior spring you have to wait a long time, hope and dream, and endure disappointment and failure. You have to go through a long winter of discontent to appreciate the coming of a fresh start.

Sigurd didn't write that version, but he lived it. His fresh start came in the spring of 1947, when he resigned from his position as dean of Ely Junior College to become a full-time freelance writer.

Think of the risk! Sigurd sure did. He was giving up a job that was stable, paid quite well, and even gave him status in Ely. He planned to keep managing the Border Lakes Outfitting Co., so that provided an anchor to windward, but still he was giving up two-thirds of his annual income. He did not have much evidence from his past writing experience to make him think he could make much of that up. Only hope. Hope and desperation.

The desperation came from his long winter of discontent. A dreadfully long winter. For more than twenty years he had dreamed of being a writer. He felt called to it—it was the heart of his identity. He tried so hard to make it work. He tried short-story fiction; it was almost all rejected, often with scathing criticism. He tried writing his "sketches," as he called them, such as "Grandmother's Trout" and "Easter on the Prairie;" those, too, were rejected. Wonderful writing, Mr. Olson, but there's no market for this. He tried hunting and fishing stories for the outdoor magazines; these he could sell, but they paid little and, frankly, they bored him. He wanted to capture the feeling of close contact with nature, not write about stringers of fish.

What killed him about his job at the junior college was the sense of marking time. He was good at the job, and students and faculty respected and even loved him. But he saw himself as a writer. A writer who regularly came home from work too mentally exhausted to write.

He did explore other jobs. A number of times in the 1930s he flirted with taking on a career in ecology. He finished his master's thesis, and had a number of job opportunities. Aldo Leopold even



sought Sigurd out to be his first doctoral student. Sigurd agonized over every opportunity. His family weighed heavily on him. Could he uproot them all for something that might in the end keep him just as miserable? He wrote in his journal early in 1938 that Elizabeth had said the night before, "For 15 years we have never known what we wanted to do, never known where we should live or when we might quit." It was hard on everyone. But he was only happy when he was writing, and writing seemed unlikely to pay the bills.

So his long winter dragged on, occasionally burying him with a storm of rejection, and sometimes giving him a tantalizing hint that maybe this new idea or article was the beginning of spring. But no—just another January thaw.

His winter ended the month he turned 48. On April 14 he wrote in his journal: "Today I resigned. It doesn't seem possible. I am frightened at the consequences of my act even though I have contemplated it for many years. Now it is a fact and there is no turning back. I am a free man and in another six weeks I will be all through."

Nature's spring may be a season of new life and hope, but it also has its storms. So it is with the spring nurtured inside you. Sigurd knew only fiction could generate an income close to what he was giving up. But by the end of summer all five of his short stories had been rejected, and he was buried in another snow-storm of scathing comments. "Short stories I do not know," he wrote in his journal. And his essays still received compliments

continued on page 4

Happiness in the Balance

By Douglas Wood for the Listening Point Foundation

Recently I returned from a week in the hills and valleys, woods, streams, and ravines of south-east Minnesota, also known as the Bluff Country or Driftless Area. The last term derives from the fact that this part of Minnesota, in addition to the southwest and northeast corners of Wisconsin and Iowa respectively, was missed by the glaciers of the last ice age, resulting in the deep carving of the area into its characteristic bluffs and valleys. The glacial Mississippi particularly left a huge valley, with high vistas and overlooks, with many of the hilltops capped with limestone filled with fossils, left by an ocean that resided here some 550 million years ago.

In any case we headed to this ancient landscape, a group of Road Scholars and myself, along with co-leader Larry Weber, to seek out wildflowers and migrating birds and whatever wonders we might find. Road Scholars, by the way, are adults of perhaps a certain age, who seek out learning adventures in a wide variety of situations and habitats. And many small wonders we found—from blooming Hepatica and Boodroot and Dutchman's Breetches along a tumbling trout stream, to dozens of species of warblers and flame-sided orioles and catbirds and thrushes, along with waterfowl from teal to pelicans. In all, an even 100 species of birds were spotted.

Each day began early, with a particular destination in mind—one that might be good for birds or blossoms—with the likelihood of a number of detours and digressions thrown in. Walking fast was not our pattern, rather a slow pace somewhere between ambling, strolling, and meandering. This speed seemed to be the most conducive to discovery and the process of immersion. Somewhere near the middle of the day we would find a good spot for a picnic lunch, and somewhere near evening we would head for dinner and a soft bed. And by the end of each day we were more than ready for that bed. For even though our pace was not fast, the daily process of discovering, learning, exploring, observing, and truly seeing, was enough to make a mind and body weary.

By the end of the week, I was bushed. Yet I found myself strangely... happy. Every day was filled to the brim with singing birds and blooming wildflowers, the sound of flowing waters, the enjoyment of a simple path through the woods. And, of course, with the varied personalities of a group of ten adult explorer-scholars, each with his or her own needs, agenda, expectations, and experiences. There was very little time or energy for anything else.

At the end of our trip I mentioned to friend and co-leader Larry, that I'd had no time to keep up with the doings and sayings of certain Very Important People In Very Important Places. No chance to keep up with the latest threats or worries. No opportunity to follow the News.

The News, said Larry, is that the Trout Lilies are blooming beside the stream in the valley. The Dutchman's Breetches are dangling their pantaloons and swaying delicately in a south breeze. We saw the first redstart of the year. The oriole is singing from the top of the big cottonwood, which is just beginning to green up. The bald eagles are riding the thermals that rise up the bluffs. That, said Larry, is the News.

It's probably not necessary to mention that Larry is pretty smart. He had reminded me of something I had learned long ago in the process of guiding scores of wilderness canoe trips, a phenomenon I had come to call 'the shrinking of the world.'

When we spend uninterrupted time in the outdoors, in the company of wild things and people who care about them, we find that the News is cyclical, and often good and often lovely. That our minds and hearts can be filled to the extent that there's very little room for anything else. That for a short time, the whole world consists of a very small group of people and the natural environment they encounter—are a part of—on a daily basis. It is indeed a 'smaller world.' A more manageable world. A world that makes sense. A world in which one belongs and is empowered. It is the opposite, in other words, of the world we so often normally inhabit. And which inhabits us.

Is this a full-time answer, obviating the need for awareness, for doing the difficult, sometimes grueling work of protecting and caring for the often-threatened goodness of the world we love? No. Now, more than ever, it seems, the forces of exploitation and despoilation are threatening much that we care about and treasure. Resources and places we thought were 'protected forever' we find, to our dismay, are not. Traditions of national ideals, shared values, and simple common decency seem to be under daily—even hourly—attack. It is a difficult time to be a person who loves this land, the natural world and the beauties that are our inheritance.

But the occasional chance to enter the greenwood and to live in a 'smaller world,' to care about smaller things—be they birds or blossoms—and to be enchanted by their loveliness, is perhaps more valuable than ever. It's a part of the balance. Part of being alive and 'walking in balance' through the green hills and wooded valleys and, occasionally... finding oneself strangely... happy.



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2019 Scholarship Recipients!

Every spring, the Listening Point Foundation is proud to present two \$1000 scholarships to students at our local schools. One award goes to a graduating senior at Ely Memorial High School, and the other to an undergraduate at our local Vermilion Community College (VCC). LPF Scholarships are awarded based on academic achievement, community involvement, need for funding, and a written essay based on the theme: "The Meaning of Wilderness." This year, our recipients were Shane Spangler (Ely Memorial High School) and Connor Lange (VCC). The excerpt below is from Connor's essay that our Scholarship Committee felt particularly connected to Sig's philosophy of how "everyone has a Listening Point," and the impact of wilderness on the human spirit. Congratulations, Shane and Connor!

The Wilderness Act of 1964, written by Howard Zahniser, along with the help of many notable environmental stewards, including Sigurd Olson, defines wilderness as an area "in contrast with those areas where man and his works dominate the landscape." The Act goes on to define wilderness as an "area where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain." In my interpretation, a wilderness can be the creek in your backyard or the thicket of trees and brush you explored when you were younger. While less than two percent of land in the lower 48 is designated as "wilderness," according to the Wilderness Society, I believe that we can find our own wilderness everywhere we look. Wilderness exists in places that help us grow, mentally, physically, and emotionally; places of solitude and peace that aid us through struggle and perseverance; places that bring us back to our roots and help us reconnect with the natural world. This is what the outdoors and nature can do for people. This is the impact wilderness has on the human spirit, and that is why I find it so very important that we fight to protect our wilderness just as hard as the people who dedicated their lives to making sure we had the opportunity to experience it.

My wilderness is my cabin, seven miles deep on a gravel road, through balsam, poplar, and paper birch forest land on a forty-acre lake....In the same way Sigurd Olson loved the "Singing Wilderness," I have come to love my cabin. It is the place where my mind and body can come together to escape the wired world. Sigurd Olson retreated to Listening Point to hear the birds sing and watch the sun rise. Sigurd Olson understood and wrote eloquently of the peace and wonder of wild places. In 1977, at the end of his testimony in support of Senator Fraser's bill to protect and preserve the land that is the Boundary Waters Canoe Area

[Wilderness], Sig proclaimed: "In the end we turn to nature in a frenzied chaotic world, to find silence—oneness—wholeness—spiritual release." Sig's words hold true to this day; our desire for wilderness persists and our efforts at wilderness preservation are needed now more than ever.

The Listening Point Foundation, Inc. Asset Summary

as of December 31, 2018

The following funds are held in trust for uses directed by donors or where the needs are greatest in support of the Listening Point Foundation mission.

Operating Funds

1. Temporarily Restricted Operating Funds

Audio-Visual Grant (currently in WFB checking) \$6,050

2. Unrestricted Operating Funds

WFB Checking Account	309
Undeposited Funds	7770
Unrestricted funds invested	117,833
Inventory	<u>9,339</u>

Total Operating Funds 141,301

3. Maintenance Endowment Fund 191,419

(Invested permanently to generate income for the Listening Point Foundation)

Total Endowment Funds 191,419

4. Listening Point Preservation Fund 50,638

Total Restricted Funds 50,638

5. Fixed Assets

Listening Point Property	493,576
106 E. Wilson Street	221,502
Less accumulated depreciation	38,541
Total 106 E. Wilson St.	182,961
Computer	1,500
Art and books	
E.L. Jaques originals (8)	18,000
J. Brandenburg prints (4)	1,500
Oil painting acquired w/house	5,000
SFO Books	500
Total Art and books	<u>25,000</u>

Total Fixed Assets 703,037

Total Foundation Assets as of December 31, 2018 \$1,086,395



2019 Calendar

- **June 1: LPF Board Meeting, Ely, MN**
- **July 26-27: Booth at the Blueberry Arts Festival, Ely, MN**
- **September 6: Annual Northwoods Dinner, Ely, MN**
- **October 26-27: LPF Board & Strategic Planning Meeting, Ely, MN**

Please check our website and Facebook page for additional activities and dates.

THIS & THAT

🌿 **The 21st Annual Sigurd F. Olson Birthday Luncheon in St. Paul, MN was a great success.** Thank you to everyone who came to celebrate with us and the volunteers who helped it run smoothly!

Listening Point Foundation HOME ABOUT GALLERY COMMUNITY EVENTS DONATE CONTACT SHOP



🌿 **New LPF Website.** In early February, we revealed our new, completely redesigned website. We will be regularly updating the Events and Community page to keep everyone in the loop, so stay tuned. You can schedule a tour, learn about the next exciting LPF projects, and keep in touch!

🌿 **It was a bit chilly this winter, but our snowshoe hikes were great fun!** As a part of the Ely Winter Festival in February we took dozens of guests out to enjoy the gorgeous winter wonderland out at Listening Point. Cookies and hot drinks were served at the cabin, and the adventure was enjoyed by all. Special thanks to Peta Barrett, Patsy Mogush, Sue Duffy, and everyone else who volunteered to guide and help!



🌿 **Blueberry Arts Festival in July!** If you happen to be in the Ely Area during July 26-28th, come and stop by the LPF Booth to say hello. We enjoy meeting folks who come from across the country and world to visit!

Sigurd's Spring *continued from page 1*

and rejections. He was at a loss.

That fall the Quetico-Superior Council asked if he would work for them and spearhead the campaign to ban airplanes from the canoe country and buy out private inholdings in the wilderness. Perhaps he would have said yes in any case, but the timing was perfect. He had a salary again. And he spent the next couple of years gaining new protections for the canoe country he loved.

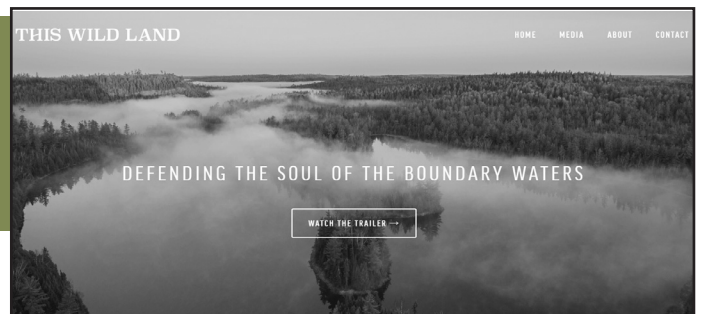
Another thing about spring? It can always surprise you. Not just with storms, but with unexpected joy. Same with the interior spring. If Sigurd had not quit the junior college, he wouldn't have been able to take the conservation job. He thrived in it, and for the first time felt that what he was doing was truly important. But he couldn't have foreseen this:

His canoe country work brought him national recognition. He became known to politicians and national conservation groups. Those groups sought him out. He became president of the National Parks Association in 1953. And in that role he gave a speech in New York on the spiritual values of the national parks. In the audience was a man named Alfred A. Knopf, who was so impressed he wrote to Sigurd wondering if a book might be possible. You know the rest.

Sigurd's winter of discontent had ended, his conservation work had given him a fresh start, and with Alfred Knopf his life-long dream and calling became reality. He had waited a long time, and—with his family—had gone through considerable enduring. But spring had finally come.

"This Wild Land: Defending the Soul of the Boundary Waters"

Guests at our Annual Luncheon enjoyed a special preview of an upcoming short documentary created by a group of local Minnesota filmmakers. The documentary, inspired by Sig Olson and his love of wilderness, will be coming out later in Summer 2019. Brendan Harris, John Mooty, Will Mooty, Frank Bolton, and Zech Thormodsgaard will be presenting again at our Annual Northwoods Dinner in Ely, MN in early September. You won't want to miss it! Watch the preview and learn more at thiswildlanddoc.com.



Sig Story

My husband and I are both Northland College Alumni, attending the college 1974-1978. This little anecdote is from our freshman year. I hope you enjoy it. – Nancy Mullenbrock

In early April, 1975 Sigurd Olson and his wife drove from their home in Ely, MN to Ashland Wisconsin for the Board of Trustees meetings at Northland College. (Sigurd was a Trustee Emerita of Northland.) Mrs. Olson dropped him at the college for the day's meetings and continued to Seely, Wisconsin, to visit her sister, Mrs Johnston. Sigurd was to meet them in Seely that evening.

My husband, Craig, was a student worker at the time and his job was to set the audio equipment up for the board meeting that day. At some point during the meeting the president of the college, Malcolm McLean, asked Craig to drive Sigurd to Seely after meetings and dinner. Craig asked if I would be allowed to accompany him on the drive and permission was given.

That evening, we set out for Seely, a drive of about one hour. The evening was lovely, snow on the ground, clear sky, and a waning but bright moon. During the drive Sig regaled us with stories of his youth in Wisconsin, working at the Barksdale plant, traveling through the forests up north, hiking on reservation lands as well as through the national forests. His voice was low, clear, and hypnotic. He also wanted to know about us, why we came to Northland, what we were studying, our outdoor interests, our history.



Credit: Wisconsin Historical Society, Image ID 74098.

When we arrived at Mrs. Johnston's home, Craig and I were invited in to celebrate his 76th birthday. There was a cake, *The Birthday Song*, and I was asked to blow out his birthday candle.

The evening was a perfect moment and then it got even better. Mrs. Johnston had live trapped a little flying squirrel in her attic and asked Sigurd to return it to the woods. Before taking the critter outside, Sig took time to show us how specialized the squirrel was, showing us its extended skin flaps, its tiny size, and lovely coloring. He then gently spoke to it to calm it before setting out for the trees by the house. The three of us walked quietly in the snow with the cage. Then Sigurd spoke to the tiny critter again, coaxing it out of the cage to the trees.

The evening ended with more birthday wishes and good-byes. Craig and I drove back to Ashland under still clear skies. Craig met Sigurd several more times at Northland board meet-

ings, but I never had the opportunity to speak to Sigurd again. This still remains one of the most cherished memories I have of my years at Northland.

A side note to the story is that Mrs. Johnston lived in a lovely older white frame home on the edge of the Urenholdt State Forest, named for Mrs. Olson's and Mrs. Johnston's father. I have included a photo from the state archives of Sigurd at the Urenholdt Forest Marker.

Do you have a "Sig Story"? We would love to have you share it with us!

"We cannot all live in the wilderness, or even close to it, but we can, no matter where we spend our lives, remember the background which shaped this sense of the eternal rhythm, remember that days, no matter how frenzied their pace, can be calm and unhurried."

– Sigurd Olson, *Reflections of the North Country* p. 30

P.O.V.

Spring is waking around us;
the dead grasses in the meadows and
along the bubbling streams are laden with
smooth routes and tunneled with highways frequented by
snowshoe hares and other smammals,
memories whose paths we seldom cross.
Unless we get down to the root of things,
put our faces in the grass, cheeks to cold earth,
and glimpse today from their point of view,
listening to their pulse and footfalls.

Well-travelled trails will redirect with
Spring's new growth, like the shape-shifting paths
of our memory, open to new horizons,
to root and record, seeds of experience bursting
up out the hard Minnesota soil that's been
frozen solid for six months,
like a favorite book you thought you lost;
but when found, you discover that the pages turn just as easily as
the time before.

For me they lead to water,
both running and singing, yet still and silent,
streams and sleepy lakes, grasslands giving way to granite,
and like the smaller in stature inhabitants underfoot,
there's an underlying warren of routes that,
not unlike the hare and rabbit frequenting them,
open to the wild that forms the wilderness,
to the changing colors of our seasons.

Opening backwards to a moment when a boy, named Sigurd,
gathered grasshoppers and happenings into a small box,
during the sun scratched trek along a green meadow,
holding a seasoned tamarack wand, slender in shape,
but strong and sacred in its purpose. Tip tied with his mother's
black sewing thread and a bronze penny hook,
sharp enough to leave the hoppers kicking, attempting flight and
freedom.

To sit there, hiding in the grass, above the stream
and lower bait to water and shadowed shallow rocks,
to feel the tug and pull of unseen brook trout,
the mouthing of words yet understood, yet uncovered;
this molting of my younger self, would leave cocoon
and smammal trail emptied behind me,
to the opening of new pages.

Would open my horizons.
Has been the catch of my life, colored like a brook trout,
running through trails smoothed out before me,
on the heels of hares.

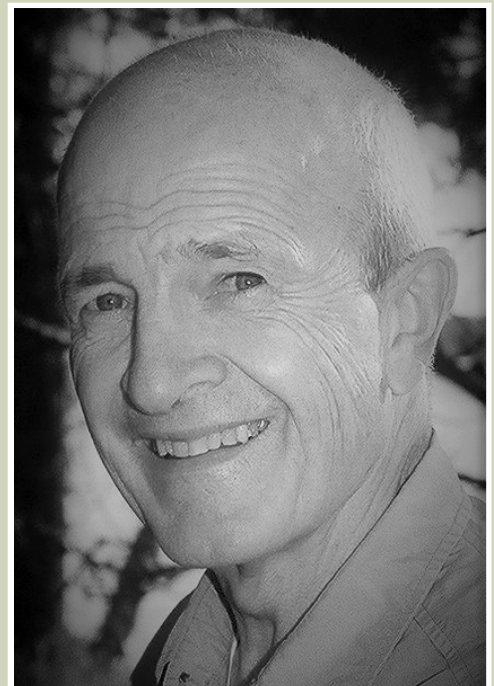
[smammal = small mammal]
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#elystreetpoet
elystreetpoet@gmail.com

Honoring the life of Martin Kellogg

September 26, 1930 - March 21, 2019

A love of the outdoors motivated Martin to work tirelessly throughout his life to conserve wilderness for future generations. Beginning in 1963, Martin helped lead the effort to establish Voyageur's National Park, and he served for over 50 years as a founder and member of the VNP Association. He also worked closely with the Minnesota Parks & Trails Council for as many years, and he served on the boards of numerous other conservation groups, including the Nature Conservancy, Carpenter Nature Center, Listening Point Foundation, and Minnesota Landscape Arboretum. Thank you, Martin. Your legacy will live on!

Listening Point Foundation
Advisory Board, 2000 – 2006
Board of Directors, 2006 – 2013



The Battle Goes on Endlessly

It is no secret to our readers that another battle rages in the North Country over the fate of the BWCA Wilderness. Such battles have been fought for decades and Sigurd Olson was involved in nearly all of them. This time the main point of contention is sulfide mining and the dangers of not only the mining itself, but the centuries-long toxic persistence of the poisonous tailings.

As a foundation, our dual purpose is to advance Sig Olson's legacy of wilderness education and to preserve Listening Point. Taking that charge of 'education' seriously, we have refrained from advocating or leading in this battle in any overt way. That posture continues. But at this point, a few thoughts seem to be in order.

Some years ago, I was on a book tour out west, and had a radio interview scheduled. The interviewer seemed intent on ignoring the book (a gentle tome called *Old Turtle*) and instead putting me on the defensive about a local hot button "government land grab" issue. The catch phrase of the day among a certain element was "multiple use wilderness." "Why can't we just have multiple use wilderness," came the question. "What's wrong with multiple use wilderness?"

"Nothing," I answered. "Except that we already have so many of them. Manhattan is a multiple use wilderness. Detroit is a multiple use wilderness. So's Sudbury, Ontario. Cleveland, Ohio. Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, the Twin Cities, they're all over the place."

The interviewer seemed unconvinced, but was temporarily stymied and moved on to another line of questioning.

As Sigurd Olson said, "The battle goes on endlessly." He was right, of course. An answer, an agreement, is never the final answer or agreement. And the stakes are always high. The fact is that a wilderness can be saved over and over and over again, and still be in danger. But lost just once, and it is gone forever.

There are those who think the current administration is doing a fine job of protecting our lands and waters, of balancing corporate and industrial interests and those of conservation. And there are those who believe just the opposite. There are those who feel that multi-national corporate entities have learned the hard lessons of the past, and have now become good and trustworthy environmental citizens. And there are those who believe the opposite is true, and the risks are too high.

We know this: jobs will be created. We also know that such mining has never yet been done safely and successfully on planet Earth. We know that the threat of toxic tailings will continue for centuries after the temporary benefit of extractive jobs has passed. We know that other parts of the economy, particularly tourism, can be badly hurt, and that wildlife and land owners can be hurt.

And we know that this is a contentious and divisive issue, and that each interested person must come to his or her own conclusion. We thus urge all of our members to do their own research. To arrive at their own informed opinion. And to do whatever they can to support the side of the debate that best reflects their own values and beliefs.

-By Douglas Wood

Listening Point Foundation Contribution Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Email: _____

☐ My contribution is in (**select one**) honor/memory of:

Listening Point Foundation is a 501(c)3 educational organization that welcomes charitable contributions that support its educational mission and preservation efforts. Giving opportunities include annual support, memorials, planned giving and in-kind donations. For more information on giving, please contact us at 218-365-8889.

CONTRIBUTION AMOUNT

- ☐ \$35 ☐ \$250
☐ \$50 ☐ \$500
☐ \$100 ☐ (other) _____

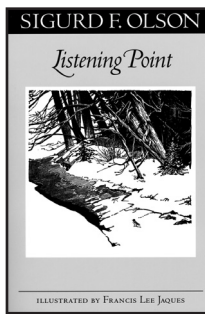
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GIFT SHOP

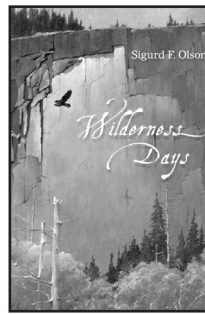
Share the spirit of Listening Point with friends and family with one of these gift items that celebrate Sigurd Olson, Listening Point, wilderness and more! See next page for order form.



Sigurd Olson Classics
Attractive paperback versions of seven of Sigurd Olson's most loved books.

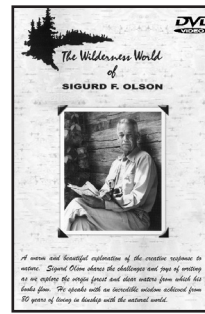
- *The Singing Wilderness*
- *Listening Point*
- *The Lonely Land*
- *Runes of the North*
- *Open Horizons*
- *Reflections from the North Country*
- *Of Time and Place*

..... \$16



Wilderness Days
University of Minnesota Press has published a new paperback edition of *Wilderness Days*—a collection of Sig's writings that depicts the essence of the magnificent woodlands and waters of the legendary Quetico-Superior region that borders Minnesota and Ontario.

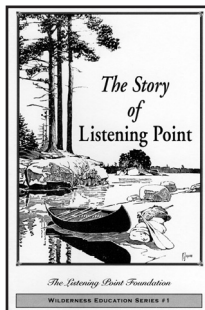
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The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson DVD

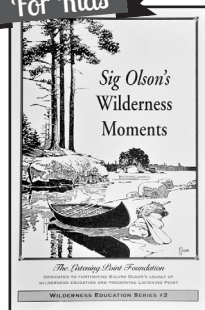
A digitally remastered version of the classic film "The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson" includes more than two hours of conversations with Sig as he speaks about the craft of writing and life in the wilderness. You'll also hear Sig's wife Elizabeth and their son Sig Jr. speak candidly about Sigurd, his profession, and life in the north woods.

..... \$15



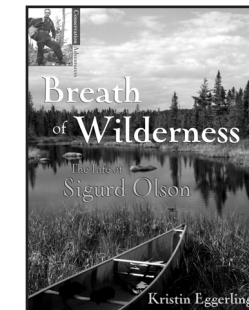
The Story of Listening Point
This 28-page booklet, written by Sig's son Robert K. Olson, tells the inside story of how Listening Point came to be and why, what it meant to Sigurd Olson, and what it continues to mean to wilderness lovers and loyalists. Features dozens of historical photos and images.

..... \$5



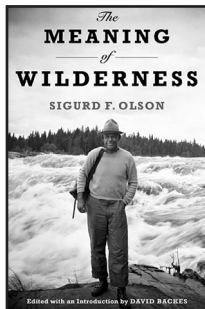
Sig Olson's Wilderness Moments
For Kids! Five selections of Sig Olson's writings, with "Points to Ponder" and "Activities" following each section. Excellent opportunity to introduce Sig to the younger generation. Includes blank pages at the end of the book for several of the activities—journaling, mapping, etc.

..... \$5



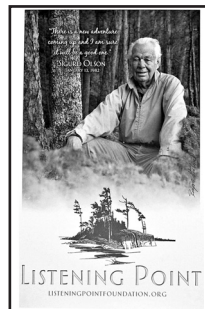
Breath of Wilderness
By Kristin Eggerling. A must-have for your Olson library. The story covers Sigurd Olson's love of wild places and how that love transformed his life. It is a book written for middle school students, but can be enjoyed by all. 92 pages.

..... \$13



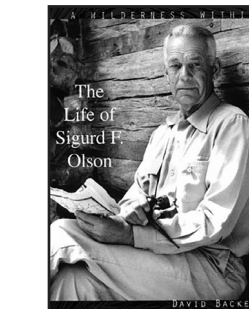
The Meaning of Wilderness
Now available in paperback! First published in 2001, this book features a collection of Sigurd F. Olson's articles and speeches. It offers a lively look at the evolution of one of environmentalism's leading figures and is essential reading for Olson fans, historians, and outdoor enthusiasts around the country.

..... \$18



Sigurd Olson Poster
The image, taken by Bryan Stenlund, may well be one of the last photos of Sig before he died. The 11" by 17" poster includes Sig's last typewritten words: "A new adventure is coming up and I'm sure it will be a good one." A must have for Sig fans.

..... \$16



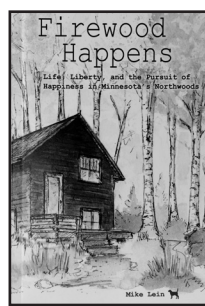
A Wilderness Within
By David Backes. The authoritative portrait of one of the greatest environmentalists of the twentieth century. The book is a stunning look at a man with a vision for the natural world and for himself. Essential reading for Olson fans.

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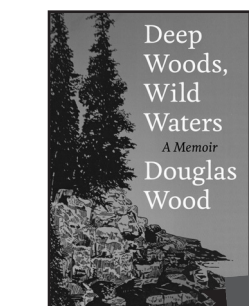
LPF Mug
3 finger handle. With logo, website, and "Sig's legacy ... pass it on!" Available in black or white.

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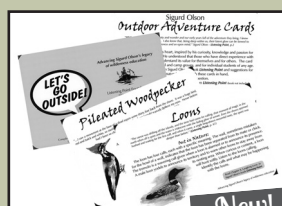
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If you are shopping through Amazon this holiday season, please consider using AmazonSmile (smile.amazon.com). The AmazonSmile Foundation will donate 0.5% of the price of eligible purchases to the charitable organizations selected by customers. Every little bit helps!



LPF Hats
For your wearing pleasure! 100% cotton, embroidered with the Listening Point logo. Choose from cranberry, cream, loden green, sea foam green and sky blue. Adjustable leather strap.

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Listening Point Luminaria

Created from the original watercolor batik, Last Light on the Lake, by Listening Point Residency artist Kim Gordon. The four windows of this handmade paper luminary show a view of Listening Point and the lake in the evening light. Luminary is 4-sided, measures 5"x5"x9.5". The windows are printed on archival Japanese washi paper and the frame is of a heavyweight, dense black Forest Stewardship Council cover stock. Place luminary over a flameless candle or tealight - do not use with real flame! Comes completely assembled in a flat plastic sleeve with simple instructions to refold along score lines to its 3-D shape. Can be re-flattened and stored in its sleeve. Protect from wind and water.

..... \$17

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With a \$100.00 donation you can have a brick inscribed with a personalized message that will last through the years for generations to come. Bricks ordered throughout the year are inscribed over the winter and placed in the patio every spring. A thank you note and photo of the finished brick will be sent to you when completed. And of course, you are welcome to visit and see your donated brick in person!

Bricks can be engraved with up to three lines with a maximum of 20 characters each (including spaces and punctuation). Send us a note or visit listeningpointfoundation.org to donate a brick this year!





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THE VIEW FROM LISTENING POINT — SPRING 2019

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