

View from

Listening Point

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

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Dedicated to preserving Listening Point and advancing Sigurd Olson's wilderness philosophy.

Contemplation in a Time of Pandemic

By David Backes

"Unplanned contemplation comes softly as falling mist, or the first snows of autumn," Sigurd Olson wrote in *Reflections from the North Country*. During a global pandemic, his words might sound both poetic and utterly unrealistic. But the growing mental health crisis related to the financial, social and physical consequences of COVID-19 serve in fact to highlight the importance of Sigurd's perspective.

Sigurd witnessed immense societal changes in his lifetime, from the first cars to the first planes to the first moon landing and the dawn of the computer age. He saw America become a nation of great wealth and power, and even his relatively simple lifestyle would have seemed unthinkable to his grandparents. And yet he also survived the horrific influenza pandemic of 1918 and lived through the Great Depression. He witnessed two world wars, the horrors of weapons of mass destruction, and an economy that increasingly turned humans into little more than producers and consumers. The market for painkillers and antidepressants skyrocketed after World War II, as the stresses of life multiplied. This larger picture informed his writing at every stage. From *Reflections*:

We know our basic human needs, that man is part of all that has gone before, his hunger and discontent an inescapable longing for the old simplicities he once knew, that we are in truth children of the earth and cannot change. It is wholeness we are seeking, and being in tune with ancient rhythms and the intangible values of a life we have abandoned.

Contemplation, to Sigurd, is a product of "being in tune with ancient rhythms." It involves letting go of distractions and preconceived ideas, and simply being aware of what is all around you and inside you without trying to control your senses or thoughts.

But notice that he emphasized *unplanned* contemplation. In *Reflections* he spent some time acknowledging the popularity of specific styles of *planned* contemplation and meditation. He took care to say he didn't intend to belittle anyone who found value in such practices, but he thought it was a lot of unnecessary effort. "There is no doubt about the efficacy of such ways of preparation or they would not be followed by hundreds of thousands," he wrote, "but when quiet is all around, with no sounds but natural ones—bird songs, wind, washing of waters against the shores—the stage is always set for meditation and reflection, whatever one may choose to call it."

I think Sigurd's view was colored by his age and by his nearness to wilderness. The practices he mentioned were popularized in the counterculture movements of the 1960s and 1970s and attracted primarily people far younger than the elderly author. And Sigurd had lived next to wild nature nearly his entire life. It was easy for him to get away from most sights and sounds of the industrial era.



I, for one, am a daily user of the popular meditation app called Headspace. Practicing mindfulness on a consistent basis helps me find some of that wholeness Sigurd mentions. But I also strongly agree with Sigurd in the reality of unplanned contemplation. It can come during quiet prayer at home or in a church, but it comes most often for me when out in nature. It doesn't have to be wilderness. It can arrive in my little backyard, as I watch the Cooper's hawk flash by or a robin pulling a worm out of the lawn. It often comes when I walk to nearby Grant Park—my "listening point"—and sit on the bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan or wander the Seven Bridges Trail through a wooded ravine.

In fact, my whole life has been a series of such moments of unplanned contemplation. My earliest memory is of a time just before the age of three, when I heard the haunting cry of gulls and looked up to see them glistening in the sun against a brilliant blue sky. I have sought out these moments ever since, as Sigurd once did, and have found immense value in them.

For that reason, as a professor I would make my Nature and Culture students do the following exercise: They had to go outside

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Renewing the Spirit

By Douglas Wood, President

It is a distressing, heart-wrenching, topsy-turvy time, when former verities seem threatened or no more. When jobs and businesses and dreams, livelihoods and lives are lost. When up is down and good is bad and shared values we once thought were timeless and non-controversial are shredded in the name of... what? "Winning?" Politics? And sometimes, when we count the death toll of a pandemic, and total up other sorts of tolls as well, it can seem hard to sleep at night, or to get up in the morning. I know. I feel it, and I hear it from people all over the country.

At such a time, folks who possess a thinking brain and a feeling heart, who live with something called integrity and a moral conscience, can feel overwhelmed. Can wonder, "Is there anything I can do that will help? Small as my one little life may be, is there something I can do that will make a difference?" Or others, who find themselves on the front lines of the battle may wonder, "Can I keep it up, can I hold it together?" And others who simply fear for their own family's health or economic survival wonder the same thing.

I don't have the answers. No one person does. I do know that all over the country and around the world, people in their own individual ways, through empathy and concern and bravery and heart, are finding myriad ways to make that difference. To hold on. To help someone. To not give in or give up. And in doing so are proving, hour by hour and day by day, that all the old verities are not gone.

I know something else as well. That in those times, those moments when it all seems like too much and the whole world is upside-down, that it is good, it is helpful, to notice that a great sentinel pine still grows from the ground up, still reaches for the sun. Is still rooted on a rocky point on the Canadian Shield perhaps. That it still shades and shelters the earth below and still sings the songs of summer breezes.

It is good to know that a lake still lies safely within its shores, still reflects the sun and clouds and moon, still echoes with the calling of loons perhaps, or white-throated sparrows or veery thrushes. Still sings with the anthems of the waves. It is good to notice the blooming of blue-flag iris, or pin cherries or Canada Mayflower, to see gold thread winding through green moss or to taste the freshness of a wintergreen berry.

It is good to stand beside a boulder and put your hand on it, and to know that it has not moved in ten thousand years, and that it was born in fire two billion years before that, and to absorb in its presence a sense of perspective and timelessness.

It is good to simply appreciate a green tree in your back yard, or a garden, or a local park to walk in.

When times are difficult, as they inevitably are for all of us from time to time, and at certain extraordinary times for a great many of us, it is important--has always been important--to remember that in the natural world, the world of which we are a part and from which we come, there is always inspiration to be found. And even comfort. This is the reason why the Sigurd Olsons and Ernest Oberholtzers and John Muirs of the world have fought so hard, have believed so firmly, that wild things and green spaces must be saved. The reason that many still fight that battle. Not because such places are pretty or scenic, or because they make a nice vacation spot or a site for recreation. But because they nourish the human spirit. They renew it. They are invaluable and vital to the human soul and to the health of the human mind.

And in a time such as this, that is the call – to find a few quiet moments every so often to breathe. To renew. To see, and to listen to the simple goodness of the natural world around us. It is still here. Even if it is one birdsong or one flower in the yard or one blade of grass in the sidewalk. Nature is still our home, and now more than ever is the time to notice, to draw strength and a lesson or two perhaps. To occasionally stop and be glad for simple the fact of being alive. And then to do what we can.



Inside

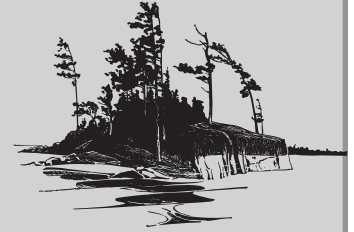
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There are moments in our collective history when the landscape of our society undergoes a seismic shift. The murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis, and the movement that his death has catalyzed, is such a moment. It has once again laid bare the systemic racism and structures of inequality in our communities and country as a whole. The Listening Point Foundation recognizes the significance of this moment and stands in support of those championing justice and deep change.

The wilderness that Sigurd Olson wrote about is a place of adventure, reflection, healing, and connection for many. However, such wild spaces have not always been equally accessible or inclusive.

At the Listening Point Foundation, we are committed to learning and making our organization, Sigurd Olson's writings, and the wilderness described in those writings more relatable, equitable, and inclusive. We are committed to listening to the diverse and underrepresented voices of our neighbors, and to working together to create a better future for our communities and the wilderness we love.



Contemplation in a Time of Pandemic *continued from page 1*

somewhere quiet, just by themselves, with no phones or laptops or anything else that might distract them, and sit for twenty minutes. Then, they had to write about the experience. Definitely not unplanned contemplation!

The most common response? "This is the hardest assignment I have ever done!" They were so used to constant stimulation that it was difficult to put away cell phones and laptops even for a short time. But that wasn't the worst of it. Once they let go and tried to just be aware of what was going on around them and inside them, it was emotionally challenging. Their minds often plunged into the past with its hurts and guilt, and the future with its worries and impulsive desires. None of Sigurd's softly falling mists or first snows of autumn!

As hard as it was, though, many of them found value in it by the end. They wrote about feeling less anxious after the first rough ten minutes or so, and a feeling of peace by the end that they hadn't felt in quite a while. They wrote about little things, too, such as squirrels chasing each other up and down a tree, little children kicking piles of leaves, the sound of Lake Michigan's waves breaking on the beach. Often, they said they intended to start making a habit of taking such simple time for themselves. And I would smile, knowing that if they did, over time they would find more and more of those moments of unplanned contemplation that yield many of Sigurd's intangible values and help restore wholeness.

You can do it too. This terrible pandemic may make it harder at first, because of a heavier load of stress and anxiety, but it also presents many of us with a gift: a time of forced social distancing. It may not seem like a gift, as my forced exercise of silence and solitude initially did not seem like a gift to most students. And yet if you take good advantage of the assignment and spend just twenty minutes outside somewhere by yourself without any distractions, you may be surprised at what you find.

Granted, initially you will find your mind acting up like some frenzied pony just escaped from the stable, but that's okay. Don't fight it. If it seems too bothersome, try again the next day. Bring along a quote from Sigurd or someone else you admire and let your mind dwell on it while you rest somewhere outside, or while you stroll through your neighborhood or nearby park. That may slow down and focus your restless mind. Over time the sounds of birds, wind in the trees, the warmth of the sun on your face, and many other often-missed gifts of nature will present themselves to you.

Even something as simple as a breath offers gifts. Every breath you take connects you to the twenty-billion-year drama of the unfolding universe. Literally: Every time you breathe you inhale a thousand million atoms. Many of them are the long-lived Argon atoms, which have been mixed and remixed countless times over the millennia. Some of them were inhaled by Lao Tzu, or Sigurd Olson, or an eagle or a muskrat. In other words, even the most routine and ignored aspects of our lives can present us with glimpses of the infinite.

The number of nature's unreceived gifts is too high to count, but they are free to anyone who responds. Receive them. Enjoy them. Spend part of each day outdoors in silence and solitude, with no goal other than being open to whatever nature offers you. "While no great answers may come at these times," admits Sigurd, "they do infiltrate occasionally and unobtrusively into one's consciousness, but usually there is simply a sense of peace, removal, and a happiness beyond understanding." Whether these moments occur during a structured practice or are entirely unplanned, they do indeed come softly, like a falling mist or gently drifting flakes of snow. They will begin to take the edge off your stress and help you place your life in larger perspective. They will help you find wholeness.

THIS & THAT

🌿 **2020 Listening Point Foundation Scholarship Awards.** Ely Memorial High School student Brooke Pasmick and Vermilion Community College (VCC) student Dawson Stone were the recipients of the \$1000 scholarship this year. Both wrote a personal essay on the importance of wilderness, and they will be using the funds to pursue their respective educations in environmental science and natural resource technology. Congratulations Brooke and Dawson!

🌿 **Tours Currently Unavailable.** Due to an abundance of caution due to COVID-19, we are not offering our usual public tours of the Olson family home, Sig's Writing Shack, or Listening Point at this time. Please watch our website and Facebook pages for any changes and updates as the summer progresses.

🌿 **Annual Northwoods Dinner Canceled.** In caring for our community, the safety of our supporters and guests is paramount. In that light, we have decided to cancel the Annual Northwoods Dinner that was to be held on Friday, September 11th at the Grand Ely Lodge in Ely, MN. Additional updates may be made on the website or go out through our mailings, so please stay tuned! We thank you for your understanding as we move through this uncertain time.

Watch our website and Facebook page for announcements and updates!

Listening Point Foundation Internship: A New Horizon

Hello world! My name is Freya, and I am thrilled to introduce myself as the 2020 Listening Point intern! I have grown up partially in Minnesota and partially in New York, and when I spent the summers in MN, going up to the Boundary Waters was always a highlight.

I visited Listening Point a number of times throughout my childhood, and Olson's writings were some of my family's go-to's for reading aloud. I've worked closely with writing and relationships for most of my life, and Olson's thoughtful and poetic writing about the natural world really spoke to me.



I go to school at College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine. It is there that I am pursuing an degree in Human Ecology: a self-designed, transdisciplinary approach to understanding the

human connection to the world. I choose to focus primarily on poetry, psychology, philosophy, and taxidermy; exploring all the different paths that bring us into our environment.

This summer I hope to immerse myself in the land and philosophies that Sigurd Olson loved. I am so excited to learn and explore all that Listening Point has to offer and to bring my human ecological training into the real world. This is certain to be a great adventure.

A Note from the Executive Director:

Even in these uncertain times, learning and growth continues. Listening Point Foundation is proud and grateful to announce that we have been able to establish a new undergraduate internship opportunity in 2020, complete with housing and stipend. We are working closely with Freya to ensure everyone's safety during the times when she will be staying in Ely and the surrounding area, and our commitment to the wellbeing of our volunteers and community continues to be paramount. Freya will be largely focused on communications, exhibits, and future programming projects during her 11-week internship this summer. Stay tuned to our social media pages on Facebook and Instagram to hear updates from her and the Foundation as we move into summer and beyond!

The Listening Point Foundation, Inc. Asset Summary as of December 31, 2019

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.

1. Operating Funds

WFB Checking Account	5,806
Undeposited Funds	12,565
Unrestricted funds invested at Edward Jones	139,372
Inventory	8,028

Total Operating Funds (Unrestricted) \$ 165,771

2. Maintenance Endowment Fund

201,462

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

Total Endowment Funds (Permanently Restricted) 201,462

3. Temporarily Restricted Funds

Listening Point Preservation Fund at Edward Jones	60,417
WFB Savings Account for Gusty Island expenses	20,470

Total Temporarily Restricted Funds 80,887

4. Fixed assets

Listening Point Property	493,576
Gusty Island Property	98,000

106 E. Wilson Street	\$ 221,502
Less accumulated depreciation	24,499
Total 106 E. Wilson St.	197,003

Art and books	
F.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	25,000

Total Fixed Assets 813,579

Total Foundation Assets as of December 31, 2019 \$ 1,261,699

Immersion

I picked up a copy of Sig's collected works from his earlier writings a number of years ago. General curiosity attracted me to the book, but the words captivated my imagination. A few years later, while perusing the offerings of a small bookstore at the Isle Royal ranger station, my eyes caught the name, Sigurd Olson, on a book titled, *The Singing Wilderness*. When we left the island, I was carrying a copy of that book. I've read it, or portions of it, multiple times since then. Each time, new songs emerge.

In October, 2019, I was blessed with the opportunity to be an Artist-in-Residence with the Listening Point Foundation to do some writing of my own. I had been preparing for that venture for the better part of a year. Having read most of Sig's books, I was anxious to get to Listening Point and get to work, but I also knew it was good for me to have ample time to prepare for my immersion into Sig's world. To truly experience wilderness, immersion is important. As Sig himself said in *Reflections From The North Country*, "When one finally arrives at the point where schedules are forgotten, and becomes immersed in ancient rhythms, one begins to live." Sigurd Olson's life and the wilderness are inseparably intertwined. I wanted to immerse myself in both. Just visiting Listening Point and reading about it are fun and interesting, but life is built on experience. This Artist-in-Residence would allow me to immerse myself in Sig's life and experience it with all of my senses, adding my experiences into the mix. My wife, Julie, who is an acrylic painter, would join me in this venture.

Ultimately, I decided to follow Sig's formula of living a wilderness adventure, then enjoying time at Listening Point to let that adventure and others simmer in my mind.

For the wilderness adventure, we traveled part of the border route up through Crooked Lake, then down through Friday Bay and out through Fourtown and Mudro, covering both new and familiar territory. In hindsight, though, the exact route probably didn't really matter. What mattered was to have a fresh wilderness experience to draw from before our time at Listening Point. A wilderness venture long enough in duration to allow us to shed day-to-day routines and make the transition to wilderness rhythms.

We had only visited Listening Point once, probably a dozen or more years ago, but when we arrived for our stay, the point felt familiar. Familiarity is important. New places are fun and inspiring, but when I am someplace new, I want to roam around and explore, which makes it difficult to think and ponder, to listen at any serious level. A familiar place that is inspiring is relaxing. Only when I am relaxed can I really think deep thoughts that stretch my imagination. New inspiring places



can, in time, become listening points once they become familiar enough for relaxing.

Sig's Listening Point, I felt was different. It not only felt familiar, it was comfortable. Perhaps it was because I had been there so many times through Sig's writing, I felt I knew the place well, recognized its features, appreciated its qualities and settled into listening so quickly. When I tried to write, though, I found myself at a loss. Wilderness inspiration was there. Motivation was there. Sig's words were there...mine were not.

I found myself in the same situation Sig found at the point. There are so many things to look at and think about and ponder, that it is difficult to actually write. For me, the same dilemma persisted at the house and writing shack as well. There was so much stimuli coming in that words would not come out. It felt like finally meeting one of my favorite celebrities, being invited into their home, and then not being able to think of a single intelligent thing to say. So, I went back to Sig's formula and settled into listening.

At the house, I wandered the rooms, looking and reading, peering through windows, sitting in different chairs. I sat at the big pine table while Julie painted, maps spread in front of me, pondering wilderness adventures, past and future. Thoughts of conservation rolled through my head as I imagined conversations that likely took place around that very table. We prepared and ate meals, read and slept. Simply lived.

In the writing shack, I wondered about stories behind the photos thumbtacked to the walls and examined rocks, imagining where they may have come from. Looking at the collection of books, I noted titles I would like to read sometime and thought of the books on the bookshelf in my own office. Looking out the window in front of Sig's desk, I looked at what he would have looked at, red pines and sugar maples, a rock wall built with memories, a lawn to mow, leaves to rake and a house to maintain. I read bits and pieces of *Listening Point* and

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Immersion *continued from page 5*

The Singing Wilderness, letting the tales mingle with my own.

Listening Point. Much time was spent at the point, inside of the cabin and out. Looking out through large windows connecting rustic wood and stone interior to the world outside, the cabin felt like an extension of the north woods rather than a shelter from it. That weathered structure felt as much a part of the north woods as the trees and rocks themselves.

We strolled the well-worn trail out to the tip of the point, traversing portage trails that connected important places throughout the border country. Grouse and ravens kept us company in the forest as we breathed in the sweet herbal mix of autumn fragrances. Goose music drew our eyes skyward, searching for the singers, but they were obscured by a mix of red pine and snow-laden clouds. Fresh deer droppings near the cabin told of other guests immersing themselves in the point.

One night, during the full-moon, tightly-packed snow-clouds finally broke up for a time. We quickly packed up and ventured back out to the point to watch the moon following its appointed path across the night sky, keeping watch over Listening Point. Under its guidance, there was no need for headlamps or flashlights to find our way. The daytime slap of waves against rock had faded to a tinkling of rippled water like delicate windchimes dancing in a soft breath. We lingered in the chill and listened. On our way back to our vehicle, we quietly passed by the cabin and its large guardian boulder, similarly grey in the soft moonlight. For a moment, I could see them both following the natural course of slowly melting back into the basic elements from which they came.

The next day, with snow-clouds closed back in again, we portaged our canoe to the sandy beach at the back of the little bay guarded by the point. Our sights were set on Gustly Island. As we cleared the point, the battle with wind and waves began, transforming our short paddling venture into a full-on adventure and I could imagine Sig grinning as he dug in, heading for shelter in the collection of Burntside islands a short distance away.

After our island tour, we returned to see the point reach-

ing out like a friendly hand, welcoming us home. We found the sandy bay a safe harbor from the cares of the open lake. A misty veil hanging over the far side of the bay hinted at unknown reaches across the border country and on into the lonely lands of the north.

On our last of four days at Listening Point, while Julie painted, I continued reading and listening. It occurred to me that Sig's descriptions of the point from the 1950's could have readily been written yesterday or even tomorrow. This is a place governed by wilderness rhythms of days and seasons, not man-made clocks and calendars. It is a place for living in the moment, while listening to the past and looking to the future. As I locked the door and turned the wooden latch to secure the screen before we reluctantly departed, soft-spoken snowflakes bid us good-by.

I came hoping, maybe even expecting, to spend quality time writing like Sig. What I found was that only Sig could write like Sig. I have to write like me. Otherwise, my writing would simply be an imitation of someone else.

Listening Point, I found, is not just a personal listening point. It is a community listening point. For there, not only can a person explore the northern expanse and probe the limits of time and space, one can tap into the flow of thoughts of other listeners who have explored there, including Sig himself.

Over time, I have learned to take opportunities when they come and be thankful for them. This Artist-in-Residence with the Listening Point Foundation was certainly one of those incredible opportunities that I am thankful for. Steeping myself in this experience and having the opportunity to feel like I was Sig's bow-paddler for a time, I gained insight into Sig's world, drew motivation from his life and adventures and gained a much deeper appreciation for his accomplishments. Most importantly, though, I left with a much deeper conviction to continue along my own life's path, weaving together the threads of conservation, wilderness and writing. So, maybe in a way, I am writing like Sig after all.

—John Highlen

“In wilderness people can find the silence and the solitude and the noncivilized surroundings that can connect them once again to their evolutionary heritage, and through an experience of the eternal mystery, can give them a sense of the sacredness of all creation.”

— Sigurd. F. Olson

BOOK REVIEW

SECRETS OF THE LOON by Laura Purdie Salas and Chuck Dayton

Sometimes a sound becomes a symbol, a source of awe. A sound can embed deep in memory, lasting beyond words—like the various wails and calls of the common loon, invoking northern forests, lapping waters, awakening in wilderness, the gift of wild creatures.

Secrets of the Loon, a picture book published by Minnesota Historical Society Press, captures this mystery for children of all ages. And magic happens. This marvelous collaboration between Chuck Dayton and Laura Purdie Salas is a succinct combination of poetry, well-researched science, the art of photography, and book design.

Chuck Dayton, beyond his work as an environmental lawyer, developed passions for photography and loons. He married the two by traveling in a kayak that he guided and paddled with his feet, leaving his hands free to operate his camera. This allowed him to enter the private world of the loon quietly and respectfully. After spending countless hours photographing the fascinating details of the family life of loons and after diligent digging into the science, Chuck wanted to share with children his awe and his excitement about the timeless mystery of this bird.

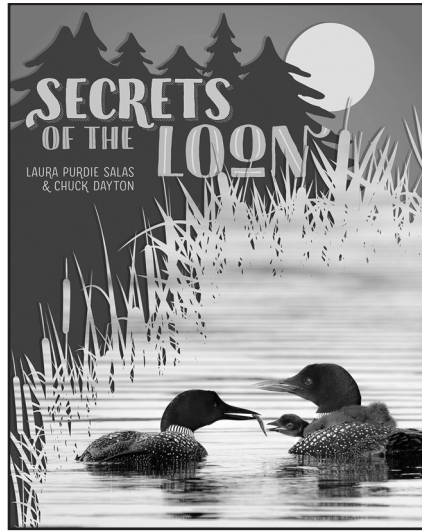


what we all eventually do, Moon “spreads her wings wide,” knowing that “Every Secret Moon needs, she carries inside.”

Secrets of the Loon concludes with a highly informative four page section about the science of loons. This is a book to learn from, get lost in, refer to, to return to, a capsule of the mystery of nature's design. It reminds us that what we carry inside, our respect and love for the planet that is our home and our beginning, is where we begin.

A link for purchase is <https://shop.mnhs.org/products/secrets-of-the-loon>.

—Review by Polly Carlson-Voiles and Steve Voiles



Chuck Dayton

Sigurd Olson was a witness for Chuck Dayton in his lawsuit leading up to the 1978 amendments to the Wilderness Act, the act that banned logging, snowmobiles, mining and most motorboats from the BWCAW. In 1972, Chuck represented MPIRG in a Federal case to require an EIS on logging in the BWCAW. This was the case that brought Bud Heinselman into full time advocacy for wilderness protection. When they had gone as far as they could in the courts they turned to Congress.

This isn't the usual history of a man who develops a picture book about loons to be published the year of his 80th birthday. With a passion for loons, his camera, and with support from Consie Powell, writer and illustrator of children's books, and, he began to shape his hundred's of photos and his research into a book for children.

Chuck Dayton has a long history with loons in Northern Minnesota, having spent part of 63 summers at his family compound on Jasper Lake. Having studied the loons he photographed in such intimate detail, he is also aware that the loons we love so much are threatened by lead fishing tackle, and by rising temperatures from global warming. Chuck's portrayal of the resilience of a young loon during her first summer is an invitation for young people, the heirs of his legacy of protecting the environment, to begin to treasure this iconic species.

Laura Purdie Salas

In Laura's words, “When I write for kids about our planet and its creatures, I have two big hopes. One is that they'll see something “ordinary” like leaves, water, rocks, or the moon, in a fresh new way. The other is that they will fall in love with our world just a little bit more, thus becoming more inclined to protect it.

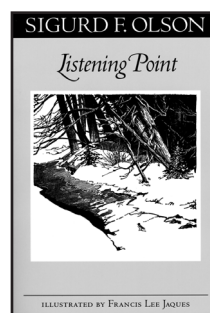
I often explore a broad concept through the lens of many different examples. But *Secrets of the Loon* is narrowly focused. I had to dive deeply (Ha! – couldn't help myself) into the world of just one animal. Although I'm glad that loons do live in some city lakes, I really wanted to capture to northern Minnesota wilderness of Chuck's photos and this single exotic inhabitant. I grew up in Florida, and I had never even heard of the common loon before I moved to Minnesota as an adult. The times I've seen loons have almost all been up in the Ely area. I wanted my words to celebrate this region as well as both the science and the mystery of loons.”

Books by Laura Purdie Salas include *A Leaf Can Be*, *A Rock Can Be*, *Meet My Family: Animal Babies and Their Families*, and many other wonderful books!

Find out more at laurasalas.com (including lots of extras for *Secrets of the Loon*.)

GIFT SHOP

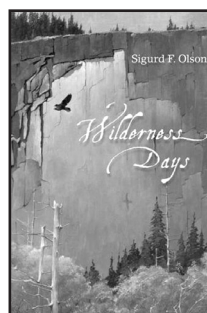
Share the spirit of Listening Point with friends and family with one of these gift items that celebrate Sigurd Olson, Listening Point, wilderness and more! See next page for order form.



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

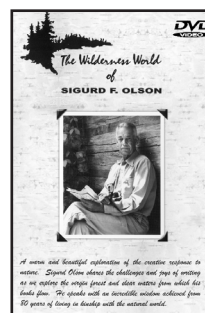
- *The Singing Wilderness*
- *Listening Point*
- *The Lonely Land*
- *Runes of the North*
- *Open Horizons*
- *Reflections from the North Country*
- *Of Time and Place*

..... \$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.

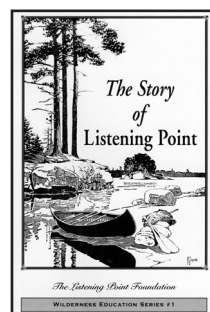
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The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson DVD

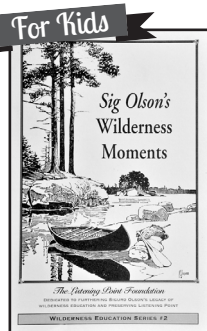
A digitally remastered version of the classic film "The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson" includes more than two hours of conversations with Sig as he speaks about the craft of writing and life in the wilderness. You'll also hear Sig's wife Elizabeth and their son Sig Jr. speak candidly about Sigurd,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

..... \$15



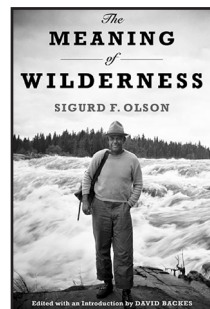
The Story of Listening Point
This 28-page booklet, written by Sig's son Robert K. Olson, tells the inside story of how Listening Point came to be and why, what it meant to Sigurd Olson, and what it continues to mean to wilderness lovers and loyalists. Features dozens of historical photos and images.

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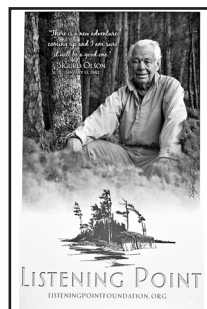
Sig Olson's Wilderness Moments
For Kids! Five selections of Sig Olson's writings, with "Points to Ponder" and "Activities" following each section. Excellent opportunity to introduce Sig to the younger generation. Includes blank pages at the end of the book for several of the activities—journaling, mapping,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

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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.

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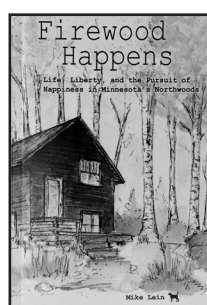
Sigurd Olson Poster
The image, taken by Bryan Stenlund, may well be one of the last photos of Sig before he died. The 11" by 17" poster includes Sig's last typewritten words: "A new adventure is coming up and I'm sure it will be a good one." A must have for Sig fans.

..... \$16



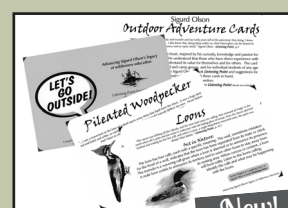
LPF Mug
3 finger handle. With logo, website, and "Sig's legacy ... pass it on!" Available in black or white.

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Firewood Happens
by Mike Lein.
A series of short essays, humorous, knowledgeable stories for those who love to hunt, fish, or sit on a lakeshore.

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Sigurd Olson Outdoor Adventure Cards!!!
11 water resistant colorful cards for outdoor activities. Sig Olson quotes, and nature observation ideas.

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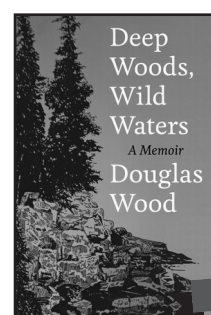
LPF Hats
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Deep Woods, Wild Waters, A Memoir
by Douglas Wood.
A joy to read - Wood shares bushwhacking skills, hurtling down wild rapids, crossing stormy lakes, or simply navigating treacherous currents and the twisty trails of everyday life.

..... \$23

New!



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 luminaria show a view of Listening Point and the lake in the evening light. Luminaria 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 luminaria 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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"Joys come from simple and natural things; mist over meadows, sunlight on leaves, the path of the moon over water. Even rain and wind and stormy clouds bring joy."

– Sigurd Olson

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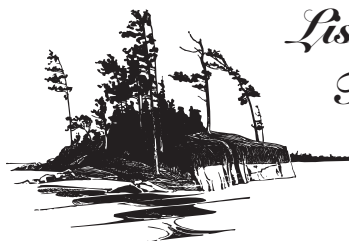
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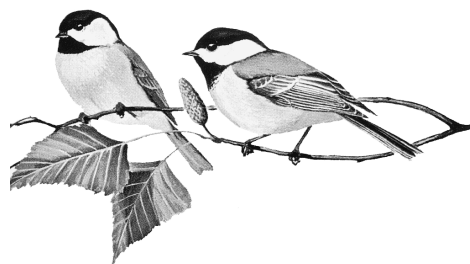


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THE VIEW FROM LISTENING POINT — SPRING/SUMMER 2020

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