



For the Eighth Grade Students of Brunswick Junior High School,

I suspect that some of you have been on Katahdin, and maybe have climbed along the Knife Edge and made it to the top, where Henry David Thoreau stood twice. I climbed Katahdin years and years ago with two friends from college. We camped overnight in a three-sided shelter, having reached it in a pouring rain. Everything was wet, and we had a Coleman lantern, but couldn't build a fire.

In the morning, I woke up just as it was getting light; all the weather had cleared away. Now, I should tell you two things. First, I am as colorblind as a dog; I don't see any colors. Second, I had heard that up in the high mountains, when the sun first shows--that very first sliver in the morning--there is a flash of exquisite green light. It comes just for a few seconds.

So I lay there, looking to the east, and I was the only one awake. And you know what? It was true. For just a few seconds, the light flashed green--or at least, what you would call green. For just a few seconds, even I saw it. I gasped. It is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

So, folks, in the strangeness of these times, watch for the green lights that will startle you because they are so beautiful and so unexpected and so--I'm not sure if this is the right word--private, as if the world were speaking directly and only to you at that moment. You will find them if you watch for them--most people don't. You should.

Yours,
Gary Schmidt