

Dear LSC Community:

September brings fall weather to the Northland and the first day of school for many of our p-12 students. The Fall Equinox (September 22) is the official start of the Fall season. Positive Thinking Day occurs on September 13th, and International Literacy Day on September 8th.

In September, we celebrate National Hispanic Heritage Month (traditionally celebrated from September 15-October 15). We recognize the many important contributions and the influence Hispanic Americans have on the culture, achievements, and history of the USA. I know LSC will have events and activities, so watch for the announcements.

I always get a little nostalgic in September. Back in the day, Labor Day marked the beginning of Fall canoe camping and backpacking. My alma mater, the University of Minnesota Twin Cities, always started classes late in September due to the State Fair. So, with the cooler weather (no bugs!), and the reduced number of people camping (back to school!), my friends and I would take advantage and enjoy the Boundary Waters or Isle Royale. Ahh...woodsmoke, camping food that always tastes great on the trail, but turns to sawdust if you try it at home. Sleeping on the ground, and rediscovering the Milky Way. And a lot of laughter.

Those college years were of course formative for me. I had ambitions to first become a commercial artist, but then found my calling as a teacher. Many things happened in these years since my college days, many choices were made as I kept following different paths "...knowing how way leads on to way," and eventually found myself in Duluth Minnesota as the President of Lake Superior College.

Robert Frost wrote about choices in life's journey in a poem that for me always seems to be paired with Autumn. Choosing your path forward, yet wondering what another path might reveal is very real for all of us. I used to read this poem as if it were about regret ("telling this with a sigh"), but these days, I read this poem and feel gratitude for all that my life has held. All of the choices and experiences happened because I took some roads and not others. If I tell my story with a sigh these days, it is not about regrets. It is a sigh that acknowledges the amazing experiences I've had, the wonderful people I have known, and the beautiful memories I can keep forever.

The message is: enjoy your journey and live every minute with curiosity and engagement. Life is rich: pay attention and it will make all the difference.

The Road Not Taken

-Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.