

Dear LSC Community:

Happy July! It has been a busy June, with summer camps, building clean up, and the big integrated manufacturing move-out from our downtown center. Many thanks once again to all who planned, participated, and finalized that huge project. It will be so wonderful to have these programs back on the main campus. We must find a good way to celebrate.

This July, every college and university in the Minnesota State system moves from ISRS to Workday. All I can say is: "Fasten your seatbelts, it's going to be a bumpy night" -Betty Davis in *All About Eve* (1950).

Of course, July has many other days to celebrate, with Independence Day (July 4th) leading the pack. But did you know that July 1st is International Joke Day? Or that July 7th is World Chocolate day and National Strawberry Sundae Day? Or maybe you prefer National Pina Colada Day (July 10)?

And this year, July 26th is the start of the 2024 Summer Olympics.

July is that month when we almost frantically prepare for next month's start of fall semester. This is the peculiar world of higher education: we are always living in the future, planning for the future, and assuming those plans will be carried out. But what about right now, today? It's summer! Shouldn't we be living our present lives as well?

Poet Mary Oliver famously captures that question and gives us an insight about living in the moment and enjoying our summer days. Or maybe she just had National French Fries Day (July 13th) in mind:

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean —
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down —
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?

The Summer Day by Mary Oliver

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