

THE SPIRITS OF SAGAMOOK [9-98]

**The summit of ol' Sagamook
Isn't all that high.
But as I climb I pass right through
The bottom of the sky.**

**From here to turn and look-and gaze,
Into the wild blue yonder;
And try and try, as best I can,
To comprehend the wonder.**

**Now from this lofty firmament,
I let my spirit soar.
To mingle with the spirits of-
Great Nations gone before.**

**And as I part this sanctity,
A bit of me will stay.
To rest in God's eternal peace,
That's present, here...today.**

NOTE:

On September 26, 1998, trail day 253 and trail mile 3783, I climbed Sagamook, a lesser-known mountain along the International Appalachian Trail in Mount Carleton Provincial Park, New Brunswick Province. There, on that day occurred part of what shaped the "Odyssey of '98" into the miracle it has become. I share this experience in my book: Ten Million Steps, and you can read the accounting of it at <www.nimblewillnomad.com>.