

The Arrow Pointing East

Here I am at the intriguing arrow again. It is taunting me to take a left turn and go east toward Cornell. But I follow the right arrow and take a right turn, because I am hiking the Circle Trail, offshoot of the Chippewa Moraine segment, for the umpteenth time. It is familiar to me. But what lies beyond the left arrow? Why does it keep calling me? One day, I came to the left arrow and I took the left turn and started walking east toward Cornell. Two years and 10 months later, after many left arrows and many right arrows, I took my last left turn at Bohn Lake. In that time, I had hiked every segment and every CR required to complete the requirements needed to become a Thousand Miler. Every arrow to the left and every arrow to the right that I had passed was an invitation to a wonderful experience. I have hiked along eskers, over ice walled lake plains and pitted outwash plains, around kames and by potholes, across beaver dams, and through hemlock bottoms and hardwood forests. I've been in hills and valleys, dunes and beaches, tunnel channels and the lake bottom of Glacial Lake Wisconsin. I have hiked in winter spring, fall and summer. And now I look forward to joining the volunteers who build and maintain the IceAge Trail. I hope they put me in charge of the arrows.

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