

*excerpt from*  
***Wilderness experience sensational  
and sublime***

*by Steve Pollick 2008*

En route to the mighty hemlocks you pass through second-growth hardwoods, scattered balsam fir, and such. Suddenly there they are, looming like Lords of the Land. You can actually see exactly where the logging juggernaut halted around World War II, having cleared the Upper Peninsula to the east since the mid- 19th century. The towering uncut canopy stands on one side of the final line of advance, and spindly comebackers sprout on the other.

The goosebumps I felt in that forest were not from the cold. The spirit of the place was well and truly holy.