**Harrison Lake**  
North of Sandpoint, Idaho  
5 miles round trip  
1,437 ft. elevation gain  
Difficulty: Moderate  
Drive Time from Spokane to Trailhead: 2.5-3 hours

**Description:**  
“One of the most ruggedly beautiful alpine lakes in the Selkirk Mountains, Harrison Lake, at the headwaters of the Pack River, offers plenty of rewarding options for scrambling up granite talus to higher elevations for views into key habitat for the endangered grizzly bears and mountain caribou.”  
-Rich Landers author of *100 Hikes in the Inland Northwest*

**Additional Resources:**  
[https://www.fs.usda.gov/recarea/ipnf/recarea/?recid=6811](https://www.fs.usda.gov/recarea/ipnf/recarea/?recid=6811)
The Selkirk Mountains of North Idaho are the closest real-deal mountains to Spokane. I've spent countless days exploring this range and they never fail to leave me humbled, inspired, and awe-struck. Sitting along the shores of Harrison Lake surrounded by a cathedral of granite peaks towering above provides a tranquil backdrop for personal discernment and reflection.

Mountains have always served as an excellent spiritual metaphor for my personal journey through life. Mountains can give the appearance of solitude, outward strength, and rigidity. But mountains are
forged by change, growth, and support life of all kinds. In this way they paradoxically mirror the human experience: sharp when looked at from a distance, round and vulnerable when up close; solitary from one perspective, draped in community of other mountains from a different angle.

I encourage you to explore the Harrison Lake vicinity. Find yourself a smooth granite boulder to perch upon and observe the ways in which mountains are transcendent. Just like each individuals path through life, the mountains point to something deeper than what exists on the surface.

My help is in the mountain
Where I take myself to heal
The earthly wounds
That people give to me.
I find a rock with sun on it
And a stream where the water runs gentle
And the trees which one by one
give me company.
So must I stay for a long time
Until I have grown from the rock
And the stream is running through me
And I cannot tell myself from one tall tree.
Then I know that nothing touches me
Nor makes me run away.
My help is in the mountain
That I take away with me.
-Hollering Sun, 1972
Nancy C. Wood