

A Woodland Wander

with Klarhet

LEARNING TO LIVE IN CLARITY



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Thank you for being here.

Klarhet's unfolding to date has been a wild adventure filled with many unexpected twists and turns.

Through it all, we have become completely clear on why we chose to follow the path we did 3.5 years ago and what is in store for the future.

We truly appreciate you joining us and look forward to sharing more as the adventure continues.

Perhaps, it was given to you by someone special, someone who is no longer in your life.

Perhaps, it's an heirloom, symbolic of where you came from and the people who've supported you on your journey. Perhaps, it came from a place and a time that is fraught with meaning and significance. In all cases, it is precious and completely irreplaceable.

And then, in a moment of accident and unintended inattention, this precious object falls from a shelf, from a table, from your hand. It falls and strikes the inevitable hard and unforgiving surfaces that surround all the things we love. It falls and breaks into pieces. It falls and lessens. It falls and is no longer whole. It is diminished. It has lost its significance and purpose. The chaos that lies at the heart of the cosmos has broken it beyond repair.



It is this loss, this dimming of the light, that we mourn whenever anything breaks. The heart of all tragedy is the inevitability of decline. Orpheus, Othello and King Lear were all intimately familiar with entropy. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Things fall apart and the center cannot hold. Finis.

And yet, is the end ever really the end? The universe is nothing if not efficient. There is no waste. The atoms that comprise you and I were once the heart of a star that warmed a world that existed long before our sun burst into flames.

They burn still in the heat of our blood and the warmth of our skin. Things never really break, so much as they are rearranged. Many times, in the process of repair they are not only made whole, they are remade stronger and more beautiful. The flaws, the chips and cracks, become symbols of renewal, of purpose and of strength.

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In Japan, broken objects are revered. The Japanese art of kintsugi teaches that the scars of a break are a source of pride. You do not try to hide these scars. Instead, you incorporate them into the repair.

They become an integral part of the history of the object, beautifully imperfect and perfectly beautiful.

Kintsugi translates into “golden joinery” because a special lacquer infused with powdered gold was used to repair a broken object, not by hiding the cracks, but instead by highlighting the breaks, drawing attention to them and incorporating them into a new beginning.

A well done kintsugi piece is visually stunning. The breaks and the repairs to the breaks are obvious. By highlighting those breaks, the craftsman has certainly repaired the object.



However, they have also elevated it, altered it and turned a moment of tragedy into a cohesive and holistic strengthening that changes our perception of perfection.

We are all broken in one way or another. We have all come in contact with life's hard surfaces, either through neglect or intention. We have all watched as something beautiful and precious breaks apart, fades and loses meaning. We are the children of entropy and things do break. Yet, despite the fact that breaks occur, we are not simply left holding the pieces.



Kintsugi teaches us that there is a life beyond the tragedy of falling apart.

There is a future where our constituent pieces are put back together in a way that makes our perceived flaws a definite advantage. There is beauty in every imperfection. There is strength in a greater whole that is defined by the damage done by rough handling.

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Kintsugi teaches us to celebrate the flaws in an object. It shows us that damage is not only history, it is also strength. It demonstrates that new life can be given to anything through careful repair that doesn't ignore the cracks, but uses them to highlight an entirely new whole.

If kintsugi is golden joinery, then the process of honestly celebrating our individual histories, with all of the cracks and scars on display, is a golden journey. Perhaps, we each should consider living a kintsugi life. Perhaps, we can each find value in our mistakes, our missteps and our miscalculations.

We need to highlight each of our cracks, our chips and our flaws. The scars of living should not be hidden. They provide us with the lessons that we need to continue on with strength and courage. They give us purpose in the face of loss. They allow us to see that true beauty is honestly imperfect. That knowledge, in turn, allows each of us to love our family, our friends and ourselves from a place of strength, knowing that it is our flaws, and not our perfection, that bring us that strength. Beautifully imperfect and imperfectly beautiful, we are all worthy of love and that is simply beautiful.

Uncharted Dreams Klarhet Founder's Story



After getting married in 2015, we were actively focused on our careers and building our life together. Kirk was a web developer and I was grad school working toward first becoming a women's health nurse practitioner, and later, receiving my doctorate in integrative health. Together, we fell in love with turning old houses into unique spaces and sharing them with others on Airbnb as a way to pay for my grad school.

In 2017 we found out we were pregnant, and shortly thereafter learned the pregnancy was ectopic,

growing in my fallopian tube instead of my uterus as intended. I was forced to abort the pregnancy and fell into a dark depression. In a mad attempt to “fix” what we had lost, I became more and more obsessed with becoming a mother. Despite my heavy focus on getting this one thing in my life right, my persistence was met with miscarriage after miscarriage, eleven in total. We endured seemingly endless medical appointments with no answer as to what was “wrong”, and a feeling of hopelessness and despair that felt impossible to shake.

We turned our focus toward our love of building together, as it was the only thing keeping us afloat it seemed at the time. We transformed our suburban front yard from grassy lawn into our first food forest, much to our neighbors dismay. We added a rooster to our city flock of chickens and hatched out our first chicks in the backyard. Kirk was able to eventually quit his stressful professional gig and we turned our renovation side hustle into our main source of income.



Together, we started to play again. We floated down rivers, discovered new nature trails, and enjoyed slow, home-cooked meals al-fresco in the comfort of our backyard. We struggled less and enjoyed more. We sought out natural methods of healing and wellness, something I was always drawn to in theory, yet felt overwhelmed by in practice. I learned to simplify and focus on what felt right for my body at the time. Together we were enlivened by acupuncture, meditation, and whole-food cooking. Slowly over time, we felt our spirits coming back to life.

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In August 2019 we were overjoyed to learn we were expecting identical twin girls, a completely unexpected surprise, and had successfully made it through the first trimester.

It was a total whirlwind. Our lives dramatically shifted toward this pending life as a family of four. I remained on track to graduate in May 2020 and my dream job as an integrative nurse practitioner focused in women's health was also suddenly on the table. It all felt amazing, and yet, at the same time I was crippled by unrelenting anxiety of losing both babies despite my provider's best efforts to reassure me of their wellbeing. We were also both feeling pulled to the North Shore, the place where we had originally met on a college winter camping trip years prior.

It didn't logically make any sense. We had this ideal reality unfolding in front of our eyes, yet we couldn't stop dreaming of a life on the North Shore away from our support system and anything familiar. We traveled north almost every weekend in search of land, a place where we could build a small family retreat until we had the capacity to make it into more. A parcel in Lutsen seemed to nearly fall out of the sky and into our lap as I waddled into my third trimester, but we didn't really know how we could manage it all.



We also desperately wanted to farm and grow our own food, a practice we knew next to nothing about beyond how good our own hands in the dirt and fresh food made us feel. How could this possibly all fit together?

We didn't know that answer as we headed into the hospital for our scheduled c-section on a frigid February morning. Earlier that week, one of our girls was showing some signs of mild distress on ultrasound and the relentless feeling in my gut that something wasn't right finally convinced my provider to schedule our delivery despite my earlier obsession to birth them naturally and at term.

I put on the blue gown and attempted to settle in. I hadn't felt Genevieve move in quite awhile, but by then, it was so hard to tell who was really moving that I told myself I was anxious and pressed on. The nurse attempted to find both heartbeats and place the monitors on my belly. "Baby A" was a quick find, but "B" was proving more difficult. Our physician was brought in, along with a portable ultrasound machine, and despite everyone's disbelief, Genevieve had perished, likely just a few hours prior.



There simply weren't words.

I went numb as everyone around me rushed to save Sage, not fully in my body for her birth or the subsequent months that followed. There were many moments following that day where I no longer wanted to live, yet because of this precious little girl who beat all the odds, we all kept going one day, sometimes one minute at a time.

In the weeks that followed Sage's birth, the world also seemed to shut down as the Covid-19 pandemic descended upon everyone's reality. I quickly finished my degree, and we made the decision to sell what we had built in the Twin Cities and move north to the only place we seemed to feel any semblance of peace.

All logic was set aside and Kirk and I dove head first into building our new dream together as a family of three.

It was madness to everyone who knew us, but we felt our purpose coming to life underneath the challenge of it all. We lived in a tiny 12x20 ft shed with no electricity or running water and only a wood stove the size of my laptop to keep us warm on those early spring nights.

We had never built anything from the ground up before and it showed. Our utility contractors were constantly frustrated with our indecision, plan changes, and questionable ideas. We had a premature newborn requiring milk every two hours and were often running on half hour stints of sleep. The nights were hard and the days were often brutal, yet all we could do was keep moving forward.

We were still grieving the loss of the life we had planned, and were barely clear on what we were even trying to build as our future. Arguments

between Kirk and I grew in frequency and intensity. My timeline demands were crushing Kirk as he jumped into this crazy unknown world. His inner anxiety reached an all-time high as he tortured himself over providing a safe space for us all before winter really set in.



I was deep in my own grief, feeling I was the source of our daughter's demise. All support groups and therapy moved online with the isolation of the pandemic, and I felt utterly lost and alone. I vividly remember clutching that tiny being in my arms and sobbing while she continued to cry more often than not, despite my greatest efforts to soothe her in any way I knew how.

We would frequently take off on “nap drives” as a way to both calm Sage and ourselves, cruising the backroads through the deep woods, doing our best to trust in this wild ride we were now on.

Kirk’s parents visited as often as they could, lending a helping hand to caring for Sage and helping us build. After struggling along side us to erect the first dome in early October, Kirk’s dad suggested reaching out to a contractor he had recently met. We both knew at that point we were in way over heads and felt an immediate sense of relief when he agreed to move north to help us out.



Little bits of ease began to filter into our experience after Brad’s arrival. The four domes we had purchased months prior were finally up, and work moved inside to finish them out.

Seven months after moving north, we moved into the first dome, still with no running water or flushing toilet, but we had electricity and a small space heater in November. When our well was finally installed and water brought in, it felt like we had struck gold.

Clean, running water is no small thing, and yet, so many of us think nothing of it in our modern, western world. I began to shift my perspective, as often I remembered to, toward appreciating what I could: the sunrise each morning, the vast natural beauty all around me, Kirk’s relentless drive for completing what we set out to build, and this beautiful little girl who picked me to be her mother, even when I wasn’t really sure I was qualified. It was in these moments I began to learn the power of appreciation.

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Bit by bit pieces started to fit together. When the bulk of the initial build work was completed, we switched positions and I took to completing the finishing work while Kirk watched Sage.

We gained a new appreciation for the other through that process and began to find our groove as a team once again.



Together, we completed Dagaz and Laguz domes and opened for business in June 2021. Shortly after, Berkanan dome was ready for visitors. Later that summer we moved into another building on site that was slightly more spacious than the dome (albeit still a construction zone) and finished Raidho dome that fall.

The last four years have been a whirlwind of pure joy, wild inspiration, and debilitating exhaustion at times. Yet, we know now more than ever what it was all about: we needed to break down our past reality to slowly and steadily build back the life of our dreams. We were learning to embody the beauty of our broken past in order to step boldly into the version of our true selves--that soul self we both knew was always within us, yet until recently, always felt just out of reach.

It was through our broken and challenging past we were able to see the real beauty within ourselves and the world around us. It's from this place that Klarhet was born.



Thank you to all who participated in our experience survey over the past month!

The results are in and we are jazzed for what's to come!

What's now underway?!

- We hired Brad (our original dome builder) to come on full time as our lead builder and head of maintenance.
- A new barn for the goats and chickens + winter workshop will be underway by mid-October
- The completion of the teaching kitchen planned for December 2023. This has been a long time coming, but will be absolutely worth the wait. **WE ARE SO EXCITED!**
- Plans for 6 new dwellings were recently completed and the build will begin after the teaching kitchen's completion. They will be off grid, more affordable than our current domes, and our best work yet! Stay tuned for more details!



- We are now offering gentle yoga and forest bathing on site weekly! Marie, our highly experienced guide, brings you to a completely new understanding of the power of nature.
- We offer complementary farm tours for guests most Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday mornings.
- Sign up for our recommended activities via our experience page found [here!](#)
- We are actively working on rolling out a number of integrative health-focused classes on site. Classes will focus around farm-related fun first, and once the teaching kitchen is complete, will expand to include whole-food cooking and wellness offerings.



Please Note: our booking calendar is currently closed to future bookings beyond December 15th, 2023 while we complete the bulk of the build projects noted above. We simply do not want you to arrive expecting rest and relaxation only to experience a bustling construction zone!

Our plan for re-opening will be announced both in future newsletters and on social media as the build gets underway.

If you already have a stay booked during this quiet time, we will absolutely honor your reservation and will halt noisy construction while you're with us on site.

We very much appreciate your understanding and can ensure it will all be worth the wait!

Thank you for hearing our story and for your continued support of this project.

To say we are eager about the future simply doesn't do it justice!

With love and appreciation,

Nicole Kirk,

& the entire farm family!

