

Anticipation

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Seasons become milestones for a fisherman in his mid-seventies and spring rekindles memories of the previous summer. My boat has waited impatiently for me, yearning to do what it does best, navigate the waters of Lake Michigan in search of fish. Lake Michigan is always an adventure. Some days she welcomes boats with open arms. Other days she's wavy and angry and dark. Each day we can only wonder what the lake holds for us in her bag of natural tricks. Sunrise and sunset on Lady M are magical, a reminder of the beauty of creation.

I contact my fishing partner and head for the launch. The lake waits patiently for our arrival. A couple of giddy old men are ramped up to get on the water. The boat gurgles a bit; it knows that another fishing season is dawning. Two engines fire up and provide background harmony. It's a magical sound as the boat rolls slowly off the trailer and into the lake.

I have survived another winter, and another adventurous season of fishing is beckoning me. It's great to be healthy and alive in a great boat on a wondrous body of water.