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My fishing helps

trout whisperer

- Blog: Adventures, stories -



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My fishing helps

My fishing helps You may not know this but I help out in the township where I live. I don't just fish, fish, fish all the time. Some of the guys around my place say that's not the case and a pastor gave up trying to make me a fisher of men. . One neighbor's wife said I row a boat more than drive a car, but I can prove I help out.

Next to my home is a melting pot of wives. There is a strain of the Irish-eye, frying-Finnish, sweltering-Swede, Nantucket-Norwegian, and, or, what have you. No matter, I still go see them all.

One woman whose husband I try to borrow on a regular basis, is a case in point. Her folks were Finn's of a hundred percent. The sauna is a focal point in the yard. It's in use all year. The way it's used is a family tradition. Put your hubby in there and make it boiling hot. I don't care for saunas myself. Sitting there getting steam cleaned, isn't even close to getting Irish stewed.

If I ever make his wife mad, I can count on her standard disposition handed down, literally, from her mother. She came out flailing a fry pan one time, at us both, Im not even related, I just got out of the truck first, we were not safe until we showed her the stringer of fish, in self defense. Those fish probably saved our lives.

My Irish neighbor lady can scowl across a hayfield and know with one whiff whether me, and her fine husband, are standing tall in the clover, or nipping the barley over some frost heaved fence posts. I can never smell much after the cabbage incident, but I can see clear enough when she comes a strolling out on the high road, that its time for me to take the low road out of their pasture. She gets her exercise waving at me.

My Norse neighbor to the north looks as if she was chiseled from stone or carved from Icelandic ice. Tall stout and stoic. Hard worker, no shirker to be sure. Quick to point out my many less than devout ways. Oh, but how she doesn't smooth over her friendliness with baked this or that. She's kneading dough or praying for me all the time. I just keep her busy.

No matter the heritage, lineage, the line, the strain or the breed, I think the neighbors are pretty lucky to have me. I scratch behind most of the dog ears, I over look the constant logging, gardening, haying, welding, well drilling, farming, baking, preaching, politicking, and so on, and still drive into each yard and deliver my visit.

Sometimes I bring them a fish or two and some times I fish there husbands out of the yard and take them with me. It's my idea, of ladies aid. Why I bet you could ask anyone of those women why there lucky I live where I do. They always try to tell me where to go, but after their houses, I just go home. It's not much, but it helps. The trout whisperer justnorth.com