

Lake Michigan Morning

Written by Michael Gaynor

As we motor through the rocks opening to Lake Michigan, the Oak Creek Power Plant illuminates the lake. We throttle up to speed and head due east to 92 feet where we switch to the trolling motor.

Michigan is calm this morning, so we can both set lines allowing the boat to push along about 1.5 mph. Six lines in the water, I bump the trolling speed, hoping for the early morning bite. A flicker of light pops on the eastern horizon.

We look at one another and smile. In our 70's, alive, healthy, and fishing on a magnificent body of water, we realize this is a special time on a special lake as two good friends enjoy each other's company and Michigan's ambiance. Then, it happens!

The dipsy rod starts thumping, "Fish on, buddy!"

It takes teamwork to steer the boat, bring the fish in, net it, and keep our lines straight. Ten minutes later, the lake rewards us with a beautiful chinook. Lines are back in the water, the sun is glowing spectacularly on the Lake Michigan horizon, and two old fishermen have another tale to tell.

Hold on! Rod is thumping!

"Fish on, buddy!"