

## Take a Kid Fishing

By Bud Fields

Do you remember the first fish you ever caught? I certainly remember mine. I can recall as if it were only last week. Unfortunately, it was well over 50 years ago.

I can remember following behind my father as we were walking back the old lane from my aunt and uncle's farm to the creek. It was like a big adventure to me as I carried an old cane pole in one hand and the can of worms in the other. I wanted to stay behind my dad and let him absorb all the branches and stickers that always managed to find exposed areas of skin and I really hated stepping on snakes and I thought behind him, I was safe.

We would set on the bank or even pile up some rocks to be used as seats and it was like we were in a world of our own. Everything was peaceful and quiet and I knew my dad enjoyed being here as much as I enjoyed sharing time with him.

I was a typical young boy with a very short attention span. Dad would do the baiting of the hook and whirl the pole around and let the line and bobber hit the water. As we would set there waiting for fish to bite, he would talk to me and explain why we needed to be quiet and he also showed me things in Nature that was exciting and enjoyable.

It wasn't but a few moments and he brought my attention to the small bobber that was going down and he told me to wait until it was completely under the water before raising the pole and setting the hook. I raised the pole and that poor little blue gill probably never knew what hit him. I had that fish waving around in the air and by the time I could control my emotions, he was probably suffering from vertigo and motion sickness.

Even though that little fish was tiny, it seemed like it was a contender for the World Record. My father was beaming with pride as I removed the hook from the fish and put it on the little stringer. I can also remember telling him at the end of our adventure.. "Thanks Daddy, for taking me fishing."

Little did I realize at that time that time does not stand still and someday I would become a father and would be teaching my own daughter and son how to fish, bait hooks, remove fish and all the same things that my Dad taught me.

Today, I am often seen behind the console of my high performance Stratos bass boat powered by a 150 horsepower Evinrude Intruder outboard and the boat has all the latest electronic devices available as I try to catch bass in competition tournaments. I also spend alot of time conducting fishing seminars for churches, schools and youth corrections centers as I attempt to help others enjoy the sport of fishing. I often wish my father could see me now.

I have five grandchildren that I love very much and they all received their first fishing pole BEFORE they came home from the hospital. They now range from ages two up to twelve and they love to ride in the boat and fish. I have had them out in the boat and after a while I can look at them and remember when their mother and uncle was that age sitting in the boat fishing and she and her brother would look at me and smile and say "Thanks Daddy, for taking me fishing."

Well, I have had my grandchildren look at me many times and say "Thanks Papa Bud, for taking us fishing." I can now understand why my father sometimes had a little tear in his eye when I said that to him.

Many has been the time I have caught fish in competition or just "fun fishing" and I have looked up toward heaven and said once again... "Thanks Dad, for taking me fishing."

